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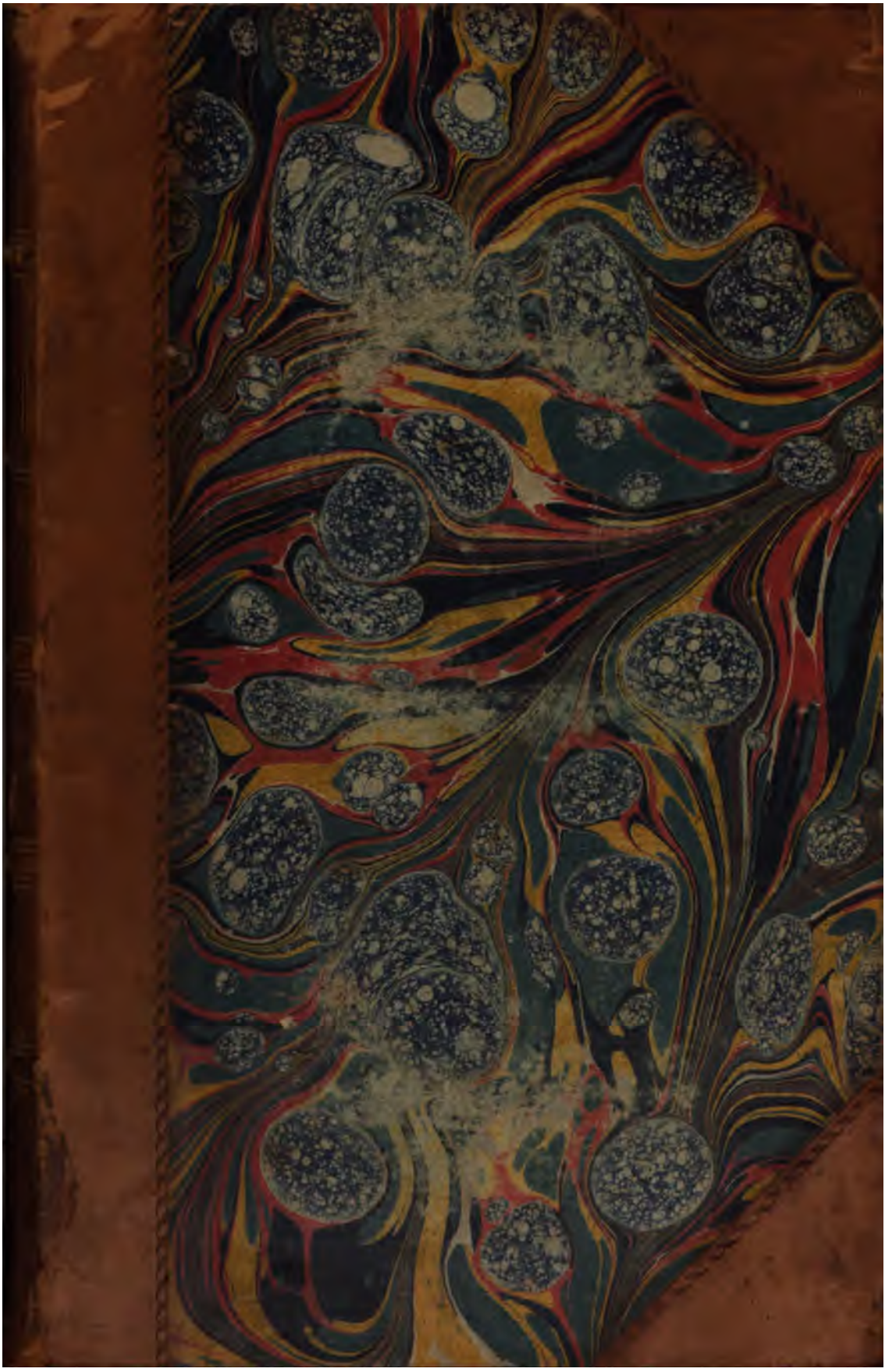

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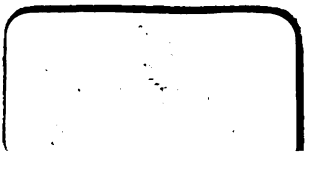

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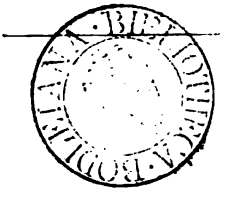

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1843.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BRIDAL.

In a matter of such paramount importance as the marriage of the Begum of Mysore, the Brahmins of Sri Runga were, of course, consulted, for the appointment of an auspicious-day; when the motions and configurations of the stars being duly examined, a happy omen might thence be deduced for the future reign of the youthful couple. The skill of the Brahmins, not only in astronomy but in the still more occult science of judicial astrology, was therefore taxed to the utmost; and the astral calculations were made with a degree of minuteness and accuracy commensurate with so important an occasion. At length a happy day was chosen; when the aspect of the heavens was propitious, and the prognostics as favourable and as certain as could be looked for in any sublunary transaction: for the planet Kartikeia* was in conjunction with that of Sree, the sea-born goddess of beauty,† who sprang from the snowy froth on the Churning of the Ocean: though it was remarked by one of the learned fathers that, at the moment of transit, a shadow, projected by the star Sambara, (King of the Demons) fell upon, and for an instant obscured the splendor of their union.

The happy day was ushered in with bland and cooling zephyrs, which tempered the ardour of the sun, and spread a rich aromatic fragrance around the deep shades and flowery parterres of the Laul Baug; as if nature herself paid homage to its adorable mistress. But, though all creation seemed to smile, and joy and pleasure reigned triumphant in the breasts of the people, who were about to see their fondest wishes accomplished in the prolongation of their ancient line of

* The God of War.

† On the Churning of the Ocean among other treasures that appeared for the gratification of the gods was Sree, or Lachema, the goddess of beauty and fortune. "She appeared," says Wilford, "with a most beautiful countenance: her complexion was like gold, and she had large swelling breasts. Her clothes were of the foam of the white sea: in her hands she held a chaplet of Camala flowers, or red lotus. The gods and giants, or demons, were filled with rapture when they saw her. Vishnu married Lachema, and carried her to Vaicontha" (Heaven).—*On the Sacred Isles in the West.*

[1] Continued from vol. xxxv. p. 355.

revered monarchs, the Fawn-eyed maid sat pensive in her bower. While Coornavati bound her luxuriant hair, and loaded each long and glossy braid with sparkling jewels, and wreaths of snowy pearls, a shade was on her lovely brow; as if oppressed by some hidden grief, her gentle heart sought comfort, but found it not, in her own uneasy reflections. The observing Cashmerian readily perceived that something more than usual weighed down the spirits of the Begum; and with a sympathizing air she thus addressed her royal mistress.

"It grieves me to the soul, ever dear and adorable princess, to witness these cloudy signs that seem to blight the pleasures of your bridal day. What more can you possess than royal birth, and wide domains, unequalled loveliness and doting parents? And are you not the constant theme and darling of the public voice? And have you not the happiness to wed the chosen lover of your heart?"

"All this I have, and more than you have mentioned," said the Begum with a sigh, "though for me the last named bliss alone would be enough, even though all the others were denied. But my heart is chill and heavy, as if some demon were about to snatch the cup of pleasure from my lip."

"Nay," said Coornavati, "this is the mere weakness of a morbid imagination, pardon me for speaking thus freely to your highness: but for your own happiness, and that of all who depend upon you, rouse, I beseech you, your spirits from this heavy lethargy."

"In vain do I struggle to do so," replied the Begum, "for it is nothing more than my duty: but wherever I turn the evil eye still haunts me, and the warning cry of that self-doomed wretch still rings in my tortured ears."

"Alas!" said Coornavati, "I had fondly hoped that all these vain delusions had long since faded from your memory, and yielded to prospects of real and substantial bliss."

"And so they doubtless would," replied the princess, "were they not followed by events so dreadful and so unexpected, as to leave an impression on my mind of some strange and mysterious connexion between them; and alas! they may yet prove only an interlude in the tragic drama of my fate."

"I do not conceive what your highness alludes to," rejoined the Cashmerian, "for to my mind nothing has occurred lately but the common-place transactions of every day life."

"What!" exclaimed the Begum, with a gesture of astonishment, "see you nothing strange in the desperate attempt of that traitorous Bheel on the life of the noble Kistna? And do you regard as a common-place occurrence the slaughter of my loving subjects by the tiger on that hapless day of assumed festivity?"

"If these be all," said Coornavati with a smile, "that cloud your lovely brow, dismiss them from your thoughts, or else regard them as a happy omen; inasmuch as they have added immeasurably to the splendor of your lover's fame, and proved beyond a doubt the sterling value of his affection. You are now, and for ever, far beyond the reach of all such unpleasant mishaps, and may safely laugh at evil eyes and the silly warnings of bedlam suicides."

"The pitying gods," said the Begum with a sigh, "have often sent

such warnings when some dark event or hidden treachery is at hand. But, still further to increase my anxiety, the Brahmins of the holy shrine have declared that some unknown evil hangs over me yet, and recommend me, by secret prayer and sacrifice, to implore my guardian goddess for aid against the hidden snare."

"And doubtless," cried the Cashmerian, "such innocent prayers must be efficacious. Say therefore shall I attend your highness to the temple of the sea-born goddess of the placid brow, whom even the deities themselves adore?"*

"Not so," replied the Begum, "for my prayer and sacrifice must not be made ostentatiously in the public gaze, but in the most studied secrecy, where the eye of the deity alone may observe the sincerity of my offerings. See you, Coornavati, the small and beauteous pile of snowy marble, that crowns yon islet midway across the Cauvery?"

"A more lovely spot," said the Cashmerian, "cannot be imagined; and I have often wished to visit the fairy scene: the temple is so chaste in style, so beautiful in its proportions—the umbrageous trees hang around it so lovingly—the verdant lawn slopes down so sweetly to the water's edge; and the reflection in the limpid current is so perfect, as to tempt one to plunge into the stream to seek therein the sanctuary of the river nymph: while, high over all, the lofty Carighaut lifts his frowning summit, as if to screen the delicate structure from the rudeness of the northern blast."

"My mother," resumed the Begum, "in my natal hour besought, with humble supplication, that mild benignant deity whose name, though all unworthy, I now bear, to guide and guard my steps through this chequered scene of existence. In honour of the sea-born goddess the Ranee built that holy shrine in the Cypress isle; where my parents often pour forth in secret the overflowings of their grateful hearts, for the blessings vouchsafed to their child. Thither I intend to go at the calm and holy hour of eve, to implore the aid of my protecting power against the hidden evil, whatever it may be; for this blest night, if good angels watch over my destiny, the noble Kistna claims his willing bride."

With a sweet angelic smile that hid a heart of fraud and treachery, Coornavati thus exclaimed to her confiding mistress: "In the valley of Cashmere, so famed throughout the earth for its sanctity† and beauty, my sire and I abode some time in our pilgrimage to the Ganges, to view its sacred founts and holy shrines; and there, upon the glassy surface of its limpid lakes and rivers, I quickly learned to guide the light canoe, with the strength and skill of the most experienced rower. If your highness, therefore, will trust to my dexterity, I'll waft you to the holy shrine in yonder beautiful skiff, for I dearly long to show my skill in so novel an acquirement."

"Then be it so," said the Begum, "this trifling pleasure shall not be denied to her who brought me that sacred gem from the pure fount of the holy Gunga. But hasten, Coornavati, and place these pearls

* The Goddess Lachema.

† The superstition of the inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, Vishnu, and Brahma. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound.—*Description of Cashmere.*

upon my brow, and give me yonder diamond necklace, the gift of my lover, of which a goddess might be vain. I hear the Vaitalika announce the hour* when in my father's hall the noble Kistna waits his bride, to plight our faith, preliminary to the marriage rite, at Runga's holy shrine. Then haste and bind my Katchli bright, which thrills my bosom with unwonted joy; my boding fears are vanished like a dream, and hope and rapture once more resume their station in my breast."

Meanwhile within his royal hall the Rajah and the nobles of the Court, who were invited to be the more immediate witnesses of the august ceremony, awaited the coming of the Begum. In robes of state and jewelled turbans, according to their respective rank, they shone forth in all the splendor of the East; but the proudest chiefs around the throne were eclipsed by the lofty form and manly grace of the Yuva Rajah, whose eagle eye bespoke the glowing hopes that filled his breast. At length to their impatient eyes the Fawn-eyed maid appeared, like some bright being of another sphere, with radiant smiles, and charms that shone with fresh and dazzling lustre. Surrounded by her maiden train, whose laughing eyes sparkled like the jewels with which they were laden, she advanced with graceful step and unaffected modesty. Led by the Ranee she approached the throne, and bent her lovely brow before the Majesty of Mysore; while her delighted father, having pressed the gentle maiden to his bosom, imprinted a farewell kiss upon her forehead, and placed her willing hand in that of her future lord.

And now before the palace gates the countless multitudes awaited the coming of the happy pair, while the murmur of their voices, like the hollow winds that precede a hurricane, broke forth in one universal peal of joy as the lovers appeared beneath the lofty portico. One hundred elephants of majestic size were drawn up in line before the palace, with richly embroidered housings, and glittering howdahs; and, as the Royal maid appeared, each, at a signal from his driver, bent his pliant knees to the ground, and raised his trunk on high in salutation. Then one of more than common magnitude advanced from the centre of the line. His skin was sleek and snowy white, his eyes glittered like diamonds, his housings were cloth of gold, and a richly ornamented golden howdah crowned his lofty back. A massy silver chain, laden with silver bells, ornamented his neck, and white cow-tails from Thibet, of great value, hung from his ears. As if proud of his gorgeous attire, and of the magnificence that surrounded him, he moved forward with a solemn and dignified pace to the marble steps of the portico, where the huge Colossus knelt with graceful ease, and received into his howdah the happy pair on whom depended the future destiny of Mysore. With equal ease he rose from his recumbent attitude when they had ascended, and moved forward with slow majestic tread towards the temple of Sri Runga; the other elephants, with their respective burthens, falling into the procession, amidst the sound of musical instruments, and the waving of banners and um-

* The Vaitalika, a sort of poetical warder or Bard, who announces fixed periods of the day, as dawn and evening in measured lines, and occasionally pours forth strains arising from any incidental occurrence.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

brellas, floating, as the sage Oodiaver remarked, like trembling lotuses in the lake of the atmosphere.

The magnificence of the scene which now presented itself baffles description. All that the imagination can conceive of human grandeur, or the most exuberant fancy portray of royal splendor was there bodied forth. Through an avenue formed by the serried ranks of the household troops, whose burnished armour glittered in the sun, moved, at a stately pace, a line of one hundred elephants; chosen for their size and beauty, and bearing in their gorgeous howdahs all that was royal, noble, and lovely in the land. The procession was led by a young and docile elephant, bearing on his back a golden urn, filled with the sacred water of the Ganges. The snow white elephant of the Yuva Rajah and his Royal bride next strode along with slow majestic pace. Then followed one bearing in a magnificent howdah the Rajah and his queen. The rest, painted with all the colours of the rainbow, and adorned with rich housings and gold and silken banners, followed in due order, laden with gallant chiefs and noble dames; while many a showy cavalier, with prancing steed and glittering armour, brought up the rear. Thus through the broad streets and avenues of the city they advanced majestically slow, amidst the joyous shouts and praises of the multitude; amongst whom gold and silver coins, stamped for the occasion with the Lotus, or emblem of female beauty, were liberally scattered by the purse bearers of the Rajah.

But the most interesting feature of this gorgeous procession was presented by the Bridal choristers; young and lovely females splendidly attired, who occupied the howdahs of two elephants on either side of the Begum, and with seraphic voices, accompanied by their veenas, sang

THE NUPTIAL HYMN.

Maiden with the fawn-like eyes!
Joy and pride of rich Mysore!
May the ever bounteous skies
Round thee endless blessing pour!

Lengthen'd life devoid of care!
Love unmix'd with base alloy!
Fresh increase each coming year
Of every bright unfading joy!

Far from thee may gods divine
Time's corroding finger cast!
Youth and beauty still be thine,
Bright and peerless to the last!

Chieftain of the conquering sword!
Bravest still amongst the brave!
For thy dauntless heart ador'd
And thy mercy prompt to save.

Long and happy days be thine,
Bright with honor and renown!
Crown him, Love, with bliss divine!
All his bosom's wishes crown!

Goddess of the placid brow !*
Who the nuptial knot shall tie,
Listen to the prayers that now
From all hearts ascend on high.

Ever with thy guardian care
On our Yuva Rajah smile !
Bless our peerless Fawn-eyed fair,
Pride of Runga's holy isle!

While around their heads you fling
Every joy that blooms on high
Grant that from their union spring
Endless lovely progeny !

Which to future times shall bear
Images all pure and bright,
Of that chief and fawn-eyed fair,
Our loving hearts supreme delight.

At length in the temple of the god the Yuva Rajah stood with his royal bride, to plight their faith before the public and in the presence of the deity. Hand in hand they approached the altar; their hearts glowing with affection, and their eyes bespeaking their rapture at this long looked for accomplishment of their wishes. With sacrifice and prayer the Brahmins invoked the thousand titled Vishnu to pour his choicest blessings on the youthful couple; and called on the sea-born goddess to crown the rite with her presence. The sacred rivers, Gunga, Kistna and Cauvery, were next invoked to bestow peace, riches and plenty on the happy pair, and to crown their union with increasing prosperity and valiant progeny. The Ranee then took a wreath of the sacred Cusa grass, with which she tied together the hands of the lovers, while the Rajah poured upon it the sacred water of the Ganges, which completed the ceremony of betrothing; the final rite of marriage being appointed to take place in the evening at the palace.

His heart glowing with the purest and most ardent affection, Kistna bent his knee in willing homage to his earthly divinity, as he placed upon her finger a ring of inestimable value. But, however precious in the estimation of others were the diamonds with which it was richly studded, that which gave it a peculiar charm in the eyes of the Begum was an exquisite miniature it contained of her lover; painted with admirable fidelity, by one of those wandering artists of Feringisthaun, who, even at that early period, sought in the Courts of Eastern princes that wealth and honor too often denied to heaven-born genius on their native soil. The precious gift was repaid by the Begum with a smile of ineffable affection, which required no aid from language to translate, but conveyed at once to the bosom of the adoring chief a dazzling promise of his future heaven.

* The Goddess Lachems.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BRAHMIN'S DREAM.

Joy unbounded reigned in Srirungaputtun at this happy accomplishment of the people's wishes; for the union of their beloved Begum with the renowned Champion of Mysore was regarded by all as an individual benefit conferred upon each, and a guarantee of future happiness to their descendants. A brilliant illumination and joyous festival accordingly reigned in the city; which was intensely crowded by merry makers from all parts of the Deccan, attracted by the unbounded hospitality of the Rajah, and the total freedom from unnecessary restraint which distinguished his government from that of less able and more jealous princes. Equal festivity reigned in the palace, which resounded with vocal and instrumental music; mingled with joyous laughter, springing from hearts untouched by the cares of the world, and pouring forth their uncontrolled hilarity to celebrate this happy occasion.

The shades of evening had long fallen around, and the fairy scenery of the Laul Baug was wrapt in obscurity, except in the immediate vicinity of the palace, which was illuminated with more than ordinary splendor. In the royal hall of state, which displayed the most gorgeous magnificence, the Rajah and his family were assembled to witness the final marriage rite; which consists in the bride casting oblations of rice, mixed with leaves of the Sami tree, on the sacred fire; and taking seven mystic steps, through seven circles drawn upon the floor; for after the seventh, and no sooner, the marriage is completed. The Brahmins of the holy shrine attended in their snowy robes; with the sacred books of the Vedas, to confer upon the union the necessary ceremonies, and crowning solemnity of religion. The great officers of state, and the principal military chiefs, were present to witness the marriage of their future sovereign; and the maiden train of the Begum, a young and blooming band of noble Rajpootnis, were also there, smiling to each other at the impatient gestures of the noble Kistna: who, surrounded by a party of his chosen friends and most intimate companions, arrayed in splendid court dresses, was anxiously awaiting the arrival of his tardy bride.

But time passed and the Begum did not make her appearance; though the appointed hour had long elapsed which was to bind her fate indissolubly with the chosen of her heart. The delay was at first attributed to maiden bashfulness; and the gallant bridegroom was jocularly recommended by his friends to endure with patience this foretaste of matrimonial trials. Every moment, however, that passed increased the surprise of the company; until surprise gave way to anxiety, and the Ranee, at length, followed by the bridemaids of the Begum, quitted the apartment to ascertain the cause of her absence. Many minutes had not elasped when an unusual bustle amongst the palace attendants, a hurrying to and fro, and a confused medley of anxious and inquiring voices, excited the alarm of the Rajah and his future son-in-law; who, supposing that some sudden indis-

position had attacked the princess, retired immediately to ascertain the truth. In their progress towards the apartments of the Begum they met the Ranee, whose countenance betrayed the most evident symptoms of alarm and anxiety; and from her they learned, to their utter astonishment, that the Begum was no where to be found.

Consternation now seized on every inmate of the palace, and conjectures innumerable were formed respecting this strange event. The immediate attendants of the Begum were examined; but from them it could only be ascertained that when they last saw her, she was walking on the lawn by the river side, attended by Coornavati and the venerable Oodiaver. Messengers were now sent in every direction through the palace grounds, with flambeaux; in the supposition that, tempted by the mild beauty of the evening, she might have prolonged her walk, forgetful of the passing-time: but, though they traversed the garden in every direction, and though Kistna and his friends; and even the Rajah, the Ranee, and, in short, all the inmates of the palace, joined anxiously in the search, every effort was unavailing: it was, therefore, now but too apparent that the princess had suddenly disappeared, in a manner altogether mysterious and unaccountable.

It were vain to describe the misery of the bereaved and hapless parents, or the frantic impatience of the lover, whose cup of happiness had thus suddenly been dashed from his lips. The Ranee was seized with a succession of fainting fits, which threatened every moment to deprive her of existence, and called incessantly, in the midst of her agony, on the name of her adored Lachema. The Rajah, whose condition was little better, felt however, the necessity of maintaining his presence of mind under so stunning a calamity; and that nothing should be neglected for the recovery of the princess, hastily concerted with the Yuva Rajah a plan of proceedings which was put into immediate execution by the latter, whose mind, though torn with grief and rage, was, as usual, prompt and energetic in its resources. The Body Guard, under the influence of his well known voice, prepared for immediate action, and being divided into numerous parties, one led by the noble Kistna himself, scoured the country in all directions in search of the audacious ravishers; for that violence had been used in the abduction of the princess could not for a moment be doubted. The news spread like wildfire through the city, where it threw an effectual damp on the pleasures of the festival; and large rewards being offered for the discovery of the track taken by the ravishers, an additional stimulus was given to the loyalty of the astonished populace, who immediately separated into a thousand different parties, all equally zealous and vigorous in the chase.

While these measures were pursued with every hope of success, from the promptness and activity with which they were undertaken, the confusion that reigned in the palace was unabated. Joy and festivity gave place to gloom and despair; and music and laughter were succeeded by cries and groans of anguish, which issued incessantly from those wretched parents whom the morning sun had shone upon the happiest of mankind; a melancholy proof of the slippery foundation on which greatness too often builds its most glowing hopes.

In the midst of the general misery shouts of joy suddenly issued

from that part of the grounds which bordered on the river, and a lively hope filled every breast that the Begum was at length found. With eager haste the Rajah sprang forward to ascertain the truth; but the Ranee, overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, was unable to move from her seat. In momentary expectation of the reappearance of her darling child, she remained on her musnud, in a deplorable state of nervous agitation; her eyes starting from her head in search of the beloved object, whose presence was now the sole and all absorbing wish of her heart. Great, however, was her disappointment when the party, from whom the cries of joy had issued, ushered into her presence the sage Oodiaver; rubbing his eyes, and looking around him in a strange state of bewilderment and mystification, as if suddenly aroused from a frightful dream.

The hopes of the Ranee, thus baffled, she gazed on the astonished Vakeel with a frown, which had an evident effect on the nervous system of the old courtier; and his condition was by no means improved when she cried in a voice of agony, "My daughter! my daughter! where is my adorable Lachema?"

"Great Queen!" replied the sage, "where the princess may be at this moment, heaven only knows; for, if I may judge from what these aged eyes have witnessed, millions of miles may intervene between you and her highness."

"How!" exclaimed the Rajah, in anger and astonishment, "millions of miles did you say? Take heed, old man, how you trifle with the feelings of parents who have lost all that rendered this life of any value to them."

"Far be it from me," said the sage, bending his venerable head to the ground, "far be it from me, great King, to trifle with your majesty's most gracious feelings; but truth is truth, and what the eye has witnessed that must the tongue speak of, or be silent."

"What have you seen?" cried the Ranee in a burst of agony, "what do you know of my daughter's fate?"

"That will I relate to your majesty," replied the Pundit, with the utmost solemnity of voice and manner, "if your majesty will graciously give me permission to do so."

"Speak then," said the Rajah, "and let your communication, whatever may be its nature, be made with discretion and despatch."

"With all seemly haste," rejoined the Pundit, "such as befits the presence of majesty, will I deliver myself: but, if my words lack discretion, I pray you to impute it not as a fault to me, but to the strange unheard of matter which I have to expound."

"Proceed," said the Rajah, "without further preface."

"May it please your Majesty," said the venerable Brahmin, "I accompanied her highness and the fair Coornavati this evening, in a stroll by the river side; during which our conversation principally turned upon philosophy, religion, and the fashion of her highness's bridal habiliments."

"Omit your conversation altogether, good Pundit," cried the Rajah impatiently, "and proceed at once to matters of more importance."

"Obedience to your Majesty's wishes," rejoined the sage, "is the first of all moral duties; I therefore skip over the subject of our dis-

cussion, which was, nevertheless, ably sustained on all hands; and proceed to inform you that, when we arrived at the water's edge, her highness expressed her intention of crossing over to the private temple of the goddess Lachema in the Cypress isle ———."

"Good heavens!" cried the Ranee, "perhaps she is there even now—fly and search the place without a moment's delay."

"Alas!" resumed the Brahmin, "most gracious Queen you may spare yourself the trouble; the princess no longer inhabits that fatal spot."

"My child! my child!" screamed the Ranee, "what is become of her? Speak, old man, and let me know the worst. Say, was she drowned in crossing over?"

"Worse! much worse!" replied the Brahmin, shaking his head, "though even that I anticipated, seeing the choice she made of a boatman."

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the Ranee, "keep me no longer in suspense: my mind is on the rack of agony."

"To relieve your Majesty from all further doubt," said the sage, "I shall proceed briefly to inform you that, her highness having resolved on crossing over to the shrine, to pay her evening devotions to her guardian goddess, committed herself to the guidance of the fair Coornavati; who, I must in candor admit, handled her oars, and managed the royal barge, as if she had been all her life accustomed to the office."

"Well," said the Rajah, "there is nothing extraordinary in this: it is a thing of every day occurrence for the Begum to visit the shrine you speak of."

"Please your Majesty," said the Brahmin, "I have not yet come to the extraordinary part of my story, which you and all present must perforce acknowledge comprises the most singular and terrific catastrophe of modern times."

"Alas! alas!" cried the Ranee, wringing her hands in agony, "my hapless child, my lost, my darling Lachema!"

"Nevertheless," resumed the Pundit, "had her highness accepted my offer to convey her across, the direful result might have been averted: for, though these hands are now but old and feeble, I could once manage the oar with skill and dexterity; and when his highness the late Rajah, of blessed memory, was wont to take his pleasure on the Lake of Pearls ———."

"Proceed," cried the Rajah, in an angry tone, "and spare us all farther prolixity."

"In brief then," continued the Pundit, "being left to myself, I sat down upon the grass, somewhat fatigued after the great exertions of this most auspicious day; and gazed on the boat of the princess, as it wended its way towards the Cypress isle, leaving a gentle ripple on the peaceful bosom of the stream, which went on murmuring at my feet soothingly, soothingly; like that divine river of Swerga, which cleanses the minds of the just, on their departure from this world, from all memory of the past, and prepares them for a new and a happier state of existence."

"For heaven's sake," said the Rajah impatiently, "spare us this tedious description, and hurry on to the catastrophe you talk of."

"I gazed," resumed the Pundit, resolved to usher in his catastrophe in a becoming manner, "on the deep blue firmament, in which the stars began to appear one after another, in the most harmonious order; usurping, as it were, the dominions of the sun, which was sinking rapidly in the west, and yielding all nature up to silence and repose."

"Protecting goddess of my child!" cried the Ranee, weeping bitterly, "grant me patience to listen to her fate!"

"The birds," continued the Brahmin, "were drowsily singing their vesper hymn in a neighbouring thicket, as I gazed after the boat of the princess; which sometimes appeared double to my wondering eyes, and at others seemed enveloped in a thick gathering mist ——."

"Wretched egotist!" cried the Rajah, stamping with rage, "proceed at once or hold your tongue for ever."

"A total darkness," stammered forth the sage Oodiaver, effectually startled by the vehemence of his sovereign, "a total darkness at length overspread the face of nature, and all was sinking into profound repose, when suddenly a shriek assailed mine ears ——."

"My child! my child!" cried the Ranee, gasping convulsively, "my loved, my hapless child!"

"A shriek assailed mine ears," continued the sage, throwing the utmost pathos into his voice and manner, "so long, so pitiful, so excruciating ——."

"Alas! alas!" sobbed the unhappy mother.

"So excruciating and so painful," said the Pundit, "that my attention was irresistibly drawn towards the Cypress isle, whence it proceeded; and there I beheld a sight of horror which petrified my heart and froze the current of my blood!"

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the Rajah, "what can this dreadful introduction lead to? Speak old man,—or if your tidings be of such an import that you hesitate to reveal them in this presence, retire with me ——."

"No, no," quickly interrupted the Ranee, "let me hear all, I am now prepared for the worst."

"I there beheld," resumed the Brahmin, "to my horror and astonishment, a giant with ten heads."

"A what?" cried the Rajah, with a start of indignation.

"A giant, may it please your majesty, as tall as a cocoanut tree, with ten terrific heads!"

"Wretched old dotard!" exclaimed the Rajah, in a voice of unrestrained anger, "have you no better regard for your own safety than to palter thus with the agonized feelings of your sovereign?"

"As I hope for a happy transmigration," said the Brahmin, "I speak nothing but the truth. I saw the monster as plain as I see your most gracious majesty. His form was grim and ghastly—his ten heads waved to and fro like the trees of the forest in a tophaun; and his eyes, like coals of living fire, glared on me with all the malice of a fiend."

"Gross and monstrous invention of a diseased imagination!" exclaimed the indignant monarch.

"The mouths of the giant," said the Brahmin, continuing his fear-

ful narration, "like gloomy caverns, belched forth volumes of smoke and flame! his teeth were like the tusks of the elephant; and his whole appearance so closely resembled the description in the Ramayana, that I no longer doubted it was the identical Ravan, the tyrant of Lankadwipa, who had carried the beautiful Sita into captivity."

"Drivelling idiot!" cried the Rajah, "cease this ill-timed foolery at once, and retire from the presence."

"Your Majesty," replied the pertinacious Brahmin, whose *amour propre* was now piqued to maintain the veracity of his strange narration, "your Majesty may dismiss, imprison, or send me to the rack, but I cannot be mistaken in what I beheld; for I saw the gigantic Ravan seize up the princess under one arm, and the fair Coornavati under the other, like two young sparrows, and stride across the river with the utmost ease and facility."

"Take the *mut-walla** from my sight," exclaimed the Rajah, "he is bereft of his senses."

"May it please your Majesty," said the Brahmin, "nothing has ever passed my lips stronger than sherbet, since the impious Kempé forced me to swallow his Sendi wine. Therefore, with submission, drunk I am not; though I might, I confess, have lost my senses, for the moment, at so dreadful a sight; which totally deprived me of the power of assisting either the princess or myself; and I lay, as if chained to the earth, struggling in vain for my liberty."

This last assertion of the Brahmin was, in a certain degree, confirmed by several persons present, who said they had found him on the river's brink, lying on his back, fast asleep; but violently convulsed, as if suffering under the infliction of a night-mare. It was, therefore, no longer doubted that what the sage Pundit had so doggedly insisted upon as a reality, was nothing more or less than the bodiless creation of a dream.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CYPRESS ISLE.

The marvellous tale of the sage Oodiaver excited a diversity of feelings and opinions amongst his wondering auditory; some thinking with the Rajah that he was rather the worse for liquor, and others religiously believing every word he uttered, while he himself looked round with a self satisfied air of unbounding confidence. The unhappy parents, in the midst of the indignation they naturally felt at the ill-timed folly of the Brahmin, obtained from it, however, a clue which they fondly hoped might lead to the discovery of the princess; and, boats being procured, an immediate search was ordered to be made in the Cypress isle, which, in the general hurry and confusion, had been hitherto overlooked.

The chase was led by Kistna, who had just returned from an ineffectual search in the immediate vicinity of the city; where, however, he encountered thousands of the late merry makers anxiously hurry-

* Drunken fellow.

ing to and fro with lights, and zealously occupied in the same pursuit. The bosom of the half frantic lover bounded with the most lively hopes of success, on hearing as much of the Pundit's story as the Rajah considered necessary to impart to him: before many minutes had elapsed, his boat touched the verdant shores of the Cypress isle; a name it derived from a profusion of those stately and beautiful trees which surrounded the temple, as an appropriate decoration to such a scene of seclusion and religious solemnity. With eager haste he sprang upon the verdant lawn, and hurried up a gentle ascent to the shrine; whose beautiful and snow-white structure stood out, in all its chaste and delicate symmetry, from the mass of dark green foliage in which it was embowered.

But all was silent as the grave, and nothing replied to the anxious inquiries of the devoted Kistna but the echo of his own voice. Within and around the temple he searched in vain for the Begum and her companion; but could discover no trace of either, save a basket of gold filigree, laden with the most delicate fruits and flowers of the season, the pure offering of the Fawn-eyed maid, and deposited by her fair hand on the altar of her protecting goddess.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the active lover and his attendants overran the little isle in every direction, with torches; searching eagerly the groves of Asoca trees, and thickets of aromatic shrubs, which ornamented its flowery surface, and calling incessantly on the beloved name of the princess. But it was all in vain: no living being was visible, save those who constituted the searching party; and no other sound was heard than the melancholy reverberation of their own voices, from the rocky hollows and overhanging precipices of the neighbouring Carighaut.

What could possibly have become of the fair fugitives no one could imagine. The boat in which they came to the island was still lying on the beach; and, as no other means of departure were visible, the most strange and gloomy thoughts took possession of every breast. The dreadful supposition that, in the obscurity of the evening, they might have slipped into the water and been drowned, induced many of the attendants of the almost despairing Kistna to search the stream to some distance, all around the island; but with no better effect. At length on the margin of the river, directly facing the lofty hills which formed its northern boundary, traces of many footsteps were visible in the grass; intermingled with each other as if a party had recently taken boat at that spot in some confusion. With little difficulty the footsteps were traced as far as the temple; and it became at once evident to all that by this route the princess had either gone, or been carried away, from the sacred and secluded spot.

Inspired with fresh energy and hope, the gallant Kistna immediately ordered the boats round to that side of the islet; and, with as little delay as possible, embarking with his party, rowed in a direct line across the river. On reaching the rugged base of the Carighaut, which rises here from the sacred stream in an abrupt and almost precipitous ascent, the search was renewed with vigour and activity; and it was not long ere the marks of several horses' feet were discovered on the rugged shore. Fresh hope now inspired every bosom,

and the welcome traces were pursued with skill and rapidity, along a rough and narrow track, which led amongst the winding recesses of the mountain, in a steep and zig-zag direction; whilst a messenger was despatched to the palace with the promising intelligence, and with orders to send horses across the river with all possible speed, the more effectually to continue the pursuit.

The path which had been taken by the fugitives was evidently nothing more than a goat track, running in a difficult and even dangerous manner over the rocks and precipices of the Carighaut; which was suffered, though in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace, to retain all its natural and uncultivated rudeness, to enhance, as it were by the contrast, the beautiful and highly ornamented scenery which lay smiling at its base. This narrow track was pursued for some distance by the anxious Kistna, the footmarks of the ravishers' horses still continuing fresh upon the ground: but at length, to his utter disappointment and mortification, they descended again towards the river, which there formed an angle, and all further trace of them was lost; horses and riders having apparently plunged into the water, and swam down with the stream.

Baffled and mortified, but still determined to persevere, the anxious lover was now compelled to wait for boats to enable him to continue the pursuit; and before he was again embarked the first gray tint of dawn was faintly streaking the horizon. The refreshing air of the morning, and the rapidly advancing light of day, inspired the breasts of the pursuers with new hope and vigour; and, separating into several parties, they rowed rapidly down the current, narrowly examining both banks of the river in their progress.

But their search soon became excessively difficult, from the intervention of several rocky islets, which divided the stream into numerous branches; amongst the sinuosities of which a great deal of precious time was lost in vain. Perplexing as it was, however, the pursuit was maintained with unabated ardour; until, at length, their hopes were altogether frustrated, by the river having overflowed its banks, of which every trace was lost in a wide spreading inundation. This extended over an immense space of country; consisting partly of low scrubby jungle, and partly of rice fields, intermingled with rocky eminences, and solitary topes of tamarind and mangoe trees, half buried in the flood; where nothing was seen but an occasional paddy bird, skimming across the surface of the water, or a Brahminy kite feeding on the carcase of some animal which had floated down the stream.

With a heavy heart the noble Kistna now led back his fainting attendants, defeated, but not yet despairing of success; for, though his peerless bride was for the moment lost to his anxious sight, yet he felt assured that the authors of so daring an outrage could not long remain concealed; and he knew that the arm of Mysore was stroug enough to wrest her from any power whatever, when her retreat should once be discovered. He was, therefore, obliged for the present to content himself with prayers and supplications for her safety, to those powers that watch over the innocent and oppressed; while he turned over incessantly in his mind every circumstance that might

afford any clue to the mystery. He could scarcely permit himself to doubt that the outrage had been committed by one or other of his less fortunate rivals; who, though in honor bound to reverence the choice of the Begum, could not be supposed to witness with indifference so peerless a prize snatched from their grasp, by one who had no pretensions to compete with them in wealth, power and dignity.

This supposition being taken for granted, the "seething brains" of the lover next laboured incessantly to fix upon some individual as the perpetrator of the crime; and he was not long in singling out the Rajah of Serindib, whose uncontrolled passion for the Begum, impetuous character, and imperious pride, he had long been acquainted with. The abrupt and uncourteous manner of his departure gave a colouring to the suspicion which now occupied the thoughts of the unhappy lover; and by the time he arrived at the palace he had more than half resolved to set out in pursuit of the supposed ravisher.

In such a frame of mind "trifles light as air are confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," and such a proof was ere long supplied by the venerable Oodiaver. That sage and learned Pundit, rushing into the presence of the bereaved and disconsolate father and husband of the lost Begum, proclaimed aloud that he had found a proof incontrovertible of the truth of his vision, or whatever else it might please the Rajah to call it, respecting the ten headed giant of Lankadwipa.

"What new foolery is this, good Pundit?" demanded the Rajah in angry but sorrowful accents.

"Your Majesty may call it what you will," said the exulting Brahmin, "but here is the evidence of my truth; and a more convincing one is not contained even in the sacred Vedas themselves."

"Of what is it you speak," cried the Rajah, who now began to fancy that too much learning had driven the Pundit mad.

"May it please your Majesty," replied the sage, "I speak of the scroll which I hold in my hand. I myself discovered it in the temple of the Cypress Isle, concealed amongst an offering of fruits and flowers which had, doubtless, been placed on the altar of the deity by the fair hands of the Begum herself."

The Rajah took the scroll, with a feeble hope that it might in reality afford some clue to the discovery of his darling child, and read aloud as follows:

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE BRACELET.

Rival in the favours
Of the fawn-like eyes,
You may wear the garland
Whilst I keep the prize.

"There," said the Brahmin, supplying a commentary to the mystic contents of this Sibylline leaf. "Your majesty will now acknowledge that her highness has been abducted by one of the royal and rejected lovers."

"I have myself suspected as much," said the Rajah, "but I see

no connexion between this and your foolish dream, which had reference only to an idle fiction."

" It grieves me to the soul," said the Brahmin, " to hear your Majesty speak thus slightingly of the Ramayana; which, though considered apocryphal by free thinkers and Pariahs, is nevertheless an authentic portion of sacred history. But if your Majesty will please to read on, you will find a further confirmation of my veracity."

The Rajah accordingly continued as follows:

Far o'er moor and mountain
Southern billows roll,
Pearly are the treasures
Of my true love's soul.

" Can anything more plainly prove the correctness of my vision," cried the Brahmin, in a tone of triumph, " if your Majesty is still pleased to designate as a vision that which I take to have been a waking reality ?"

" I confess," said the Rajah after a moment's thought, " there is something in this which seems to point darkly at the perpetrator of this daring outrage."

" 'Tis as plain as the incarnations of Vishnu," cried the Pundit. " Do not the southern billows roll round Lankadwipa, or as the moderns style it, Serindib ?"

" They do so," said the Rajah."

" Do not the treasures of that country," continued the Brahmin, " chiefly consist in its pearl fisheries ?"

" Most unquestionably they do," assented the Rajah, who continued to read as follows:

Spicy gales are blowing
From that lovely shore,
Where with tears fast flowing
Sita sigh'd of yore.

" Now, great king,' said the Pundit, with a look of the most ineffable triumph, " I hope you will henceforward place more confidence in the assertions of one whose veracity has been, as it were, miraculously confirmed, even from the altar of the deity where I found that scroll."

" It is strange," said the Rajah, as if communing with his own thoughts, " the identical person upon whom my own suspicions fell as the perpetrator of this foul deed, seems to be darkly hinted at in these mysterious rhymes."

" It is as true," said the Brahmin " that divine episode of the Gita Govinda which relates how the god Crishna once opened his mouth, and showed the whole universe* therein to his wondering nurse, in all its plenitude and magnificence."

* The second great divinity Crishna, and the eighth avatar of Vishnu, the darling god of Indian women, passed a life, according to the Hindoos, of a most extraordinary and incomprehensible nature. He was the son of Devaci by Vasudeva; but his birth was concealed through fear of the tyrant Cansa, to whom it had been predicted that a child born at that time, in that family, would destroy him: he was fos-

"Quite as true," said the Rajah, "of that I have no doubt."

"I am right glad to hear your Majesty confess so much," exclaimed the Brahmin, anxious at least to establish the reality of his vision: "allow me further to ask your Majesty, are not the gales which blow from Serindib impregnated with the odour of the Cinnamon groves?"

"They are so reported," replied the Rajah, in a musing mood.

"Was it not Ravan, the ten headed giant of Lankadwipa," pursued the Brahmin triumphantly, "who carried off the beautiful Sita?"

"Yes, yes," said the Rajah impatiently, "it was so, good Pundit."

"Did he not confine her," cried the sage, following up his blow, "in a grove of Asoca trees, where she wept incessantly, until the Demigod Hunoomaun, with his sylvan followers, restored her to the arms of the divine Rama? Did she not pass unhurt through the fiery Ordeal? And did not ——."

Many more interrogatories the venerable Pundit would doubtless have propounded, in defence of his dearly cherished vision, but he spoke to vacancy: for the Rajah had retired with Kistna, to consult undisturbed on the best mode of proceeding, under the very peculiar and distressing circumstances of the case; and the venerable Oodiaver was thereby reduced to the necessity of seeking some more complaisant listeners to his triumphant vindication.

When released from the impertinent imbecility of the Brahmin, which they humanely attributed to the failing intellect of age; the afflicted Rajah, and his equally unhappy son-in-law, wasted no time in fruitless lamentations, but proceeded at once to concert such measures as the urgency of the case demanded. The suspicions of both fell upon the same object: for the ardent love of the Rajah of Serindib for the Begum was well known to all; and his imperious disposition had led to a general impression that he would not tamely brook a rejection, at least in favour of one whose rank was so much inferior to his own. The recollection of the abrupt and uncourteous manner in which he had quitted the royal presence, now came strongly in confirmation of these suspicions; and even the doggrel rhymes, which had been found by the Brahmin in the temple had very much the air of a bravado, emanating from an over proud and ill disciplined mind; which could not digest the mortification of a public refusal, and knew not how to seek a more noble revenge.

The opinions of the Rajah and his son-in-law fully coinciding on this point, they speedily came to a conclusion as to the mode of pro-

tered, therefore, in Mathura, by an honest herdsman, surnamed Ananda, or Happy, and his amiable wife Yasoda, who, like another Pales, was constantly occupied in her pastures and her dairy. In their family were a multitude of young Gopas, or cowherds, and beautiful Gopis, or milkmaids, who were his playfellows during his infancy; and in his early youth, he selected nine damsels as his favourites, with whom he passed his gay hours in dancing, sporting, and playing on his flute. The nymphs once complained to Yasoda that the child Crishna had been drinking their curds and milk: on being reproved by his foster mother for this indiscretion, he requested her to examine his mouth, in which to her just amazement, she beheld the *whole universe* in all its plenitude of magnificence.—*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. I.

ceeding necessary to be adopted. A squadron of the household troops, then on duty at the palace, being ordered to mount immediately, Kistna placed himself at their head, and led them in pursuit of the supposed recreant prince: for, it was hoped, that he might happily be delayed by some contrary wind, and thus prevented from escaping to his own territories with his precious prize. In the meantime the Rajah issued orders for the whole of the Body Guard to follow their gallant general with all convenient speed, and commanded the search to be continued with unabated vigour in all other directions. He further despatched ambassadors to the courts of all the rejected princes; complaining of the extraordinary outrage, and calling upon them to exert themselves, as in honor bound, for the discovery and punishment of the perpetrators of so foul a deed.

But though the hapless parents of the lost Begum were satisfied, in their own minds, that she had been spirited away by mere human means, the people at large were of very different opinions. Always ready to embrace the marvellous side of every question, as that which yields the most easy solution of all difficulties, some sided with the sage Oodiaver, and maintained *à l'outrance* the truth of his story; fighting for the ten-headed giant of Lankadwipa, with a vehemence of faith which is bigoted always in proportion to its blindness.—Others, however, true lovers of paradox, who always affected singularity of opinion, maintained that the fair Coornavati was neither more nor less than an avatara of some deity; who, being smitten with the charms of the peerless Begum of Mysore, had snatched her up to Swerga to bloom, as his immortal bride, for ever in that blest abode. On one point, however, both parties were fully agreed, videlicet, that, in this world, at least, the Fawn-eyed maid never again would bless the eyes of her unhappy parents, or the arms of her mortal lover.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ELEVENTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO PYRRHA.

Pyrrha, say, why with such care
Braidest thou thy yellow hair?
What trim waisted, perfum'd youth
Now believes thy faith and truth?
In some grotto's cool retreat,
Shelter'd from the sun's fierce heat,
Ah, how often will he mourn
The gods adverse, thyself forsworn;
He who loves but thee alone
Fondly fancies thee his own;
Soon will he his idol find
False as waves, or changing wind.
Hapless they, on whom from far
Thou dost shine a guiding star;
Offered on great Neptune's shrine,
Ingratitude's no sin of mine;
Me my dripping garments show
'Scaped from such a sea of woe.

THE STELVIO PASS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES ON NAPLES," ETC.

LEFT Innsbruck for the Stelvio and Italy the twenty-third September. Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, lies down in a nest of hills—couched down like a she wolf in her lair. It is even said that wolves in winter time survey the citizens from their summits, look down from them with hungry eyes and watery mouths on the pulpy burghers in the streets below, so close are the rocks to the city. Yet, though her horizon be over the church steeples, and in the article of sky she be thus upon short allowance, Innsbruck is not without cheerful aspects, any more than are the Innsbruckers themselves, who, particularly the women, by no means scowl as their mountains do. The prospects down the vale from the castled heights and peaks are very beautiful. Travellers, indeed, might summer it in Innsbruck not disagreeably. The character of its people were alone inducement to do so. The Tyrolese, however, are altogether a noble people; a truthful, upright, manly race; of open, plain, and simple manners, not smeared over with conventional varnish, but kindly, homely, unalarmed, and free. They are Nature's genuine ore, in short; unspoiled, unalloyed, undebased; and so genuine, that the brand of the king's head lies lightly on them. Servants, tradespeople, market people, postilions—even bankers, are passing honest. The force of honesty could no further go.

Most folk, indeed, have a predilection for the Tyrolese, as most folk recoil, in spite of themselves, from the poor sophistications of this modern life of ours, so hollow and barren, so vain and void as it all is, and cleave to anything that looks like truth and reality.

One thing we have to say, however—we shouldn't like these Tyrolese the less if their roads showed less of the continental aversion to parapet walls than they do. You are not long in quitting Innsbruck before you find yourself skimming the brink of extremely ill-favoured precipices, with a free passage open for you to the bottom of them, without toll or passport. Further on the case is worse, but it is bad enough here. Over the deeper gorges parapets are put—sometimes; over the lesser, rarely. But, if a roll down either of them would be your last, where's the good of the selection? Better reverse it, we should say; because, of two evils, the lesser is the better; and, between a tumble of one hundred feet or of five hundred, the latter were as much the better as the swift axe of the guillotine is better than the slow rope of the hangman, or the dilatory dislocation of the wheel. And the best of the joke is, that while the dangerous side of the path is thus left undefended, on the other side of it the common trees even are guarded from careless carriage wheels by post and curbstone. Averting your eyes from the one, they light on the other. Vegetable life is more cared for here than human, that's plain, and very obliging. Man thrives better in rocky regions than shrubs do—that's likely. Or is it that your Tyrolese can turn you a somerset of a hundred feet, and none the worse for it? That doesn't look so likely, to be sure. But there's no knowing; and we, mere porcelain

people, may come to be as infrangible and undemolishable in time. The American, used to be blown up in steam-boats, found the mere scolding of his squaw to have no effect upon him, he said; and, after a few more Meudon martyrdoms, and such like, a jactation of a hundred fathoms, more or less, up in the air, or down the precipice, will be nothing to speak of—a mere Montagne Russe sort of matter, taken for amusement. One trial, and you wouldn't mind it—that's sure. Once begin, and you don't know what you may come to—especially when cooped up in a carriage.

The Oberinnthal, the upper valley of the Inn, has its point of geographic separation from the lower vale, the Unterinnthal, at the Martinswand, a prominent perpendicular crag you come to a few miles out of Innsbruck. It is one of the steps of the Solstein Alp, and beetles several hundred feet above the road. In the steep face of the cliff a hollow, in the hollow a chapel, in the chapel's front a crucifix, mark the spot where the emperor Maximilian was saved from one of these same somersets by a poor peasant, who was rewarded for his service as most are who disobey the old behest, not to put their trust in princes. The majestic rock is better famed as a post in the war of independence.

Beyond this, the vale becomes exceedingly beautiful. Tortuous, intertangled, interlocked, the solemn mountains wind, range on range, into each other, yielding, through their rifts and gaps, glimpses which might remind one who had seen them, of those got from the sea at sunrise, into the eastern Riviera of Genoa—the like mysterious world of rock and gorge, aërial cone and misty cave, in both. And as the mountains wind, so winds the traveller, at the base of the hills for the most part, among their convolutions, as the Nautilus navigates among the ocean waves.

About here, too, yoked to his galling wain, the large dove-coloured steer, with his broad branching horns and classic shape, his soft bright eye and docile ways, also reminds the traveller of his Italian neighbourhood.

Nor, with what else that is Italian, is the atmosphere without Italian purity too, Italian limpidity, light, and colour. The air is warm and bland, and, through the clear ether, cones immeasurably distant are, when seen, seen unobstructedly. Distant peaks, six or eight thousand feet above the sea-line, stand sharp against the blue sky, clothed in hues pure and delicate as an angel's wings, while, less distant, huge bare crags, recent snows strewing their unmolten glaciers, lie around, their hoar and furrowed faces upturned to the heavens, like early gods unmindful of the earth.

The Oberinnthal, less expansive than the valley below Innsbruck, varies in breadth perhaps from one to three miles between the bases of the hills. Farms, villages, manors, churches, castles on some of the heights and slopes; now and then a white-walled convent, with its belfry tower protruding from green trees; this, or such as this, with lean kine in the fat meadows, and broad fields of maize, of which they are said here to make their woman's wine—coffee, that is—(and if so, the Tyrolese might attest the genuineness of his drink as the Irishman did his, by swearing it was all grown on his own

estate)—form the foreground; while before, behind, rise around you on all sides, the majestic mountains, still higher as you advance—higher, wilder, rougher, vaster—gathering now together into dark groups, now breaking asunder again, receding on each hand into wider space, the glacier and the snow, bare granite pinnacles bending above forests, opening in the blue distance.

Mountaineers are said to be short of stature. Of the Tyrolese men the rule scarcely holds. Tall fellows many of them—fellows to dandle Milo's full-grown bull, nor ask Milo's apprenticeship; tall, stalwart, muscular men, who might take the brindled lion by the mane, and break his sinewy neck! With the women, perhaps the rule does hold. Methought they were bantam somewhat. There were pretty faces among them, and if not many, where is beauty not a rare thing? But stoutly, firmly built, and tolerably hale, such all the peasants seem; and they stride about their free vales as though they were their own, which they have earned the right to do.

The limbs of the women at work in the field yonder, for instance, they are sturdy enough. But did you ever see such strange hose! If the legs match, the stockings are odd, being a sort of nether mittens, stockings *en demi solde*, which reach no lower than the ankle, nor higher than the ham—you have no difficulty in observing their dimensions. It is very political economy to retrench thus both foot and garter; but surely, of all leg gear, this must be the least useful. Probably, however, the women spare in one garment to spend in another, save in hose to lay the saving out in petticoats, they having the strangest custom of burdening their already bulky bodies with about as many of these garments as Hamlet's gravedigger does—or did, as playgoers may remember—of his never-ceasing waistcoats. The younger girls have more mercy on themselves; but their burden increases with their age, and the older they grow the more of these coverings they carry. You may tell the years of an ox by the rings on his horns, the years of a stag by his tines, and the years of a Tyrolese peasant woman by the number of her petticoats; and the rotundity—ample as the courtly hoop, and much more solid—so augments at last, that she exhibits in her age as fine a specimen of Seppings's principle of the round stern as travellers will meet, among the strange things they see between London and Vienna.

The first post ends at Zeil, a village below the castle of Fragenstein, and surrounded by the Solstein Alp, whose higher peak is nearly ten thousand feet above the sea.

The towering height and dream-like grandeur of the mountains, the fine combinations and pictorial effects are, in this quarter, very noble. Tyrol scenery, if generally less extensive than the Swiss, has, I think, the greater charm of greater completeness in itself. The higher Alps are ever in view in Switzerland, and, for that reason, are too present, too predominant. Drear, and bare, and cold, and gaunt, images of sterility and deprivation, our sense that they are such remains when the impression of their grandeur is impaired by familiarity—nay, intrudes the more. The vales and plains their huge bulks make the horizon of, are sparely peopled in comparison with the inhabited valleys of Tyrol, which, green, fertile, pastoral, eminently populous,

are rich with culture, covered with habitations, alive with inhabitants, often to the very hill tops. The mountains that superadd grandeur to the scenery of Tyrol are such as rather to augment than impair the home impression, the characteristic of the country. They do not destroy, do not jar upon, but heighten, like a fine discord, the noble harmonies of the green field, the green hill side, the shining river, and the wooded height. In Switzerland, the discord drowns the harmony. In the vistas of the wooded defiles of Tyrol, in the transversal gaps which open towards Italy, the gigantic masses of the higher Alps come into view at intervals, but it is only at intervals. There is a charm in this mystic and fitful apparition of their colossal forms, dim, remote, aërial as they are. Closer and more constant, they would diminish, not increase, the beauty of the Innthall. Swiss scenery is often sublime. In scenery, from the sublime the step is to the repelling. Tyrol, if less sublime, is more beautiful, and is always beautiful.

After Telfs, (second relay,) the character of the country changes for a time; the woods close over the river, bald rocks jut above their tops into the air, the views are bounded. The road grows hilly too—no pleasant event, since, whether up hill or down hill, continental postilions always crawl when they can. With the flaming sun cast, by a turn of the road, in our front, and the fierce wind, by the same chance, behind, we had dust to dust in mortal accumulation—with the heat and the dust together, were at once fried and basted. Whether it was to solace our sufferings as *un fléau chasse l'autre*, or because he had nothing better on his hands just then, I don't know, but our schwager thought the occasion good, as we were being done thus slowly, to give us a wind upon that horn of his. He lifted up his horn and blew it. "Blow the horn!" said we, for it wasn't the first offence. He paid no attention, but blew away. Gods, how he did blow! Didst ever hear a German schwager's horn? Such as this I hope you never may, be your sins what they will. Such squeaking and squalling, such spirting and fizzing, such snorting and grunting—never was anything half so excruciating. The very echoes went into convulsions at it. Hudibras's nether trump, a chords of wildest donkeys, had brayed less dissonance. It fairly gored one's entrails, the horn did. The consequences of Sir Huon's horn, in Wieland's version of the matter, are the loss of the sultan's grinders, as Sotheby translates it, if we remember—silly incident enough—"Tally heigho the grinder" was the tune it played, belike. And belike our knight's horn was of the same family, however little magic was in it; it certainly set one's teeth horribly on edge. We bore it amazingly well for a long time; so long, indeed, that we could bear it no longer. Even the Duke of Wellington once observed that endurance has its limits. We stopped the chaise, therefore, since nothing less would do, and that stopped the trumpeter. Whereupon we tendered him our most emphatic thanks for his exertions, hoped he hadn't hurt himself, and just inquired whether the entertainment was to be included in the drinkgeld, or charged extra. He stared uncommonly. We thought he was offended. Not at all. He gave a smirk in due time, and then a grin—grinned and looked broad nonsense with a stare; and if he grinned horribly a ghastly

smile in the end, it was, no doubt, in triumph at the powers of the human mind, which had succeeded at last in the marvellous process of comprehension. At length the process we suppose being fully completed, he nodded a nod of great intelligence, emitted a sound between a sniff and a snort, which perhaps was very good German to the initiated, shook his heel, smacked his whip, and away we went—to our general consolation, for the road soon turned, the vale widened, (near Ober Meiningin,) and with the sun behind, the wind in front, all was well again. So goes the road through more than the Innthal. The old similitude of life with its vicissitudes to a traveller's journey is still true, whether we plod our way with scrip and staff, or make to serve us other legs than our own; whether with industry we go on foot, or with idleness on horseback.

Near the village of Klam, a singular round old rotten tower (ruin of the castle of Klam) is seen emerging from a hollow filled with woods—below the road, towards the river. The look back, with the wood and castle below you in the foreground, presented a striking spectacle. Tall mountains torn asunder to their foundations; gaunt rocks cast, in fierce confusion, hither and thither—huge, like Titans overthrown, still confronting Jove and his thunderbolts; queer twisted stones, looking like things arrested by the Gorgon's head in uncouthest antics; cliff on gnarled cliff, mysterious rift, "giant-snouted crag;" the whole tumultuous scene quivering and flashing—the countless peaks and points of the splintered granite, the glaciers above, and the tremulous river below quivering and flashing in the light of the declining sun,—was an extraordinary spectacle. The dusk rocks near at hand, the black tower, and the darksome woods were, with the deep blue sky above, the only shadows: all the rest one blazing mass of many-formed shapes, of many-coloured light, of lustre almost intolerable. The striking effect was mainly produced, perhaps, by the grand opposition of the foreground; so much do such effects depend on the accidental distribution of minor objects and their contrasts. Probably the Bay of Naples appears the finest, as it does, from Keppel Craven's villa, or from the Palazzo Gallo, (the queen dowager's Palazzo Gallo,) on account of the architectural foregrounds; and the view from Sorrento the finest from the telegraph, owing to the square cairn-like stones, and the rude telegraph itself, close at hand.

By Niederkins, Nassereit, we arrived at night at Imst, which is an up-and-down sort of a town, through whose streets the traveller rolls like a cranky ship in a gale of wind. Much of the country was concealed by the dusk; and by the clouds which came with the evening, hanging down over the rocks in heavy folds, or sailing away sulkily from peak to peak, much more. But we should not think this the choicest quarter of the Innthal at any time.

The clouds are broken now, as we see them from the inn at Imst, the sky is strewn with their fragments, among which the young moon picks her way—the maiden moon—lifting, as she goes, her lithe and delicate horn above the mountains. Huge mountains are they, colossal shadows, that lie on the earth below her, dark and demon-like. She looks, as she moves above their backs, like Una with her lion at

her feet. Before her trips the evening star, bright-eyed handmaiden, lighting with her trembling lamp her lady to her couch,

But there in the last! Look! Over the snows, among the mists and clouds, there is a lunar rainbow. Many people live and die and never see a lunar rainbow. Here is one. Pretty apparition! Pale and faint and delicate, it spans the air from rock to rock, like the Bridge of Sighs over the Rialto, or Milton's bridge over chaos. Creature of the elements, shadow of a shade, ghost of an iris, how spectral and attenuate it is!

> So slight is she, and transparent of hue,
> That you might have seen the moon shine through;

Only the moon just now is not convaneant. The gintry on t'other side of her can see the moon through, belike. As it is, the stars twinkle through her instead. Between the mist without the arch and the mist within, there is the same difference as in the other, the sunbow, the lunar lady's solar sister, who is much more robust than she is, poor thing! But no wonder she is so fragile; the mother moon it is the child of, is not adolescent yet; only in her first teens. Very frail indeed she looks, frail as fair, too fair to be long lived. Born but to fade, a tender primrose-coloured hectic flickers on her thin cheek. 'Tis a rainbow in a consumption, 'tis a gentle lady crossed in love and dying fast away; 'tis some soft spirit of the upper air, that hath partaken human passion: too beautiful for earth, of heaven forsaken, there she sitteth, alone, aloof, half way between both, self-consuming, meekly weeping, slowly dying. How fast her tears bedew the ground, poor lonely Niobe of the Night! 'Tis gone.

Listen! There is a dull low wail, like the sound of Æolian harps, that comes in the lull of the breeze from behind the hill; the funeral anthem of the mourning winds, no doubt, who make their moan thus, sobbing and sighing, as they bear off the dead Iris. Once upon a time they bore away Psyche, Love's Iris, these same winds did, in the same fashion, from the mountain tops.

Again the cloud comes, covering all things—true mountain weather this—and again the gust. Whew! the winds, through gulf and gully, down they come with the howl of a thousand wolves, with the thunder of a thousand horsemen. Hail, too! More of it. All hail! we'll to bed.

A word, however, while undressing about the hand-books. No impeachment of the compiler, but they should be nobody's Bible in the matter of inns. The hand-book is the innkeeper's book of fate. Saucy landlords, at its censure, mend their manners, and filthy ostels, at its bidding, cast their dirty skins, and come forth the next summer so sleek, that entering their precincts you think you have got next door. All which is well and good. But, on the other hand, no sooner doth the same hand-book commend one of these same inns, than it thinks, from the consequences that follow, its fortune already made; and there is no limit to the extortionate advantage it takes. The truth respecting them is often, therefore, just the reverse of what is set down, so that the hand-book, as far as they are concerned, should not unfrequently be interpreted as dreams are, by contraries. The remedy for travellers

is to get what local information on the subject they can—a subject, by-the-bye, to three-fourths of the English the most important in their journey, and the one they study the most profoundly.

September 24. Who'd have thought it? The earth in the hues of paradise, the sky as bright as Hope. Such a morning after such a night. Mountain meteorology has laws of its own, and baffles the weather-wisdom of plain people. This, however, is the equinox, and the equinox is our clime's climacteric, a dangerous period in the year's existence, and prone to disorder, and which those who cross the Alps would be wiser than some people in avoiding.

Fine scenes as we mounted the hill beyond Imst, and the road joins the river again. Far off towns and villages on the river's opposite banks, with farm and castle on the green knolls, and the green levels at different elevations up the sides and among the undulations of the mountains; silver mists in the glens and hollows behind the towns. The yellow sunlight flowing down as from a fountain, gilds the forest tops and forest lawns; the long sinuous river, coiling and winding far away, hidden a moment to appear again, shining through the clefts of the rocks, as the heavens are seen through thunder clouds, or a fair face through a mortuary veil.

The banks of mist behind the towns still rise. They accumulate round the moist bases of the mountains, as the sun reaches them, augmenting as the day augments, as cares increase with years. The snows and shattered peaks above in the blue sky, look, as they emerge from the wreaths and banks of mist below, like fortresses beleaguered, girt about by battle smoke from trench and field-work at their foot.

Then a long ascent through cliff and crag, and a grand view from the height.

They have a way of arranging the Indian corn here, when cut and left to dry, so that the tall sheaves appear like human figures, monks or nuns, but huge and semi-gigantic. Stedfast, still, mysterious, statue-like, in yonder field, for instance, stand some of them. Potent, grave, and reverend—sons of Anak, they look, with cowl on brow and crucifix in hand. Monks they seem, yet are but men of straw. Other figures are those of nuns. They are ladies in the straw. But any such practical pasquinade on the order would be beyond the peasant's daring. It is simply the allotment of tithe in kind.

But satire or not, a few miles further on than this, blows were struck that hit harder than satire. Near where the bridge stretches across the river, and rough rocks impend above, game more serious than pasquinade was played, and the stern character of the scene accords with its associations. The high road runs between the rock and the river. There the French troops must pass. A colossal peak, isolated, immense, still stands out now as it stood then, in a distant point of the defile, before their march, pointing to heaven—an invocation and an admonition. Still on the invader passed—came rather; pass he did not; for as he came, down upon him in that narrow way, down upon his serried files, from the ambuscade above, rolled the massive stone, the iron rock, the tree trunk, and the knotted root,—every projectile that industrious enmity had garnered in that rude armoury—down thundered the accumulated ruin on the French ranks,

while the unerring rifle and the mountain gun consummated the discomfiture. Scarcely a man was left alive. The Tyrol is full of such memorials. The mark of cross-swords on the chart, near the town of Reid, beyond Landek, indicates the spot where a column of ten thousand French was destroyed by the peasants, in 1809; as a similar sign, not far from it, the date 1703, points to another of the Tyrolese battle-fields with their old and hated enemies, the Bavarians. The chart of Tyrol is dotted with a hundred such. And they are memorials which permit a veneration pure and unchecked. The Tyrolese struggles are not tainted in men's minds as are the Swiss. Not on the Tyrolese rests the shame of having sold the hands that had won their own freedom—and defeated though they were, are they not the freer now for what they did in the patriot war? When are such things done in vain?—and they, in their comparative independence, have not sold their own freedom, like the Swiss, to solder with their venal hands the manacles of others. The conduct of the Swiss in the Italian wars, is among the most repulsive events in modern annals.

Approaching Landek, an angle of the pass, the river boils obstreperously enough. From Innsbruck to Landek by the road, may be some ninety miles. The river trots by the road the greater part of the way, and, being thus rapid, the elevation insensibly gained must be considerable. Rivers, in fact, with their slow but ceaseless labour, are your true roadmakers. Man but follows over the mountains which they, nature's primordial engineers, lead, but treads where they have trod; and human science but prunes and trims, and then calls hers, what to the torrent and the stream is due. Thousands, tens of thousands, of silent years before the human foot came here to tread it, theirs it was to delve the mountain, and pare down the crag, to bore the tunnel and to scoop the trench, cutting man's future pathway. When these now fertile regions were a wild, a festering jungle, unploughed, untilled, untenanted; when the condor's pinion clanged through the heavy air, and the couching behemoth rose up from the marsh and howled, awakened by the roaring of her wing; when the huge reptile—upon whom men, unearthing by chance his bones, names them in dialects unborn for ages after his very race had perished—struggled with the mammoth in the fen; when these mountain chains were as walls, their caverns coverts for ferocious creatures to bring forth in—monstrous creatures that encumbered with their enormous bulk the elements that nourished them—shapes that seem as fabulous but are not—uncouth shapes that look as fashioned in hypochondriac vision, where the real is monstered into forms like phantasms; hideous as though other than God had made them; formless as though nature had left them thus unfinished, appalled at the work of her own hands; things terrible in power, of amorphous mould, gaunt, squamous, huge, apocalyptic beasts—to lay their bones in as in a charnel house, to whelp in as in dens, to war in as in arenas; when the volcano's fire made the night time hideous, and the lone silence of the sultry noon heard but the long howl of hunger, the sharp shriek of pain;—even then the untiring torrent did its office, hollowed the vale, and wore the rock; the elements and primæval powers of Nature made pathways then upon the mountains for earth's future lord.

The Greek and Roman deemed rivers divinities; offered sacrifice to them. In the antique anthropomorphous sense they are such, all beneficent.

At the elbow of the road stands the straggling mountain town of Landek. A ruined castle—the name we know not—is on one side, on the other that of Shronsfinstein. Above and beyond the mountains crowd closer together, with thicker shadows in their chasms, deeper glaciers in the hollows of their summits. The pass between them is that by Feldkirch and the Klosterthal. Large and dark their masses stand around, like the gray sepulchres and granite sphynxes in the avenue of the tombs of Memphis; silent, huge, a synod of the old gods they look; Saturn and his fallen divinities, hoar, sceptreless, dethroned, with furrowed foreheads, and old nerveless arms; old, very old they are, and very drowsy. By the Swiss lakes which are at the foot of the Feldkirch Pass on the other side, and by the Rhine, a journey may be made from England to Tyrol, nearly the whole way, by water. The road to the higher ranges of the Oberinnthal, to the Engadine; or through the centre of the Rhætian Alps by the Stelvio to Italy, leads off to the left. Lead on, we follow—impatient for the Finstermünz and the Ortler.

The Stelvio has a noble portal in the scenery you enter from Landek. Dark rocks, near and drear, frown down soon upon you from all quarters, the headlong river roaring and booming upon their fallen boulders. In portions, and at intervals, immense glaciers, branches probably of the Gebatsch, a field of ice, sixty miles in length, are seen through the openings of the rocks on the left, the towering crags of the Kauner Spitz that hold the glaciers, lying prone against the sky, themselves propt on a couch of lower mountains, whose again subjacent peaks rise over pine forests. Across the distant head of the pass, as it now and then opens upon you in the windings of the defile in front, mountains of immense altitude, clothed with clouds in their lower belts, show themselves above the intervening peaks; all appears without issue, without ingress. Chains as of giant fortresses, a wall of adamant, bar your way. Colossal cave, colossal height, drear forest, grisly rock, all seemeth; vague, dense, immense, obscure, impenetrable, insurmountable, unfathomable. All mountain chains look thus, more or less, as you approach them. But on, on! Pierce them and they break asunder. Advance and fear not, were motto for more than knight in enchanter's castle, more than for traveller through mountain pass. Few the obstacles that are not to be overcome; few the labyrinths for which there is no clue.

How analogies reside thus in all things! Yonder tall cliff that overhangs the river, an extensive land-slip has laid open to an immense height. Its base undermined by the stream, half the rock has fallen away; the giant is cloven from crown to chine, sheer through. Clotted and torn, the broken pines hang like eft-locks on its shattered forehead; the bird builds among its stony ribs. Half that rock lies in fragments in the torrent that overthrew it. See how fiercely, against the impediment itself hath raised, foams and boils the impetuous river. *Nugæ seria ducunt.* Doth not man in *his* career, just as inevitably, and from a necessity as strong, though more inscrutable,

raise up to himself his own impediments? It finds its way at length, the vehement river; over the broken boulder, over the rough rock smoothed and whitened with its own foam; bounds over all that hath opposed it, as the lion bounds over the fallen hunter. Hark, the roar as he retires. Cramped, fettered, angered, tortured, is it with man as with the stream, that he in his efforts to be free creates the very hindrance that repels, the obstacles that drive him back upon himself. Let him strive on, then, as unweariedly as the wave doth, if chafed unbaffled, if tortured unsubdued. Is not the stream the nobler for the impediment? 'Tis ever so. In the conflict, in the resistance, lie the energy and the strength for all. As Rome, when strong, arose the stronger from every contest, making even defeat a gain; when feeble, sunk from every contest more enfeebled, and found even victory a defeat; so in the march of life is it. From Hofer, in his heroism, to the humblest man that wrestles against fortune, in the resolute resistance, the awakened will, the constant purpose, and the onward aim, are, in the end, the victory and the triumph. And whoso struggles well and bravely, finds, be sure, like yonder river, the vehement grow, at last, to calm, the turbid into clearness; finds a free way, and an open path beyond.

And now a little faster, Mister Postilion, if you please, if you value your drinkgeld. 'Tis quite practicable, for the roads, wilderness though they wind through, are excellent throughout. In matters physical the Austrian loves to see its subjects pleased. The mock Cæsar, like the true, likes men that smile about him. And as the ninety and nine care for little more than for things physical, and consider as little whether they might not have even these all the better if they were their own purveyors, they proclaim the Austrian, in its bounty, to be a paternal government; whereat the paternal government itself must smile methinks.

Less savage regions succeed, after a while, as the road through the wild glen winds on. Still on and on it goes, and ever in the gulf dug by the river, sometimes built into the cliffs above, sometimes running along the banks, crossing and recrossing the stream for better causeway, but ever sinuous, serpent-like, turning the arms, the hundred Briarean arms of the defile, in endless intricacy; the rocks closing upon it, almost the whole way, on either side. Here, in a little wider space, as the road mounts, is seen below the widened river, its course relaxed, gliding amidst shoal and bed of gravel, woods beyond it, on the lower zones of the hills, with chalets and grazing cattle amidst distant pasturages. Then, where the crags close again, blinding all distant things, unseen torrents roaring above, sudden, through a rent of the hills, appear again the peaks of the Kanner Spitz, the white ice flowing over their gulfs, and streaming, through crag and forest, down their sides, as foam overbrims the goblet. And then again all closes, as the road by short curves winds yet deeper into the mountains. And so we go on, all the way to Pfunds—some forty or fifty miles. Nor is the temperature of the air less variable than the objects. If not seen, the snow and ice are not unfelt; and, according to the direction of the road, a sharp wind alternates with the hot sun, and the sultry air that stagnates in the more sheltered parts of the defile.

Few objects of much interest take our attention here, as may be believed. The changing horses the most amusing episode of the day. Yet a pedestrian would find many. We met, by the way, *qu'on nous pardonne le jeu de mot*, one of these pedestrians in a wild part of the road. Smoking hot he was, to be sure. His blouse and knapsack were thrown into a small cart, diminutive as a child's toy, on four wheels, which he was drawing behind him: his larder, no doubt, and wardrobe together. *He* would find a deal to say of the road from Landek to Pfunds, now, that fellow would. Certes, of all profitless modes of travel, a postchaise is the most profitless, whatever else it may be.

The only thing we, in our penury of events, have to chronicle, is the head-covering of the women about Reid; the older women, that is—but indeed there were no others—perhaps the women are born old here, they look as if they had been. This was a high thick fur cap, black, and hot and heavy-looking enough to fill a grenadier guardsman with envy, or give any other mortals a brain fever, especially if they worked in them, as these women did. This is an English notion, however. The fable of the sun, and the wind, and the traveller's cloak, is not an English fable. Spaniards, people of the sun, have a proverb that what keeps out the heat keeps out the cold. And this cumbrous head-covering is perhaps on the same principle, and the petticoats too.

Schwager! Fahrt doch zu auf gutem Wege! Ihr kommt nicht vorwärts. What a lazy fellow he is! what a slow coach he makes of it! Well, your gray goose-quill is a man's best friend after all; the only postilion for people in a hurry. So here we are at the Finstermunz *per Saltum*, N.P. After the town of Pfunds, the first mile or two is disappointing. The rocks shelve on each side, gradually down in long unbroken slopes towards the torrent. This is a trough the river has cut. The hollow is of colossal dimensions, but the cliffs are smooth and bald. Nearing the bottom, as you would run into the hole of a funnel, the river, hitherto swift and turbid only, here boils and roars like thunder, and a heavy gloom as from sudden thunder clouds gathers over you. Then, an abrupt turn—and foreign postilions are always most dramatically rapid on such occasions—and passing between the crags which close upon you there, like forceps, you come at once upon a rude bridge, which, with an old tower at its centre, spans the boiling river. The sight that here breaks thus theatrically upon you is certainly terrific, horrible. You stand amidst chaos. Every sound is uproar. Eye and ear alike are torn and jarred by sights and sounds of tumult and destruction. Precipices are all around. You are at their feet. Ponderous crags hang rugged and shapeless between you and the heavens. In front rise the abrupt steeps of the chasm. It seems as you were standing in the carcass of some huge animal, mammoth or stranded leviathan, left decomposing to the elements, its fleshless ribs bristling in all uncouth angles above, or fallen away in splinters to the earth. From the head of the gulf, from its mystic summits, broken as it falls by piles of rocks, down rolls the headlong river. Ceaselessly come the thronging waters, angered into foam, lashed into spray, hissing, roaring, rent by the stone,

rending the stone, as the tiger tears the crocodile, tearing and torn. As ceaselessly they spring beneath the bridge, rush against the rock—the rock from whose bowels you have emerged, the blind Cyclop beneath whose feet you have crawled—rush in their giant strength at the giant barrier. But it yields not, it still stands—stands and shields all beyond it, as the musk-bull, fronting the danger, champions the herd against the wolves.

Crossing the bridge, the traveller passes an old ruinous archway into a rude village. From behind the village the road ascends. Aspects of the gorge of great grandeur open upon you as you rise, huge crags appear heaped together in horrible confusion, and the gulf below assumes the sublime. The deficiency is in colour. In the valley of Grodno the crags are black. In the Finstermünz, in spite of its name, they are grey and cold; and, even now, in the falling twilight, the gorge is not dreadful in the superadded horror of gloom, as is the Tartarean gap of the Simplon. The Via Mala we have not seen.

You still creep on—slowly, for the ascent is very steep. Woods now appear above the road on the left, skeleton pines on long straight stems mingle with the grey precipice, and toppling stone that juts above into the air, and to which the snake-like pine root alone is mortar, alone keeps from falling away, and sweeping with it the wayfarer into the torrent, now far below.

Look up, as you still climb on. Over the tops of the pine woods on your left, roots and trunks of giant trees, brought down from unseen precipices above by the winter's flood, lie piled up on the crags that impend perpendicularly over the road, lie against the mountain behind, as though accumulating the augmenting avalanche. Before you is a covered way built to shield the traveller from the cataract. On the right, blocks, shattered from the cliffs, are heaped one upon the other, to disencumber the path. The distant steeps on the torrent's farther side are covered with the massive splinters, as a shore with wrecks. The torrent's bed is choked with them. The river has strewn its course with the ruin it has made, as the Indian hangs round his tent the scalps of his slain enemies. Look down. Through the rifts of pine wood on the steeps to your right, far below as the crags above are high, foams and bursts the whitened stream, swoln by the accession of the Siller Bach, which leaps into the gulf near where you stand. Pine trunks are scattered in its course, and broken roots and trees are flung from rock to rock upon its waves, as dead leaves eddy down the wind.

And now, beyond the torrent, above the nearer steeps of the gorge itself, look down upon the pass the summits of the mountains. From the height now reached, cones at great distances, colossal forms of granite, come into sight—the mountains of Switzerland. A transverse defile turns, among these, to the west, between the Reschenberg and the Fumaberg, hoary giants which guard the pass. Here the Inn roars and leaps from the Swiss Engadine into Tyrol. And here, surrounded by horrid rocks, and woods, and torrents, at Martinsbruch, the Tyrolese, in 1799, gave battle. From this, the summit of the Finstermünz, with the mountains around, heaped tumultuously toge-

ther, so colossal, yet so shivered and so broken; the torrents roaring around, the dark gulf yawning beneath, the dim snows, lifted into the air beyond the intervening peaks, those spectral snows gleaming through the dusk at altitudes immeasurable, unapproachable, the gorge of the Finstermünz is appalling. It is a portal to the Hall of Eblis. The poet from such sights draws his inspiration; the painter dips his pencil in such colours when he would image hell. In such dens fabled dragons build and breed. Such regions echo the chained Titan's cry, hearken the unslaked vulture as he screams unto the morning star that lights him to his food.

Receding from the Finstermünz, the country opens and becomes tamer. Nature wanted repose—naturally. You have left the Innthal, and approach the higher Alps. The level about Nanders is her resting place, and ours.

(To be continued.)

THE MEADOW SAFFRON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"My best days are past."
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

O! Spring has its snowdrops, and Summer its roses,
Whose fanciful language youth smilingly hears,
But well, pensive flow'ret, thy motto discloses
The feelings that shadow our gathering years:
The pilgrim looks back—he beholds in the distance
Bright scenes, gay enjoyments, that vanished too fast,
Then thinks on the clouds of maturer existence,
And languidly murmurs,—"My best days are past."

Yet should it be so? When Life's Spring is declining,
Hath Autumn no pleasures, no charms of its own?
Yes, brighter than ever may knowledge be shining,
More tender and kind may be Friendship's soft tone;
We may soothe the afflicted, admonish the erring,
And shelter the feeble from want's chilling blast;
O! who, while such blessings on others conferring,
Should say in dejection—"My best days are past?"

And when sobered and calmed is our young animation,
And we draw to the close of our mortal career,
Perchance, the blest truths of divine revelation
May seem to the mind more distinctive and clear:
Hope wears not the guise of an earthly deceiver,
When her glance on a region of glory is cast,
And cheered by her radiance, the trusting believer
Exclaims not in sadness—"My best days are past?"

THE LAWYER'S TWO VISITS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I PREPARED myself one morning to pay two professional visits. Sir William Mostyn was not expected to live through the day, and wished to make an immediate alteration in his will, and Zechariah Briggs, a wealthy money-lender, was desirous to take the best steps to intimidate and confound a debtor to whom he had advanced two hundred pounds, and who now refused to repay the sum, for no better reason than because he did not possess money for the purpose. I did not anticipate any addition to my "curiosities of legal experience" from these visits; neither of them offered the charm of originality, they were both tedious repetitions of an often told tale. Sir William Mostyn had been expected to die in the course of the day at least a dozen times in the last three years; in fact, whenever he had a slight attack of illness, he magnified it into a death-warning, because it enabled him, with less glaring vanity and egotism than might be the case under other circumstances, to pronounce a flowery panegyric on his own virtues, which rivalled that of any tomb-stone in the kingdom in audacious and mendacious flattery. He had a charming wife, (by-the-bye, how is it that tyrannical ill-tempered men so often possess charming wives?) and two beautiful daughters; he constantly on these melancholy occasions assured them how unworthy they were of such a blessing as himself, and how bitterly they would lament him when lamentation would be of no avail. He was then accustomed to digress to the lesser grievances of the loss of "pride, pomp, and circumstance," to which they would be exposed on his death, considerately reminding them that his large estates were annexed to the baronetcy, and would become the property of a brother with whom he had not been on terms for six-and-twenty years, that it was only in his power to bequeath four hundred a year to his wife, and three thousand pounds to each of his daughters, and that therefore they must take their leave of their splendid mansion in Cavendish Square, and beautiful family seat at Woodlands, and resign themselves to choose between those three horrors of a limited income which he designated as "cottage vegetation, watering-place degradation, and continental expatriation!" It was likewise a very common event for Sir William Mostyn to wish to make an alteration in his will; he was extremely vain, and extremely irritable; any one who gratified the first feeling had an excellent chance of being set down on parchment for nineteen guineas or a morning ring, and if knowingly or unknowingly they offended the second, they had the dire certainty of being immediately scratched out again. As for Zachariah Briggs, his life was passed in cajoling and cheating half his borrowing friends, and threatening and imprisoning the other half; to the first part of the business he was quite equal in his own person, in the last he was frequently obliged to call in my unwilling assistance.

On reaching Cavendish Square, I found that for once I had wronged the baronet in my suspicions of dissimulation, that he was really and seriously ill. Lady Mostyn joined me in the drawingroom with tearful eyes and an agitated manner, and I was surprised and grieved to hear from her that Sir William had sent to me for the purpose of adding a codicil to his will, disinheriting his youngest daughter. I could not resist the impulse of inquiring what could possibly be the offence of the meek and winning Alice Mostyn, and her mother, after a little hesitation, confided it to me. Sir William Mostyn had seen a family picture, executed by a young artist of great promise, and was forthwith inspired with the ambition of having a similar one taken of himself, his lady, and his two daughters. The young artist was engaged to attend, and took excellent likenesses of Sir William, Lady, and Miss Mostyn; but Alice seemed completely to baffle his skill; and it was not till after repeated sittings and numerous trials that he succeeded in transferring an exquisite likeness to the canvass of the lovely girl whom he had faithfully traced and enshrined in his heart immediately after his introduction to her. The mansion in Cavendish Square was haunted by one of those sycophantic, fawning beings who so frequently infest the dwellings of the rich. Miss Crawley was a sort of parlour charwoman, ready to obey any summons, and officiate in any capacity; she professed that her greatest delight consisted in making herself useful to her friends, but, in reality, she delighted in nothing so much as in making mischief among them. She had taken a violent aversion to the young artist, because he turned an indifferent eye to her soft glances, and a deaf ear to her hints of being perfectly willing to occupy a niche in the family picture, in which she, with some justice, observed, "she had certainly as good a right to appear as the lapdog;" consequently she kept a rigid watch on his movements, and, behind the sheltering cover of a large Indian screen, heard him declare his love to the sweet Alice, heard her murmur a few words of doubt, surprise, and confusion, but certainly not of displeasure, and then ran to impart all she had heard to Sir William Mostyn, who was very ill and peevish at the time, and on whose system she was perhaps benevolently anxious to try the remedy of counter-irritation. The trembling Alice was summoned, and the bitterest fulminations heaped upon her. In vain did she express her contrition for having "listened to the voice of love,"—in vain did she promise to relinquish her suitor; the crime of having voluntarily stood to hear the tender protestations of a poor artist was such as could only be adequately punished by the entire loss, to her and her heirs for ever, of the three thousand pounds once destined for her portion.

I felt extremely indignant with the selfish and cold-hearted baronet, but yet, to do all parties impartial justice, I could not but think that my favourite Lady Mostyn took her daughter's indiscretion rather too coolly, and did not appear so disconcerted at the idea of having a poor artist for a son-in-law as I should have thought consistent in the mother of a high-born beauty of eighteen. I reconciled myself, however, to her conduct by surmising, that, having felt the evils of splendid misery in her own person, she might possibly be disposed to look with a favourable light on love, even when walking hand in hand with

poverty, and I accompanied her to the chamber of Sir William, as anxious as herself to do all in my power to conciliate and soften him. Sir William was propped up by pillows, and was dilating on the heinous conduct of the banished Alice to Louisa Mostyn, Miss Crawley, the portly housekeeper, and the nurse who had recently been engaged to attend him. Lady Mostyn addressed him soothingly; he replied by reproaches on the manner in which she had educated and over-indulged her daughters. I attempted to induce him to postpone the alteration of his will, but was silenced by a spirited recommendation to "mind my business, and keep in my place;" he then directed me to "revoke and rescind" the legacy to Alice Mostyn, and to make it over to a public charity, (alas! how often are public charities enriched by private resentments!) I took down the heads of his instructions in pencil, and then at his desire began to inscribe them on the will. While I was thus employed, Sir William, whose powers and fluency of speech were not in the remotest degree affected either by his illness or his anger, proceeded to address his auditory.

"It is exceedingly probable that before the close of the day I shall be taken from you; the loss to you will be irreparable; but I am most thankful to say that no one ever departed this world with a clearer conscience than myself, or with a more gratifying certainty of having performed all the duties and charities of life."

Here Sir William paused, partly to take breath, and partly to listen to the corroborative "certainly" and "very true" of his hearers; but Miss Crawley had just been called out of the room to answer a note of inquiry, and none of the others were disposed to strain their own conscience with the guilt of vouching for the spotlessness of the conscience of Sir William. Silence ensued, not the silence which gives consent, but that which refrains from giving it. Sir William proceeded in rather a raised voice to enumerate the items of his excellencies.

"I have been a most devoted, affectionate, and exemplary husband."

Poor Lady Mostyn sighed; she had undergone for four and twenty years that system of minute domestic tyranny which is as much worse than actual ill usage, as the constant dropping of water on the head is more agonizing than a sudden and sharp blow.

"I have submitted," proceeded Sir William, "to the mortification and disappointment of having no one to inherit my titles and estates, and I have shown the most affectionate regard to the interests of my two daughters."

Sir William had certainly submitted to the want of a son because he could not help it, but he had made it a constant subject of discontent and upbraiding; as to his regard for the interests of his daughters, the codicil that I was writing seemed so completely at variance with this assertion, that I could scarcely be surprised when I saw the beautiful eyes of Louisa Mostyn glittering rather through indignation than through tears.

"I have also," said Sir William, "been an indulgent and kind master to my numerous domestics; they will meet with very different treatment from my brother."

The housekeeper, who sat near me, here uttered a faint whisper which sounded to me very like "I hope they will." In fact, Sir William never passed a week without either giving warning, or having it given to him, and his servants would have succeeded each other as rapidly as the figures in a magic lantern, or the carriages on a railroad, had not Lady Mostyn followed him as Pity followed Sorrow in the allegory, dropping balm into the wounds he inflicted, and by dint of gentleness, argument, and sometimes, it must be confessed, a little bribery, contrived to keep the threatened departures of the establishment tolerably within bounds.

"As for myself," continued the baronet, "the patience and resignation which I have displayed through life, adhere to me in the last stage of it. I look on death without a fear—I bear pain without a murmur."

The nurse opened her eyes to their widest extent, as she recalled certain exclamations and interjections of her faultless patient which had struck her during the preceding night as "perfectly awful."

"I appeal to all present," concluded Sir William, looking somewhat angrily and suspiciously around, "whether I have not spoken justly of myself."

Fortunately Miss Crawley had entered the room a little while before, and she hastened to assure Sir William that "he could never be said to speak justly of himself, because his humility always made him undervalue his own excellencies, but that if he could only know what others said of him, he would be well aware that he was considered a pattern for admiration and imitation." The baronet, exhausted by his eloquence, threw himself back on the pillow, his eyes resting with a glance of approbation on the unblushing sycophant whose falsehoods even dared to profane the chamber of death. I had finished the codicil, and seen it executed, and as the physician just then entered, I took my leave, but not before I had decided, from the glance which he cast on me after looking at his patient, that he considered him in imminent danger. I was rejoiced to escape; it is gratifying to stand by the death-bed of the meek and humble-minded Christian, or even by that of the truly repentant and sorrowing criminal, but it is dreadful to listen to the vain self-satisfied boastings of one who rejects and slights the Saviour, without whose mediation the best of us could never hope for heaven, and who clings alone to those moral virtues and good works utterly insufficient in themselves for salvation, even where they really exist, but in which qualities the boaster in question was lamentably and notoriously deficient. I was occupied for some hours in attending the courts of law, and it was not till the close of the morning that I was able to wait on Mr. Elwyn, the refractory debtor of Zechariah Briggs. He was a man in the prime of life; his features were handsome, but his countenance bore the deep traces of sorrow and anxiety; and his well-worn clothes, his meanly furnished apartments, and the pale dejected looks of his poor fragile wife, all convinced me that Zechariah's hopes of his two hundred pounds rested on a very slender foundation. I had never before seen Elwyn in person, but I had often seen him in print; he had become known to the public as the author of some

pleasing little poems about two years ago. I had a favourable opinion of his abilities, but was sorry to hear that he depended entirely on them for his subsistence; literature is a good servant, but a bad master; it is a delightful recreation, and often affords a seasonable addition to a moderate income, but, except in a very few splendid instances, it offers a miserable compensation to him who devotes his whole time to it—who, at the command of a fickle public, sees himself compelled to waste his fondly-nurtured talents on the most paltry and trifling subjects—who, under the pressure of adversity and embarrassment labours to produce brilliant ideas from his already overwrought and exhausted brain, till even the drudgery of compilation and translation becomes a relief in the comparison—who repairs to his writing-desk, not with the enthusiastic fire with which the inspired minstrel snatches his harp, but with the cold mechanical reluctance with which the wearied manufacturer sits down to his loom, and who, after all this saddening, mind sinking, soul subduing toil, too often has to say,

> "Small prospect have those authors to be read,
> Whose daily writings earn their daily bread!"

About a year ago, Elwyn was dazzled by the Utopian prospectus of a new magazine, which was to combine everything that was excellent in all its predecessors and contemporaries, and to avoid everything that was exceptionable in them; two hundred pounds would admit him to be a partner in it; he was advised to apply to Zechariah Briggs for the money. Zechariah questioned him about his expectations, (not from the Magazine, but from other sources,) and the answers were so satisfactory, that he immediately advanced him the sum in question. The magazine died a natural death in the course of a few months—"older and abler" publications of the same kind drove it from the field. Elwyn's other expectations, whatever they might be, proved equally fallacious with his literary hopes, and nothing could be imagined more depressing and discouraging than his present situation.

"For myself," he said, after briefly explaining his circumstances to me, "I could bear any deprivation with fortitude, but the failing health and exhausted spirits of my poor Joanna are more than I can endure. We married imprudently I allow, and against the consent of most of our relations, but a rich uncle of my wife's kindly allowed us an income, which amply sufficed for our moderate wishes; and we lived on the continent with our only son in peace and contentment till the last two years, when the sudden death of our benefactor betrayed that his circumstances were involved, and that he was unable to bequeath us the smallest legacy in lieu of the income which he had hitherto bestowed upon us. Thrown thus upon our own resources, the talent of poetry in myself, and of painting in my son, which we had hitherto cultivated merely as accomplishments, became our sole source of dependence, and would have supplied our absolute wants had it not been for the unfortunate scheme which induced me to apply to Zechariah Briggs for the loan of two hundred pounds. Another misfortune has just fallen upon us; my son was requested to

paint a family picture for Sir William Mostyn; he consented to do this much against my inclination, for circumstances had happened which connected Sir William's name with very painful associations on my mind. Lady Mostyn, however, who is all kindness and benevolence, called upon us, and pressed us to comply; we agreed to do so, little foreseeing the sad termination of his engagement. Sir William has dismissed him in a fit of resentment at discovering his admiration for his youngest daughter, and we fear he will do all in his power to injure him; we are well acquainted with Sir William's stern and unrelenting nature."

Here I discovered a connecting chain between my "two visits" which was quite romantic: the son of Elwyn, it appeared, was the detected lover of the poor disinherited Alice Mostyn. I did not, however, inform the father and mother of the distressing object of my late visit in Cavendish Square, deeming that their cup of grief was full enough already without the addition of another drop on my part. I merely contented myself with saying, "Since Lady Mostyn is your kind friend, do you not think she might assist you in your difficulties?"

"I am sure she would, if it were in her power," replied Elwyn; "but Sir William, fearful of her liberal spirit, exacts from her an account of the large sums with which he ostentatiously supplies her. I could not ask her for two hundred pounds, but some slight assistance I am persuaded she will be able and willing to afford us. My poor Joanna's health requires medical advice, and our termagant landlady is clamorous for the three months' arrears of her rent. All that I possess to meet these demands," he continued with a melancholy smile, "is comprised in a manuscript tragedy which has been rejected by both houses, a half finished epic poem, and a collection of sonnets, which if not most 'musical,' are certainly 'most melancholy.'"

"Lady Mostyn will probably soon be a free agent," said I; "Sir William was not expected to live when I left the house a few hours ago."

"Is it, indeed, so?" exclaimed Elwyn, clasping his hands. "I forgive him all the injury he has done to me, I pray that he may be also forgiven and accepted by God."

"From my heart I join in the prayer," said Mrs. Elwyn, whose suppressed sobbing showed that the intelligence, if not painful, was at least very agitating to her. "I was wondering in my mind at these manifestations of excitement in my new friends, when I was startled by a loud knock at the street door. You may know some people by their knock, as well as you may know some musicians by their touch; and Zechariah Briggs was quite a Paganini in his way, his succession of little quick staccato raps could not be mistaken. My heart ached for poor Elwyn. I knew Zechariah's merciless disposition, and utter want of feeling, and I anticipated that, impatient at my delay, he had followed me to add his own voluntary insults to my compelled persecution of his unfortunate debtor. Zechariah was ushered in by the sulky cross landlady, who was arrayed in curl-papers, a dingy cap, and a still darker frown. She apparently closed the door, but left it in

reality slightly ajar, and as I sat near it, I could discern that she had taken up her station in the passage in the honourable character of a listener. I was perfectly electrified at the appearance of Zechariah; he was dressed in his very best attire, such as he wore when he waited on heedless young noblemen to settle the terms of a mortgage with them, a benevolent smile sat on his countenance, and diamond studs sparkled in his shirt; in his left hand he held a new superfine hat, and his right, laden with glittering rings, he extended to the surprised Elwyn.

"I have hastened to you, my dear sir," he said, "fearing that my good young friend, in his zeal for my interests, might possibly induce you to suppose that I was in a hurry for the little sum which I had the pleasure of advancing to you. In fact, I have never ceased to blame myself for directing him to trouble you about it at all, and I must insist that you take your own time to repay me. A man of your intellect, my excellent friend, (if you will permit me to call you so,) is sure to die rich."

"If I either live or die rich, Mr. Briggs," said Elwyn, just touching the fingers of the moneylender, "I am persuaded that I shall not have to thank my intellect for it. I am rather disposed to conjecture, by your unexpected urbanity, that the report which I have heard is true, and that Sir William Mostyn is in imminent danger."

"I do not trust to reports, my dear sir," replied Zechariah; "in passing through Cavendish Square, about an hour ago, I perceived Sir William Mostyn's house closed up, I inquired the cause of the servants, who informed me that their master's death had just taken place, and I rejoice that I have the pleasure of being the first to congratulate the new baronet and his lady."

I looked with amaze on Zechariah, who sat playfully twirling the buttons of his black velvet waistcoat, and could not help thinking that a strait waistcoat would be a more appropriate garment for him; but Sir Henry Mostyn, for such indeed was his name, turned to me, and said, "Strange as these circumstances appear, they are no less true; my brother cast me off in displeasure at the disappointment which my marriage inflicted on his ambitious views, and when I returned to England in poverty, after a residence of four and twenty years on the continent, I determined that I would not make myself known to any of my still surviving friends, but call myself by the name of Elwyn, which I intended to adopt as a writer. Joanna, however, while abroad, had frequently corresponded with her sister-in-law, who had been her early friend and schoolfellow, and who had endeavoured, although without success, to induce her husband to be reconciled to us; we therefore waited on Lady Mostyn, and informed her of all our plans, she eagerly forwarded the scheme of introducing our son into her family as an artist, in hopes that he might win the favour of Sir William, but that expectation, as you know, proved completely fallacious. I have only now to return my thanks to Mr. Briggs for his long delayed lenity, and to tell him that I will take advantage of his kind trust in my honour till to-morrow, when I will repay him, with gratitude to Heaven for having enabled me to do so."

Zechariah, after a few more speeches to Sir Henry of congratulation and compliment, and a hint to his lady that she could not employ a better agent than himself whenever she wished to purchase diamonds, shuffled out of the room, and we were all relieved by his departure.

It appeared that when Elwyn wished to raise two hundred pounds, he imparted to Zechariah his relationship to Sir William Mostyn. Sir William was just then in one of his fits of fancied illness, when he declared to everybody who called on him the impossibility of his living a week. Zechariah heard of this circumstance, and cheerfully advanced the money, delighted in the idea of obliging the new baronet; but when Sir William recovered, and it became uncertain whether there would be a new baronet at all, the moneylender began bitterly to repent of his speculation, and poor Elwyn would shortly have exchanged his shabby lodgings for a prison, had not the death of his brother given him the preferable option of exchanging them for a mansion in Cavendish Square.

While he was telling me of these circumstances, the landlady, who had accompanied Zechariah to the door, and then visited her own apartment, re-entered. The time had been well employed; she had a profusion of curls sporting beneath a cap trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons, her countenance was beaming with smiles, and her voice, to quote from an amusing writer, was "like honey spread upon velvet." She addressed herself to the new Lady Mostyn.

"I am sure, my dear lady," she said, "I have never been happy since I used the few hasty words to you about the trifle owing to me. I had rather give it up entirely than have to look forward to the grief of losing you. I am sure, when I think of the illnesses I have nursed you through, and the care I have taken of you, I seem to feel ten times more attached to you than if you had always been strong and healthy, and never stood in need of my little attentions."

Joanna, meek as she was, could not respond with any courtesy to this address; visions of ill-made arrow-root, thick gruel, and weak beef-tea, came across her mind, coupled with recollections of sullen looks, unanswered bells, and audible stage-asides about "the deal of trouble that invalids give in a house!"

"As we are about to leave you, Mrs. Carter," she replied, "we will not enter into any discussion of the past. I will trouble you to send my son to us as soon as he returns."

"He is now speaking to Zechariah Briggs, at the corner of the street," said Sir Henry, who was standing at the window; "I think I can answer for him that, when he has once heard his communication, he will not waste a moment in coming to us."

Mrs. Carter left the room, expressing aloud the delight that she always felt in opening the door for the "sweet young gentleman," whose muddy boots she had anathematized that very morning in no measured nor gentle terms. A quick step was heard on the stairs, and the lover of Alice Mostyn entered; he was handsome enough to be the hero of one of his own pictures, and I could scarcely blame Alice for her hasty prepossession. His mother threw herself into his arms, her excited feelings found vent in tears, and I took my departure, feeling that I filled a superfluous place in a "family group"

far transcending in interest all that had ever been traced by the pencil of the young artist who formed a prominent figure in it.

Six months have elapsed since I paid my "two visits," and all the characters concerned in them stand in a different position from that which they occupied on that eventful day. The poor disinherited Alice could scarcely believe her happiness when her humble lover was introduced to her by her mother as her wealthy cousin, and Louisa, who had shared with soothing sympathy in the sorrows of her sister, shared with warm enthusiasm in her joys. Lady Mostyn has not verified the kind predictions of her husband by locating herself either in a damp cottage, a watering-place first floor, or a continental second floor. Joanna, delicate in frame, and nervous in mind, absolutely shrank from the idea of entering the fashionable world which was now to be her appropriate sphere, without the sanction and protection of her beloved sister-in-law, and, at the earnest intercession of herself and her husband, Lady Mostyn and her daughter occupy a suite of apartments both in Cavendish Square and at Woodlands. Many people pity the widow for no longer "having an establishment of her own," but in reality she is far more the mistress of herself, her time, her money, and her daughters, than she was when her every action and expense were submitted to the prying and fault-seeking criticism of Sir William. Miss Crawley was bitterly disappointed by the death of the baronet; he had always assured her that he had bequeathed to her a legacy equal in value to a thousand pounds, and she felt magnanimously indifferent whether it was in houses or lands, consols or South Sea stock. The legacy, however, proved to be a diary which Sir William had kept for the last quarter of a century. He had frequently read portions of it to Miss Crawley, and they had always excited her rapturous applause, and regret "that such a treasure should be lost to the public!" Sir William modestly rated the copyright at a thousand pounds, and generously gave to Miss Crawley the sole authority over it. The anxious legatee journeyed with her merchandise from Conduit Street to New Burlington Street, and from Albemarle Street to Paternoster Row, but the most indefatigable "reader" of the most enterprising publisher could not contrive to do more than get through a dozen pages of the baronet's prosing, laborious, conceited egotisms. All declined the copyright, and at length Miss Crawley courageously resolved to publish the work on her own account. Sir Henry Mostyn here stepped in; he was desirous to prevent the exposure of the meannesses and littlenesses of his brother's character; he gave Miss Crawley an hundred pounds for the manuscript, and then committed it to the flames. Miss Crawley was highly pleased with the bargain, and, as a mark of gratitude to the family, wrote an elegy on the death of Sir William, the last line of which appeared to me to display a remarkable combination of sentiment, truth, and resignation—it was, "We would not wish thee back again!" She then took her leave of Cavendish Square, and accepted the office of companion to a snappish old dowager of quality, who had quarrelled with all her friends "because they *would* speak such plain truths to her!" Sir Henry Mostyn and his son derive one advantage from their change of situation—their talents are now fully appreciated by the world. Sir Henry is overwhelmed with a

perfect avalanche of albums, in which he is entreated to write, and no one of his acquaintance ventures even to purchase an annual without consulting him as to the choice of it. Mostyn is considered the paragon of artists, and is constantly favoured with offers of sittings from young ladies with large eyes, Grecian noses, and coral lips, who would be "quite delighted if he could make anything of them." These offers, however, have lately rather declined in number, for Mostyn's engagement is now generally known, and the young ladies are aware, that, whatever the amateur artist may "make of them," he will certainly not make a bride of any one but his fair cousin Alice. I have not yet mentioned myself, but I am beyond description happier at present than I was this day six months. Then, I was compelled unwillingly to prepare a codicil for the disinheritance of the sweet Alice Mostyn, and now I have just received directions from Sir Henry to make ready a munificent marriage settlement, which will lavishly endow her with worldly goods, at the same time that she receives the greater good of an excellent husband.

IRISH SONG.

EILEEN A ROON.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh, Eileen A Roon! and have I then lost thee?
Could the gold of my rival seduce thy young heart?
Am I come back at last, (and ah! what has it cost me!)
To make thee my bride, and now find we must part?
Dash on, ye wild waves of the dark rolling ocean!
Ah, look not upon me, thou beautiful moon!
I worshipped thee once with a lover's devotion,
When I watch'd thy pale splendour with Eileen A Roon.

Oh, Eileen A Roon! my fond heart's secret treasure!
Have I loved thee so dearly, to lose thee at last?
In thy father's proud halls there are feasting and pleasure;
And canst thou forget the sweet days that are past?
To those halls I will hasten, and wake the soft numbers,
That oft on my harp charmed thy listening ear;
And perchance if the love in thy bosom yet slumbers,
'Twill revive at the sound of a voice once so dear.

* The origin of the old song of "*Eileen A Roon*" has been stated as follows:—A beautiful girl was courted by Carol O'Daley, a brave young chief of Erin. Eileen A Roon (which means "Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart,") returned his affection; but in consequence of the father of the maid objecting to the match, the lovers were parted, and the young chief sailed for a distant land. Some time afterwards, on his return to Ireland, Carol found that his beautiful Eileen was about to be wedded to a rich and powerful rival. Distracted at the tidings, he sought the spot where he had so often met her in happier days. It was a wild romantic walk by the sea; and there, giving vent to the deep sorrows of his heart, he composed the old song, both words and air, of "Eileen A Roon." Subsequently disguising himself as an itinerant harper, he proceeded to the castle of Eileen's father, where the kinsfolks and friends of the bride elect were assembled to witness the nuptials. It happened that the beauteous Eileen called upon Carol (whom she did not know in his disguise) to play. The command, coming from Eileen herself, gave a double force to the powers of his harp and voice, and he poured out all the soul of tenderness and feeling in the strain he had composed on the sea shore. The effect upon his lovely mistress was magical. Her heart, which neither time nor absence had changed to the object of her first love, responded to every note that he sung. Unseen by others, she contrived to answer to his touching appeal; and flying with him that very night, the happy Carol became the bridegroom of his long-loved Eileen A Roon.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO A FRIEND AT CAMBRIDGE.*

BY JOHN HOGG, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S., F.C.P.S., &C., LATE FELLOW OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IV.

Rome, March 28th.

HAVING already been in the seven-hilled city—the capital of the anciently known world—"CAPUT ORBIS TERRARUM"—for above two months, and having seen so much ancient and modern, that I find it a difficult task to know how to begin, what to mention which may be the most interesting to you, and how to put all I want to write about in the space of one letter.

On the beautiful day of January 19th, passing through the melancholy and uncultivated waste of the Campagna, with little to attract my attention, except Soracte, raising its conical top, though without snow, and the bold line of the Sabine hills which bounded the view upon my left hand, and, except an ancient tomb instead of a tree, that stood here and there near the road, the long-wished-for Rome came more distinctly in sight, by exhibiting the lofty cupola of St. Peter's; then, as I approached, the adjoining palace of the Vatican, and afterwards a few domes and belfries (*campanili*) gradually became visible. Trotting along the Via Flaminia, I crossed the yellow waters of Father Tiber by the Ponte Molle, (*Pons Milvius,*) originally constructed by M. Æmilius Scaurus when he was Censor, but repaired, nay, almost rebuilt, by Pope Nicholas V.; this place itself being celebrated for the famous battle between Constantine and Maxentius, who was overwhelmed in the river, and of present interest for the pleasing views over the surrounding country. I then advanced for nearly two miles through a good suburb, and entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, erected near the spot where once stood the Porta Flaminia. The inside of the Piazza, or Place, before this gate, with its twin churches, its Egyptian obelisk in the middle, its principal street the Corso, part of the former *Via Lata*, leading straight out of it as far as the foot of the capitol, its two other streets, the one diverging to the right, and the other to the left, pleased me exceedingly with their noble houses and grand palaces. Thus, the first appearance of this portion of the city far exceeded my expectations, and I was much delighted in finding modern Rome on the whole not only a more stately, but also a better-built city that I had been led to imagine. Modern and ancient Rome

* These letters were written, and sent *per post* to Cambridge from the cities whence they are dated.

at this day occupy a distinct ground; the former principally stands on the Campus Martius, and on the Transtiberine side of the river, whilst the latter, or rather the ruins of the latter are yet decaying upon the other side of the capitol. The seven hills, or mounts, which originally communicated the chief characters to the place, (*Urbs Septicollis,*) preserve their names, and are still of considerable height; they vary from a hundred and forty-six to two hundred English feet above the Mediterranean.

Mons Saturnius, afterwards the Capitoline Mount, or the Capitol, is corrupted into *Campidoglio.* A handsome square adorns the *Intermontium,* in the centre of which is placed the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The site of the rich and highly ornamented Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus upon one summit of this mount is now conjectured to be occupied by the ugly church and convent of Ara Cœli. And on the opposite summit, now named *Monte Caprino,* where stood the Arx, there is at this day a row of dirty houses with gardens behind them: here is the Tarpeian Rock, which, notwithstanding the accumulation of rubbish, and the heaps of ruins of this more ancient part of Rome that have raised the ground below it, and have thus taken away several feet from its original altitude, is still of sufficient height for any one to break his neck by precipitating himself from it; and, in truth, if a criminal were to be hurled off it in the ancient fashion, he would doubtless suffer instant death. The Palatine, or *Palatium,* is covered with the vast remains of the Palace of the Cæsars, and with other but subterranean ruins, supposed, without much evidence, I think, to be the baths of Livia; with vineyards and gardens—the *Orti Farnesiani.* This mount to me is the most interesting, since it brings to mind the chief legends and most striking stories of Roman history; there the Greek founder and colonist Evander, and his comrades—

> " Posuere in montibus Urbem,
> Pallantis proavi de nomine *Pallanteum;*"

and there the small, but rudely built, city of Romulus was erected; then it became celebrated during the kings for its solid Etruscan masonry; in the time of the republic for some famous temples, and for the dwellings of many illustrious men, amongst whom were the Gracchi, L. Crassus, Q. Catulus, Hortensius, M. Antony, and Cicero; and in the reign of the Cæsars for so magnificent a palace as to be called "Domus Aurea." From this spot for many centuries the world was governed; now it is only remarkable for the massive and picturesque ruins that are scattered over it. Among the changes which time has effected, the following must be considered as one not a little singular, namely, that the "divisos orbe Britannos" should at this day be the owners of a great portion of this very property of the Cæsars, who were their first, and, strictly speaking only, conquerors. The Cœlian Mount is principally covered with gardens, a few ruins, supposed, but I conceive erroneously, to be those of the Curia Hostilia, and some churches—one of which, in fact, is peculiarly interesting from its very early style of architecture; I mean that called S. Stefano Rotondo. Its interior is circular, and supported by many

antique granite and marble columns, disposed in two concentric ranges This building is vulgarly termed the Temple of Claudius, and the discovery of a statue of that emperor there, has tended to support that name; but it appears to me more probable that the present structure was built partly from the remains of that temple, and perhaps even on its site, and partly with pillars and other materials taken from different edifices near that place. Upon the Aventine stand two or three convents; but no particular remains of monuments, or of the ancient city, are there to be found. Its summit, however, commands a fine view of the city, the Pulchrum Littus, the Navalia, the Tiber, the bridges, and the Etruscan suburb. The Esquiline has many noble ruins of the palace and baths of Titus. The summits of this hill, called *Oppius* and *Cispius*, are occupied by two extremely handsome churches—the one being S. Pietro in Vincoli, and the other Santa Maria Maggiore: this latter church, or Basilica, is erected upon the spot which was consecrated by the pagans to their queen of Heaven—*Juno Lucina*, and some of the marble columns that were used to decorate her temple, divide the nave from the aisles in this exquisite Christian edifice, now dedicated by the papists—

"Alla Madre di Dio,
Del Ciel la Regina."

Indeed, none of the numerous churches in Rome, except St. Peter's, captivated me so much, and none delighted my eyes more than the interior of this, with its perfect simplicity, and the beauty of its rows of noble columns. The Viminal is in part covered with modern houses; but in the valley or space between this and the next hill, the Quirinal, the antiquary is lost among the extensive and amazing remains of the baths of Diocletian. Mount Quirinal is commonly named *Monte Cavallo*, from the colossal and famous Grecian statues of two horses held by two men, supposed to represent Castor and Pollux. Here the pontifical palace attracts attention from its great size. The view from thence over the city is remarkably fine. The only antiquities that remain visible are portions of the baths of Constantine. Much of the present town is built upon and around this mount. Of the original city of Romulus there is nothing remaining; not even a trace of the foundations of his walls, or of his three gates. At this day, the most ancient and undoubted remains of antiquity, are the prisons of Ancus Martius and Servius Tullius; these consist of two chambers, one above the other, in vastly solid Etruscan stonework. They now receive the name of S. Pietro in Carcere, from the Roman story of St. Peter having been there imprisoned before he was put to death. The next and most decided wonder is the Cloaca Maxima; much of this famous work exists nearly in the same state as when Tarquinius Superbus built it; it has three concentric arches, one over the other, composed of masses of peperine stone regularly squared, but without any cement; even at this moment it is a public sewer, on one side of which is seen the clear rivulet of the Juturna running into it. The fresh water of this limpid stream—"acqua di Giuturna"—has now become nearly in as great repute as that from the

fountain of Egeria used to be, because, in the summer especially, almost every Roman repairs thither to drink of it. The third—the substructions and walls, begun by Tarquinius Priscus, which belong to the *Pulchrum Littus*, or quay, and were completed by Servius Tullius. Contiguous to these the triple-arched mouth of the Cloaca Maxima appears. Also close to the river, and on its left bank, stands a temple, which attracts especial notice from its great elegance of form, and the beauty of its white marble Corinthian columns, although it is despoiled of its entablature, and is sadly disfigured by its modern red-tiled roof. This edifice is now more generally considered to be the Temple of *Vesta*, and which Ovid, (Fasti, lib. 6, v. 281,) in his time described as being round or circular, and of the same shape as this is at present. Others call it the Temple of Hercules, from its having been likewise round; which this cannot be, for Livy expressly says, (lib. x. c. 23,) that the Temple of Hercules was in the Forum Boarium. But from Horace's account of the position of the temple of that goddess, the situation of this one well accords with that, and so makes it most probable that the name of *Vesta* is its true one. Tradition likewise in some degree confirms this, because in the Temple of Vesta the sacred fire was always kept burning by the Virgins, so on this temple being converted into a Christian church, it was dedicated to the *Virgin* with the title of the *Sun*—Santa *Maria* del *Sole*. Yet, as history informs us that the original Temple of Vesta was burnt, and that it was afterwards restored after the same form; (see Ovid, Fast. vi. v. 265;) this structure is by no means of so early a date as its decayed appearance would lead the observer to suppose.

Between the river and the Velabrum is seen the former graceful, though now much ruined temple, called Fortuna Virilis, at present the church of S. Maria Egiziaca degli Armeni, and supposed to have been constructed by Servius Tullius; if, in truth, this be the identical temple, or even should it have been restored after the original style, it is highly interesting, as affording a proof that the Romans at a very early period were acquainted with Grecian architecture, because its order is Ionic. It is chiefly composed of peperine stone, and is most unquestionably extremely ancient. Here and there may be traced portions of the city walls, and of the Agger, made by the same king. The Temple of Romulus under the Palatine is conjectured to be now occupied by the brick church of S. Téodoro Martire, (notwithstanding some antiquaries name it the Temple of Vesta from its being round,) in favour of which the ancient custom of the Roman matrons still taking their sick children thither, as they did to the Temple of Romulus, seems strong evidence. Near here was the famous Ficus Ruminalis, and the Lupercal Cave. Also a brazen statue of the she-wolf suckling the twins. Now, the very interesting brass gilt statue of the wolf, preserved in the museum of the Capitol, is considered by many to have been the original which stood there; although the hind legs of the animal exhibit traces like lightning, still the uncertainty of where it was discovered prevents, its beingi dentified with that she-wolf, or even with another gilt statue of a similar animal mentioned by Cicero, (in Catil. iii. 8, and De Div. ii. 20,) as having been struck, "*vi fulminis*," but the latter to me appears most probable. The most

celebrated spot in Roma Antica is the Forum Romanum, now called so barbarously "il Campo Vaccino"—the cow field, or cattle market. There stand some grand columns, the remains of temples and of other edifices, but which I will not describe, as they must be so well known to you; there every step is interesting, every fragment excites one's attention, and every stone makes one solicitous to learn its history, and to call, "to the dumb stone—'Arise,' it shall teach;" every turn recalls to mind some deeds or exploits of times long past. In walking along the Via Sacra, now the Via Crucis, but much raised above its ancient level, every one, of course, thinks of "Ibam fortè *Via Sacra*," &c., and suffers by numerous importunities—though not as Horace did—in the demand of alms "per l'amore di Dio;" and here, as elsewhere in Rome, he is tormented with the

"Clamor utrinque,
Undique concursus"

of miserable, dirty, and squalid beggars. It may now be with some truth asserted that Bacchus and Pomona are the modern deities of the greater portion of Roma Antiqua, which is chiefly covered with vineyards and gardens; and thus indeed, if not the ploughshare, assuredly the spade, passeth annually over the site of the original city, and the former "celsis caput urbibus." How highly appropriate are these beautiful verses of Petrarch!

"Qui fu quella di imperio Antica Sede,
Temuta in pace e triomfante in guerra.
Fu! perch' altro che il loco hor non si vede.
Quella che Roma fu giace, s' atterra."

Of the other Fora, Trajan's must be next mentioned, as it was once embellished with a magnificent display of edifices, of which little is to be seen, save the most beautiful and perfect column constructed of white marble, around which are sculptured that emperor's exploits over the Dacians. South of this, and below the Quirinal, in the forum of Nerva, there exist some fine architectural ruins; and it is remarkable that the Forum Olitorium and Forum Piscarium are at this moment used, as they originally were—the one for a vegetable, and the other a *pescheria*, or fish, market.

The Flavian Amphitheatre, commenced by Flavius Vespasian, finished and dedicated by his son, Titus Flavius, is called by the poet Martial the "Cæsarean Amphitheatre," but now universally the Coliseum, or, as it is now more correctly written, Colosseum—"*il colossèo.*" It is a grand, gigantic, and wonderful edifice, a miracle of architecture, a mountain of brick and stone, which, although a sad ruin, in that very decay looks more noble and venerable. How lamentable it was, that at so late a period—even in the sixteenth century, and long after the barbarian era and the middle ages—this colossal pile should have served for a mere mountain, wherefrom stone was carted away to construct several of the modern palaces—for example, the Venetian and Farnese, as well as other structures that at this day adorn the new city! It appears incredible that the amphitheatre should have been built, as some authors assert, in two years

and nine months, even by the united power of many thousand Jewish slaves, and a vast force of Roman soldiers, working with all their energy and might, whilst urged on, and paid "divitiarum profuso flumine." The haste with which it was constructed prevented the building from being uniform in all its parts, and consequently it has many architectural faults, which critics, forgetting this fact, have perhaps dwelt too severely upon. The portion which now exists entire shows that it had exteriorly four orders, viz., Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite—this latter, however, which is only a variety of the Corinthian, must, I think, be esteemed as Composite. A figure of this amphitheatre, very fairly executed, may be seen on the reverse sides of some of the medals of the emperor Titus. It is very difficult to form an opinion what the general effect of this edifice would be, were its exterior complete; but I should imagine that the eye comprising so immense a mass could not easily detect any of its faults, and that even the attic, which is considered by most connoisseurs as too heavy and too high, would then appear, in the whole view, as better proportioned; indeed, of such a stupendous size and height (about one hundred and seventy feet) was the entire building, that Ammianus Marcellinus (lib. xvi. cap. 10) says, "ad cujus summitatem ægrè *visio humana* conscendit." In comparison with the amphitheatre at Pola, which I mentioned to you in my last letter, the Colosseum is about half as large again; but the former is a much more beautiful object, since its exterior is perfect, and its colour fresh and unblackened by age.

In the antiquities of Rome I am greatly disappointed, and chiefly in these two respects;—first, that there is so much uncertainty about them, and so much controversy in attempting to identify them. I should have supposed that local history and tradition would have handed down to us, with considerable accuracy, the true names of most of the monuments and ruins, which are still visible, and still attract so much attention from the archæologist and traveller; whereas, in a great many instances, several different names are assigned to the same remains: time, however, and that destroyer of everything terrestrial upon which man alone has bestowed his care and labour—death—sweep away both stone and marble edifices, as well as their proud titles—

"Mors etiam *saxis nominibusque* venit;"

and, secondly, that by far the greatest number is only of brick. On the other hand, a building appears capable of being ascertained with more correctness, at what period of Rome it has been erected, by the nature of its materials and the mode of its construction;—for instance, the huge squared blocks, mostly of that volcanic stone named *peperino*, placed one upon another without cement, show the primitive or Etruscan manner, which was introduced in the time of the kings. Then came the *opus lateritium*, or the method of building with bricks or tiles burnt in the fire, (*terra cotta*) and next the reticulated brickwork, (*opus reticulatum*,) both of which are known as species of *opus incertum*, and were common in the republic. An excellent sort of stone, called *travertine*, was mostly in use during the reign of the

earlier emperors; to this succeeded an alternation of brick and stone, principally that named *tufo:* and in later times a less solid and a still less regular plan of building was adopted, by the admixture of every kind of material—in reality, what may be designated as *opus maximè incertum.* So, likewise, the different eras or stages of sculpture may be recognised, according to their style and degrees of excellence, as well as from the nature of the marble employed. The purposes, however, to which many antiquities have been converted are singular, and deserve some remarks.

The magnificent and perfect Pantheon, with its truly noble portico, has become a Christian church, and is called Santa Maria ad Martyres, or more commonly *La Rotonda;* its niches, which originally possessed the idols and statues of the heathen mythology, are now consecrated to illustrious men, and to the saints of the Roman Catholic Church. And you will recollect that the anniversary of this dedication of the *Pantheon* gave rise to the feast of All Martyrs, subsequently changed to *All Saints,* and then fixed to be commemorated on November the first in every year. The bronze that once covered the roof of this edifice has been melted into the beautiful and elaborately-ornamented canopy with its twisted pillars over the shrine of St Peter. The sacred statue of that very saint himself, whose toes on his right foot are nearly worn off by the kisses of the faithful, is no other than a bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, "mutato nomine." The Theatre of Marcellus—the most perfect of the three that existed in Rome, and which were all constructed after the Greek form, having been erected by Augustus in honour of young Marcellus, the son of his sister Octavia—with the remains of its very good Doric and chaste Ionic architecture, was formed into dwelling-houses about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The mausolea of that emperor and of Hadrian were enormous; thus, in signification and intent not unlike the pyramidal mountains raised by the Egyptian kings. The former at present has become an amphitheatre, used in the summer for bull-baiting and buffalo fights; and the latter, circular in its form, is a prison and fortress, where the Pope's garrison is kept; in fact, the modern "Arx et Castellum" of Rome protected by the bronze guardian angel, and called *Castel S. Angelo.* It is not unusual to find ancient marble sarcophagi now consuming the corpses of popes and cardinals; also superb porphyry or granite vases containing relics that are esteemed and exhibited to the Catholic world as holy. Many Roman churches, termed *Basilicæ,* have been erected after the ancient plan, simple and elegant, with their naves supported by antique marble pillars. Not only have the very temples of the heathen become the houses of God, but even portions of the great buildings named baths—as, for instance, the hall called *Pinacotheca,* or Picture Gallery, belonging to the *Terme* of Diocletian, is now the grand church of S. Maria degl' Angeli, whose numerous altars and chapels contain many excellent paintings. The *Thermæ,* or baths of Caracalla and of Titus, are remarkable for having some very beautiful mosaic pavements, and ancient paintings in fresco. Some of these latter are *arabesques,* which are extremely interesting to show that this mode of delineating subjects was known to the Romans; and, consequently, the improbability

of its having been the invention of the Arabians, as is usually supposed. These paintings have repeatedly been the study of many an artist, and even Raphael is considered to have taken hints from them when engaged with his arabesques, which adorn the *logge* of the Vatican. Of the triumphal arches, Constantine's is the most perfect; whilst the large arch behind the Capitol and at the commencement of the *Clivus Asyli*, dedicated to Septimius Severus and his sons Caracalla and Geta, on account of their conquests over the Parthians, commands admiration from its venerable appearance; its marble is now very black, and injured by smoke and time. These arches serve for no purpose at present. The smaller honorary square gate, not indeed an arch, in *Foro Boario*, dedicated to the same persons, was erected by the bankers and merchants of that place; it is in better preservation, and is covered with rich sculpture. The Arco di Giano, or *Janus Quadrifrons*, with its four similar façades, built of Greek marble, is heavy and massive; it has lost all its statues and decorations, and is said to have been merely an open portico; its upper brick additions were made when it became a tower for defence in the civil wars. Titus's arch, now repaired, and still serving as a gateway, has some good *relievi*, both *bassi* and *alti*, representing that emperor's triumph after his conquest of Jerusalem, in which are carried the six-branched candlestick, the trumpets, the table with the shewbread, and other spoils from the magnificent temple of the Holy City. The Arch of Drusus, the father of Claudius, as Suetonius writes, (Vit. Claud. c. i.,) was erected by the senate on the Via Appia; that which is pointed out as his is close to the Porta S. Sebastiano; it is solidly built with travertine, and decorated with marble columns and other ornaments of indifferent execution. The top of it was used for a continuation of an aqueduct which was thought to have been placed there by Caracalla.

Gallienus' Arch was dedicated in honour of him and of his wife Salonina, about the middle of the third century, by a person whose name was M. Aurelius Victor, as appears from the inscription upon it. Constructed of travertine, without any sculpture or marble, it forms a good gateway in a street (the former *Vicus Urbius*) leading towards the Via Tiburtina.

The Circus Maximus is now a garden: artichokes and fennel grow in luxuriance on the "Pulverem Olympicum,"—however, remnants of the walls are still visible. About three miles from Rome on the S. E. along the Appian Way, is the circus of Caracalla, where the side walls, the porta triumphalis, spina, metæ, and carceres, are sufficiently perfect for an accurate examination. An Egyptian obelisk was generally placed upon the spina of a circus. There are eleven in Rome which at present ornament in a very striking manner different piazze. They are of Egyptian granite, originally of one piece, but most of them having been thrown down and broken, are restored with the several ancient fragments, and here and there renewed with some modern pieces. Some are quite plain, and others covered with hieroglyphics. On the summit of one which was anciently dedicated to the Sun, is raised the cross; another, once sacred to an Egyptian deity—or to some object of worship of that idolatrous people—now bears a figure of the Madonna. So, the beautiful columns of Trajan,

and M. Aurelius, (commonly named *Colonna Antonina,*) which originally bore statues of their respective emperors, are at this moment crowned with the brass gilt statues of St. Peter holding his keys, and St. Paul armed with his sword.

The Isle of the Tiber, *Insula Tiberina,* styled by Suetonius "Insula Æsculapii," is in the form of a ship, communicating with the city and Transtiberine suburb by two ancient bridges, Fabricius and Cestius, at this day named respectively, *Quattro Capi* and *Ponte Ferrato.* In this stands the church of S. Bartolomeo dell' Isola, where now St. Bartholomew has become more celebrated than Esculapius, whose stately temple was there, and the Epidaurian serpent. Thither used to flock all those afflicted with diseases. Near this church is the present hospital *de' Benfratelli.* Of the other three bridges, the Ælian, now *Ponte S. Angelo,* Sixtine, and Palatine, or *Ponte Rotto,* —the first, and the remaining portion of the third are ancient, although they have been much repaired; the second, formerly named Pons Janiculensis, was totally rebuilt by Sixtus IV., about three and a half centuries ago, in a handsome form. Nothing is left of the Pons Vaticanus, otherwise called Triumphalis, and Pons Sublicius—that very ancient wooden one which was afterwards reconstructed with stone by Æmilius Lepidus—except some of their substructions. I may remark, that the Palatine and Ælian bridges, which latter is figured on some of the medals of Hadrian,—were *straight* bridges: the latter, however, had a steep ascent at each end—and that as to all the eight bridges of Rome, their identity, as well as locality, are clearly ascertained.

The famed Tiber itself, is a good sized river, still navigable, rapid, subject to great floods, and forms three bold curves as it divides the city in its course to the Tuscan sea (*Mare Tyrrhenum.*) It is deep and of a yellow or sandy colour—strictly *flavus*—and nowhere, save perhaps in the clearer streams near its source, (where I have not traced it,) does it appear of an azure or blue colour—*cæruleus* as Virgil designates it; nor are its waters elsewhere *pure* or *transparent* according to the phrase—καθαρὸν ῥόον—assigned to it by Dionysius in his *Periegesis* (v. 352). If we substitute the word ξανθὸν for καθαρὸν, the following lines of that poet would accurately describe the Tiber as seen at Rome,

> Θύμβρις ἑλισσόμενος ξανθὸν ῥόον εἰς ἅλα βάλλει
> Θύμβρις ἀῢβείτης ποταμῶν βασιλεύτατος ἄλλων,
> Θύμβρις ὃς ἱμερτὴν ἀποτέμνεται ἤνδιχα Ῥώμην.

This water, although always muddy, if allowed to remain a short time in a vessel, deposits its sand, and becomes clear and wholesome; in which state the Romans often use it for drinking. Its Italian name is slightly corrupted into *Tevere.* The tributary streams which rise in the neighbouring districts are the Teverone, (formerly the *Anio,*) the Marrana, (*Crabra,*) and Acquataccia or *Almo.* The present walls of the city are computed at thirteen English miles in circumference: they were chiefly built by Aurelian, and restored by Honorius, with the exception of those near the Vatican, which were added by Pope Leo IV. In their circuit they take in the Prætorian camp, two mo-

numents of aqueducts, a pyramid, and an amphitheatre. There are nineteen gates, seven of which are shut: some few retain their original names. Contiguous to the Porta Ostiensis, now St. Paul's Gate, is the pyramid of Caius Cestius: constructed with bricks and faced with white marble, and being about one hundred and fifteen feet high, in good preservation, it forms a conspicuous object to the surrounding views; within it is a sepulchral apartment, having some female figures and arabesques painted on the stucco. Near here, Mons Testaceus, or *il Testaccio*, rises into a hill about one hundred and sixty feet high, and is remarkable for being composed of broken pieces of amphoræ and red terra cotta vessels, instead of fossils and antediluvian remains. Many cellars have been excavated in that hill, wherein wine is preserved, for the sake of the coldness of the air within them; and there, *il pópolo Romano* resort to drink wine as cool as ice.

Close to this is the Protestant or English cemetery—a mournful but a picturesque spot. The tomb of Cæcilia Metella, on the Appian Way, is the most magnificent of the other existing sepulchres. So strong was it, that during the civil wars it was converted into a fortress, the upper part being still disfigured with the brick remains of that alteration.

The catacombs under the old church of St. Sebastian, in their origin *pozzolana*, or volcanic, sand-pits, are very extensive, and of interest from their antiquity, the early Christians having made them their place of refuge during their persecutions in life, and afterwards their resting place in death. The stories recorded of their sufferings are numerous; and the paintings, as well as inscriptions, discovered in these dark low passages, are singularly curious. Among the most pleasing and picturesque of the Roman monuments extant at this time, are the ruins of the aqueducts outside the walls, chiefly on the east of the city; there they are visible for a great distance striding over the hills and valleys of the campagna, with their noble arches. Three of these aqueducts continue in use and still convey pure water from the neighbouring mountains for the supply of the present citizens. Besides these, the modern fountains in almost every piazza afford abundance of water, and are many of them deserving of especial notice from their beauty, size, and quantity of marble ornaments. Of the remaining antiquities within the city—the principal are,—the portico of Octavia, of which a very small portion exists, but of good architecture, and at present serving for the portico of the church called *S. Angelo in Pescheria*:—the temple, or rather a part of the portico which surrounded the temple, of Antoninus Pius, and now preserved in the wall of the Custom House, or *Dogana di Terra*:—and the fragment of a very handsome temple, supposed, from the statue still remaining, to be that of Minerva; it is vulgarly termed *le colonnacce*. Suetonius writes of Augustus, that he divided the city into *Regiones*; so, at this day, Rome is separated into fourteen quarters, *Regioni*, or as they are more generally called, "*Rioni*;" all, however, have new names, save the present *Trastevere*, which agrees with the ancient *Transtiberina*. The inhabitants of that district and of the *Borgo*, including the Janiculum, (*il Giannicolo*) and Mons Vaticanus, —in fact, the "Littus Etruscum," or originally a part of Etruria—

pride themselves on their pure Roman blood, and on their descent from the Trojans; they are more passionate and fierce than their mixed neighbours in the Campo Marzo, and it is said they retain very many more of the ancient customs. The entire population of Rome amounts to about one hundred and fifty-four thousand. I have not room to give you any accounts of the paintings, the statues, the palaces, the villas, the libraries, the mosaic, pietra dura, and cameo manufactories, the studj of the best artists and sculptors, the various institutions, the literature, and other delights of the Eternal City. Neither can I dwell on any of the three hundred churches and chapels—those museums of the fine arts, which present themselves in every turn of modern Rome, although you may fancy that it would be somewhat difficult to find a sufficient number of saints, to whom all these sacred edifices could possibly be consecrated, yet very many of them are dedicated to the same saint, with the addition of another title; *e. g.* S. Salvatore *in Lauro*, S. Salvatore *in Onda;* S. Maria *d'Ara Cœli*, S. Maria *Sopra Minerva*, &c.; and I will add, that there are above thirty churches, of which the Virgin Mary is, in this manner, the patron saint. With regard to our own saint, under whose auspices we have both been placed, and I myself educated, it is perhaps only dutiful to observe, since we protestant Englishmen are so incredulous in receiving the Romish story of St. Peter's having actually been in Rome, that I think there can be no doubt but the united weight of tradition and of ancient history decides that that apostle had been a short time resident in Rome, that he was crucified there in the reign of Nero, and that he was in all likelihood interred in or near the ancient church in the Vatican; but I cannot conclude that he ever was Bishop of Rome, much less the first who occupied the papal chair. Of St. Peter's church, of which its proper title is "La Patriarcale Basilica di S. Pietro in Vaticano," the grandeur and magnificence as a structure, can only be equalled by the richness, the splendour, and the beauty of its marbles, its mosaics, its paintings, its statues, and in a word, its endless decorations—the whole effect produced by these is wonderful, and notwithstanding all that I had heard and read of this glorious fabric, I was, instead of being disappointed on beholding it, and on examining it in detail, more and more delighted and astonished. Its façade, which has been found fault with by many, is doubtless noble and imposing; but, as to its palace-like, and as some will have it unchurch-like, appearance, of that I do not see much to complain, when we consider that it is intended partly to represent that of a Roman *Basilica*, *i. e.*, the front of an ancient court or hall. The porticos, colonnades, fountains, and Egyptian obelisk, increase surprisingly its generally grand effect. However sublime and incomparable the interior of St. Peter's is, and with which our metropolitan cathedral is not even to be named, still the exterior of St. Paul's, to my mind, is much superior in general beauty and high architectural finish. The view from the gallery over the dome of St. Peter's presents one unrivalled in extent and splendour, but for the purpose of seeing the entire city of Rome, that from its inferior namesake on *Montorio*—a part of the Janiculum proper, is more pleasing and preferable; and even the panorama from the tower of

the Palazzo del Senatore in the Campidoglio, the foundations of which rest on the ancient substructions of the Tabularium, or Record-office, is rather to be selected; since it comprehends, in addition to the scenery of the snowy Apennines, the Alban hills, the Campagna, the Mediterranean, the Tiber, and the whole modern city, all the chief ruins in the Forum, and upon the surrounding Mounts.

Let me now only observe, that after the pleasure I have experienced in surveying ancient Rome, I shall always bear in mind—"reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est."

MORNING.

Ye golden clouds, that crown the smiling dawn
With radiant gladness at the approach of Morn,
Bright beams the glory of your joy around,
And with your cheering light seems blent the power of sound:
With glow intense breathes forth the eastern sky
A sense ineffable of harmony!
As though, o'ercome the travail of the Night,
Earth gave sweet welcome to the sun's glad light,
Greeting with smiles the day-spring's earliest rays,
While uttering deep her hymn of grateful praise.

O Earth! as daily through the paths of Time
Thy glorious orb revolves on wing sublime,
One with the planetary host above,
That to high strains of solemn concord move—
Concord respondent to the lyre of Love,—
Though haply where thou mov'st a flood of light
Clothes the wide space, deep veil'd from mortal light,—
Still as each Morn regilds the early dew,
Blooms not thy glory with serener hue?
Do not thy strains more joyous *then* unite,
As each new day they greet the morning's sight,
And, as the discords of the Night dissolve,
Into one mighty concord-sound resolve?

O that to our dark sense 'twere given to hear
The Angel-lays of each revolving Sphere!

Yet not all vain for Man's o'ershadow'd soul,
Great Nature! do thy solemn seasons roll:
Within each heart, that o'er low thoughts can rise,
Thy changes wake a thousand harmonies:
Thy Days, Months, Years, that in calm glory move,
With voice of Wisdom eloquent reprove
The spirit brooding over vain remorse,
And plume young Virtue for a loftier course.
Heard as each Morn relumes the Eastern cloud,
Thy voice of holiest comfort cries aloud,
Bidding us rise the Night-like Past above,
And soar on Morning's wing to thoughts of Light and Love!

G. W.

TALES OF A TOURIST.

BY W. N.

THE TWO PEARLS.[1]

" For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Juliet.—" How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here."
ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE queen was seated before a table; her hand wandered without a purpose amongst a heap of letters and papers; her gloomy, commonplace features were, as it were, framed in the wide lappets of her coif; she wore the rigorously deep mourning which etiquette imposes for life on widows of kings of Spain. Don Juan of Austria, the illegitimate son of Philip VIII. and La Calderona, stood by her side. He was, of all men, the one she most feared and hated; he had wounded her to the quick in her pride and affections; the will of the deceased king gave him, despite herself, a place in the council, and he had openly declared himself against Father Nitardho.

Don Juan represented a powerful party, who were resolved to put an end to foreign influence and send away the queen's confessor; his popularity was great; the Madrilenos liked him for his handsome person, for he possessed not the puny form and pallid visage of the last princes of the house of Austria; their degenerated blood revived in him; he was brown and handsome, like his mother. The queen compared him, against her will, with the issue of her own union with the late king, and wondered within herself at so noble a root producing such feeble shoots.

Don Juan had long solicited this audience, which the regent dreaded to grant. The first words on either side were polite and measured; but interests too pressing were at stake, enmities too unrelenting, pretensions too obstinately maintained, in question, for the interview to pass away in mere vague words. Don Juan, without further circumlocution, stated the case plainly, and demanded Father Nitardho's dismissal in the name of the council, the grandees, and the people.

"Let your majesty be careful," he said; "you will lose your authority, without a doubt, should you persist in maintaining foreigners in the government of the state. The emperor, Charles V., of glorious memory, committed that sole fault, and it cost him years of internal war. Spaniards will only have Spaniards to rule over them. Let the worthy father return to Germany, and his departure will pacify a court, where every one is now his enemy."

[1] Continued from vol. cxl. p. 367.

"His enemy!" interrupted the queen; "until now but one has openly declared himself to be such, and you are he."

"I have been the mouthpiece of all the rest to your majesty—not one of them will deny it; Castrillo, Loyola, Penaranda, Oropeza—all the grandees of the council demand Father Nitardho's exile—will not be satisfied with less."

"Demand!—will not be satisfied with less!" interrupted the queen, with a vain attempt at dissembling her anger and annoyance beneath the mask of cold hauteur. "Demand! And is it to me, the queen regent, that such audacious words are uttered? The council of Castile exceeds its prerogatives; it dares to be insolent—nay, rebellious."

"God forbid it, madam! Such is its respect for your majesty's decisions, that, should you persist, the lords of the council will resign their offices, and leave Father Nitardho alone at the head of the government."

This menace alarmed the queen; she had already felt a presentiment of it in the unbending attitude which the council had assumed towards her confessor. Bitter mortification pierced through the forced calm of her impassible countenance; she crumpled up the paper which chanced to be within her grasp, and said, after a moment's silence,

"So, you speak for all then; and I am asked to choose between my confessor and the council of Castile;—be it so. Now hear me. If I am compelled to remove the man of my confidence, he whose counsels are my sole support under the bitter penalties of my greatness, I'll abdicate my title of regent, and retire to Germany."

"Your majesty has not sufficiently reflected on such a project," replied Don Juan, somewhat moved by the threat. "You forget that the widowed queens of Spain never leave their adopted country. If the ceremonial of a court, the weight of business, seem to them too wearisome, there is an asylum always open: the convent of Las Descalzas Reales was founded for the express purpose of their reception."

The queen arose; her features, generally so pale, became animated, and she said, in a quick, sharp voice,

"I will consider; the council shall know my decision, and you also, senor grand prior of Malta. Go!"

But Don Juan was not the man to take a dismissal before finishing what he had to say, and, instead of obeying the somewhat imperious mandate, he repeated, in respectful tones,

"Whatever be your majesty's will, it will find me all submission. I have spoken in the name of the council, and entreat you to believe that no personal enmity animates me against Father Nitardho. I complain not of his elevation, or his schemes to render null an alliance desired by all Spain. I am well aware what pains he has taken to break off the Infanta's marriage, but—"

"'Tis a most notorious calumny!" interrupted the queen; "not a day passes but Father Nitardho presses me to fulfil my promises to the emperor."

"Then why has he surrounded the princess with people who are always breathing the king's ill health into her ear? Why did he give

her, as professor of the German language, a certain Blomberg, his relative, who has dared to converse with her highness on certain rights which the will of the late king gives her, to the prejudice of her elder sister ?"

At these words a slight noise was heard in the gallery, and Don Juan, raising his eyes, saw the Infanta within a few steps of him; she advanced and threw herself at the queen's feet, who hastened to raise her.

"Madame," said she, kissing her hand, "would that it depended on me to prevent your feeling the least annoyance!"

Then turning to Don Juan, she measured him with a look that breathed defiance.

Then he added, perfectly unmoved,

"All these intrigues, I know, cannot influence her highness; she well knows there is no crown for her in Spain; the king, whom God preserve! will, I trust, reign long and happily over us."

Don Juan had scarce finished these words, than a gentleman of the chamber ran up, pale and in disorder; he addressed himself to the camerara mayor, who instantly entered the closet. The king had just been seized with convulsions in the arms of his governante, the Marchioness of Los Velez.

At this news the Infanta and Don Juan looked at each other; both had turned pale. The queen exclaimed,

"Jesu! my Saviour! is this cross the last? You try me, O my God! yet, let your will be done?"

She fell back exhausted in her arm-chair. Don Juan bowed low to the Infanta, and said, in a voice of emotion,

"God protects Spain; he will preserve the king's life; yet, should his will deem otherwise, the grandees and council of Castile would prove to your highness how entire is their devotion to the good of the state."

"The grandees—yes—they are loyal and faithful," interrupted the Infanta; "but the council!—its pretensions are an injury to the royal authority, and you are very daring to take their interpretation upon yourself. No reply, Don Juan! Call to mind whom you address, and remember that the moment is perhaps come when all must obey me!"

The blood of Philip II. revealed itself in the atitude and menace of that young girl. Her brow calm and haughty, the sombre and changing pupils of her dark eyes recalled to mind the features of her great-grandfather. Don Juan's gaze fell before her own; but that movement of fear passed away sudden as the blush which had rushed to face and brow. "Rash girl!" he thought, "thou hast menaced me too openly!"

And, with a proud bow, he went forth to visit the king's apartments.

At midnight not a soul in the palace had retired to rest; the king seemed at the point of death. The fatal news had not as yet transpired without; but the people about the court awaited with extreme anxiety an event which would have disturbed the peace of Europe, and changed in Spain the order of succession.

The Infanta kept a wakeful vigil in her sleeping apartment. She

could not be induced to go to bed, and every quarter of an hour she sent to ask how the king was going on. Seated before her *Prie Dieu*, her hands clasped upon a book of prayers, she leant her head upon the shoulder of the maid of honour, who had knelt down by her side; further off, two ladies were conversing in a low voice. A profusion of wax tapers lighted up the chamber, as though it had been a chapel illuminated for the service of the dead, and their flickering gleams seemed to impart life to the pale faces of the saints with which the walls were covered. Through the half open windows came gratefully upon the sense the perfume of the gardens; profound silence reigned without, and, for some time past, the painfully attentive ear of the maid of honour could only catch the soft sigh of the night wind, and the distant murmur of the fountains.

Suddenly the spaniel, which was slumbering at the Infanta's feet, pricked up its silky ears, and, darting to the balcony, barked furiously. At the same instant, it seemed as though a man's hat passed before the half open Venetian blinds;—'twas like an apparition.

"What's that? who goes there?" cried one of the ladies in affright.

"No one; not a living soul," said the attendant, going to the balcony.

A sudden pallor had blanched the Infanta's features.

"Are you mad, Seraphina, with such idle fancies?" said she in a tremulous voice. "You frightened me very much."

"Your highness may feel perfectly easy," said the other lady with a smile; "should there be any ghost hereabouts, Don Juan will be sure to lay it; for there he passes on his way from the king."

As she spoke, the flash of torches and sound of footsteps reached the Infanta, who had risen; then, after a lapse of about ten minutes, she heard as it were a distant moan. Ritta left the balcony, she trembled greatly.

"Jesus! Maria!" she said, "I was very cold there. It's going to rain, and the night is so obscure, that nothing can be seen two steps off."

"Shut the window, Ritta," said the princess, falling on her knees before the Prie Dieu.

Charles II. was for many days hovering between life and death, and when at length a slow and painful convalescence had succeeded to that state of imminent peril, it was the general opinion that the weakly child, the sapless shoot of the deceased monarch's old age, would never live to become a man. The ambitious of each political sect were on the *qui vive*, with reference to his successor; the French party, whose chief was Don Juan of Austria, turned its eyes to the queen, the wife of Louis XIV., and were desirous of marrying the Infanta into Germany, in order that, become the wife of a foreign sovereign, she might also be estranged from the love and loyalty of Spanish hearts; the German party went the same way with a different end in view; they wished to give the Infanta and the crown of Spain to the Emperor Leopold. Amidst this conflict of interests and passions, of politics and intrigues, Father Nitardho, ostensibly devoted to the German side of the question, was in secret using his utmost efforts to break off that alliance. The queen's wishes, the clearly ex-

pressed opinions of the council, had hitherto unwillingly compelled his submission, but he counted much on the resistance of the Infanta herself. As soon as her brother's danger brought the crown so nearly within her grasp, she had in fact besought the queen to break off the negotiations of marriage. On this becoming known the whole court was in an uproar; it was equally distasteful to both parties. Then Father Nitardho, strong in his reliance on the Infanta's spirit, openly declared himself for her, and prepared to support her cause with the queen, whose ear was ever open to his counsels. The king's illness compelled a truce to hostilities on the part of the council, and Father Nitardho took care to profit by the momentary respite; but his position became exceeding difficult when the physician declared his Majesty to be out of danger; both parties united against him, accused him as the author of the Infanta's resistance, and waited but for a pretext to hurl him headlong down from the height of favour he had attained; the courtiers were for once unanimous in their hatred, the queen was his sole support.

In the mean time, the Infanta lived on, plunged in a gloomy languor; neither the grave interests, nor the secret but not the less bitter struggle, that occupied the minds of all around, had power to rouse her from this state of physical and mental lassitude; she yielded herself up an unresisting victim to all the wearisomely minute duties which etiquette imposed upon her; she conversed willingly with none save Ritta, and everyday passed many hours in prayer. The maid of honour also had suddenly lost her careless gaiety of manner; she wore a countenance as grave as that of the dona governante in the royal circle, and gave an anxious attention to every rumour that buzzed around her there; often did her troubled gaze interrogate the more composed physiognomy of the Infanta, and she seemed to draw renewed confidence and courage from seeing her so calm and lofty in demeanour. Alas! those two young girls had then to bear between them the weight of a terrible secret, to endure the lingering agonies of an uncertainty, which nought occurred to clear. Since that fatal night, which followed the day of Rogations, the negro, Perieo, had disappeared, and who could say whether he had fulfilled the orders which had been confided to his discretion?

Don Juan of Austria did not return to his priory of Consuegra; the king's illness served him as a pretext for remaining at court, and he boldly took his stand there against Father Nitardho. The queen avenged herself for this conduct by treating him in public with cold hauteur, and at times attacking him with bitter taunts. Don Juan contented himself with opposing an obstinate impassibility to these bursts of feminine spite; he was assiduous in his attendance at the queen's circle, and seemed not to perceive that she hailed his appearance there with an indignation, that would have been violent, had it not been apprehensive.

One evening the queen chanced to be with a crowd of courtiers in the grand gallery. That splendid apartment, which served for the reception of ambassadors, opened out on the gardens. The ceiling, painted with ultramarine blue, and sprinkled with arabesques of gold, rested on a richly ornamented cornice, below which fell again damask

hangings of the faintest rose. That admirable pell-mell of sacred and profane subjects, with which the great masters of the Spanish school have covered the walls of the Buen Retiro, was not to be met with there. A long pile of royal portraits reigned in solitary dignity down either side, consisting of all the kings and princes of the monarchy. Don Pelago, the noble mountaineer, commenced the unjust series, which ended with Philip IV. The genius of Velasquez had reproduced with admirable fidelity the melancholy visage of the deceased monarch; he seemed to start forth from his frame, and yet preside over the ceremonious fêtes of that court, where he had so long reigned the absolute master.

The Infanta was seated on the right of her mother; the circle of ladies, that surrounded them, kept at a distance; somewhat more near, Don Juan and the father confessor were alternately conversing with the queen. There was a something in the silence which they maintained towards each other, that breathed a singular expression of hauteur and ill-will. Don Juan, with his fine person, his rich court dress, on whose mantle the Maltese cross was embroidered in seed pearls, seemed to tower over the common-place and pallid features of Father Nitardho. At times his eyes fell with marked attention on the Duchess of Sandoval, seated behind the Infanta. The first feeling of the young girl on perceiving this was to blush, her second boldly to return him glance for glance. In thought she defied Don Juan; she instinctively perceived in him the enemy of all whom her sovereign loved; but what had she to fear from a hatred that inspired alarm even in the breast of a favourite, Father Nitardho—she, the Marchioness of Denia, the Duchess of Sandoval, a grandee of Spain? Her position was placed far above those whom the favour of princes makes or mars.

Don Juan seized the moment when the queen was in conversation with Father Nitardho and the Archbishop of Toledo, to approach the Infanta. He passed behind her seat, and seemed awaiting an opportunity to address her; but she obstinately looked away, and abandoned not her motionless attitude save to speak a few words to her attendant. Then Don Juan turned to the Count of Castrillo, and said with an air of mysterious meaning,

"Heaven alone knows what news the good father confessor is now pouring into the royal ear. My Lord of Toledo seems enchanted. I know a story myself, which would not prove one of the least interesting, were I inclined to relate it."

"Anything about Portugal?" said the count, with a knowing air. "If so, 'tis old. Two spies were arrested in a hostelry of the Puerta Del Sol, where they had taken up their abode, disguised as women. Your highness sees I am already informed, though ——"

"O no! no"—interrupted Don Juan, "Nothing about that. I allude to nothing connected with public affairs—'tis a profound secret—so discretion!—and remember I am not the hero of the tale.'

"Then your highness is the confidant."

"Neither the one nor the other. Yesterday, passing along one of the most shady alleys of the Prado with Don José De Mallades and a few other gentlemen, I wasaware of a man walking slowly before

me. His mantle was wrapped round him after the fashion of the students of Salamancha, who neither wear doublet nor stockings—poor devils! His broad-brimmed hat was slouched low over his face; a large black bandage crossed his flattened features, whose soot-like colour it strikingly resembled. In a word, I recognised him instantly, although I had but seen him at night and by torch-light; but my sword had left such a mark on his visage that I couldn't fail to know him at the first glance."

On hearing these words, the maid of honour, who was listening in vague alarm, imperceptibly pressed the arm of the princess.

"Your highness had wounded the cavalier in some of your Italian or Portuguese campaigns, I presume?" said the Count of Castrillo.

"No, 'twas on no field of battle that I met him, but at night, in a garden, on the edge of a noble sheet of water."

"Hum!" said the count; "this is indeed mysterious. Doubtless the gallant was fascinated by a pair of bright eyes, and your highness interrupted his serenade."

Don Juan shrugged his shoulders and replied,

"'Twas a negro with the ugliest visage in the world. When I wounded him, as I before said, he fell on his knees, and confessed that his moonlight ramble in the garden was to save the honour of a noble lady. I conveyed him away in my own litter, and deferring his examination, so much did he appear to suffer, until the next morning, I ordered him to be confined in a dungeon of the new palace. That very night, (how—by what means I cannot tell) he escaped. I came up with him again yesterday. The wretch pretended not to know me—and answered not a word to all my questions. Then I commanded him to he searched, and in his pockets, which were guiltless of a single maravedis, I found a treasure,—two pearls, which informed me who the noble lady was, whose honour he was to save. Don't you think it a strange affair?"

"Very strange," said the count, who was all in the dark. "I confess I don't quite comprehend."

"O, I haven't finished yet," replied Don Juan, glancing aside at the Infanta.

She was pale as death. The maid of honour, in an agony of fear, had taken refuge by her side.

Don Juan left them a moment's reflection, then bending towards the princess, he said in a low tone,

"Must I go on?"

She perceived at once that she was at Don Juan's mercy, and succumbing per force before her terrible position, murmured,

"What did you say, Senor Grand Prior?"

"Call me brother," interrupted he, proudly; "my name is Don Juan of Austria."

"Brother," she resumed in affright; "not so loud! we are overheard!"

Don Juan was vain, irascible, crafty; but he had not a bad heart. The support which the Infanta extended to the father confessor was the sole cause of the misunderstanding between them—at least

on his part. At this moment he forgot his resentment, and said in a gentler voice,

"Have you confidence in me, Margaret?"

She let her head fall on her heaving bosom; the attendant cast a supplicating glance on Don Juan.

"The negro has confessed all," said he in the Infanta's ear; "all, to me alone, and his confession has died with himself."

"He is no more then!"

"Yes," replied Don Juan coldly, "there are some secrets too weighty for a man to bear and breathe. All is over, he is mute for ever now; the two pearls, which the Duchess of Sandoval gave him, shall be restored to you; but you must first of all tell me who is the man that has dared to penetrate into the gardens, and how he has found means to leave them?"

"How!" repeated the Infanta, shuddering. "How! I know not! Did not the negro say?"

"The negro left him there," replied Don Juan, watching the princess's changing features with an astonishment mixed with distrust; did you not know it, Margaret?"

She shook her head despairingly, clasped her hands, and exclaimed,

"He is there yet!"

"Not so loud!" whispered Don Juan; "not so loud! The queen is listening."

"Brother," said the Infanta, with a powerful effort, restraining any outward manifestation of the agony she felt before the many curious eyes that surrounded her; "brother, what do you ask of me to enable me, in return, to ask and put my trust in you?"

He turned his eyes slowly in the direction of Father Nitardho.

"Yes," said she to that mute gesture, "I give him up.

"The consent, which you at present refuse ——"

"I grant it. Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, brother, swear now to do what I shall require."

"I swear it on my honour as a gentleman."

"This very night you will go to the gardens, will seek for, will find—Blomberg."

"Blomberg! It was Blomberg then!"

"Not so loud, brother, not so loud! Father Nitardho heard you."

Don Juan rose hastily. The queen, whose ear had also caught the name, said to her confessor, "Is the Cavallero Blomberg at Madrid or Calatrava?"

"The post with which your majesty has honoured him," replied Father Nitardho coldly, retains him at the Convent of Calatrava; he has been there ever since the day of Rogations.

It was two o'clock in the morning. A single lamp lighted up the Infanta's bed-chamber, and its uncertain gleam fell on the maid of honour, slumbering at the foot of the bed. The curtains were drawn, and Margaret of Austria, kneeling on her couch, her hair dishevelled, her heart bursting with sobs, her eyes filled with blinding tears, awaited in fearful agony the end of that long fearful night. Two ladies slum-

bered heavily a few steps of; according to usage, they had lain down on the threshold of the door, and it would have been necessary to pass over their bodies to enter the chamber.

The Infanta noiselessly arose: every hour had weighed upon her weary brain like an age of torture. In vain did she attempt to pray for him, whose life had perhaps ended for her sake in so terrible a manner. The words died away on her parched lips. In vain she raised her eyes to the crucifix; she only saw the image of Blomberg, wan, ghastly, dead of famine amidst those gardens crowned with such rich varieties of flowers, beneath those bosquets, before which, that very evening, she had passed, surrounded by the ladies of her court.

She awoke the attendant; the silence of that vast chamber filled her with fear.

"Ritta," she said, "do you think you could open one of the windows?"

"I will try, madam," replied the maid of honour, throwing a night-robe over her shoulders. Good Heaven! your highness will sink under such terrible anguish! In God's name, madam, recover yourself—a little courage—all is doubtless over by now—"

"Open that window," murmured the princess; "if you cannot alone, I will aid you."

The attendant gently made the attempt; after a few efforts, her trembling hands succeeded in drawing back the well-oiled bolts. The princess gained the balcony with tottering step, and gazed long and earnestly without. The moon poured forth a flood of silvery light over the whole immense enclosure of the royal gardens, the dark foliage of the stiffly-clipped hedges of yoke-elm, formed as it were frames to the parterres, where thousands of roses blushed and breathed delicious perfume, and the lindens of the great alley threw their long shadows over the white façade of the palace; then, beyond the bosquets and parterres, the principal sheet of water sparkled in the mellow moon-beams from amidst the grassy slopes, like a limpid mirror in a frame of ebony. Everywhere reigned silence and solitude; the plaintive voice alone of the nightingale was mingled with the distant murmur of the falling fountains. 'Twas a lovely night!

"O God! Has Don Juan found him alive?" murmured the Infanta, raising to heaven a look of sad entreaty; "a month, a whole month of such fierce trial! Famine, Rita, famine! O Heavens! I make a vow to abstain every day of my life in expiation of his fearful sufferings."

"There were some oranges in the garden," said the attendant; "he may possibly have existed on them; men have been known to live for a whole month on a little water; blessed St. John of the Cross always passed Lent in that way."

The Infanta fell on her knees, and leaning her damp, cold brow against the marble balustrade, looked and listened long and anxiously. Not a living soul could be seen throughout the extent her eye embraced, and the wind alone was heard to rustle through the tops of the tall pines.

Suddenly the little spaniel, that lay, as before, at the foot of the Infanta's couch, uttered a low growl; the maid of honour leant, ter-

rified, over the balcony; she saw as it were dark shadows moving beyond the parterre.

"Don Juan! Behold Don Juan!" she said, recognizing him by the black plume that waved in his hat; "there is another cavalier with him too—'Tis Mallades—Jesus! what are they carrying?"

The princess arose, her burning and dilated eyes followed the silent group, which bent its course in the direction of the great sheet of water. A cloud passed over the moon; for some breathless moments all was dark and obscure; then a pale ray came straggling through the surrounding gloom, and fell full upon the wished-for spot. The Infanta by its welcome light beheld Don Juan and Mallades at the edge of the water; they were bending over something white extended on the grass.

"'Tis Blomberg!" she exclaimed in trembling suspense.

The attendant lifted her hands to heaven in speechless terror; her clearer sight distinguished a motionless form, which Mallades was wrapping in a cloak, and she recalled to mind Don Juan's words: "There are some secrets too weighty for a man to bear and breathe."

"'Tis Blomberg!" repeated the Infanta; "yes—'tis he! Fainted —dying! They succour him—they lift him up—they—Ah!——"

She uttered a stifled cry and fell senseless; the body of Blomberg was that moment hurled into the centre of the piece of water!

* * * * *

Two months later, the Infanta Dona Margaret of Austria quitted Spain for ever. The galleys that conveyed her to her new country, left the Port of Barcelona under a salute from the guns of the fort, and amidst the acclamations of the multitude. Standing on the quarter-deck, and canopied by flags bearing the imperial arms, she received the adieux of her household and domestics. The Duchess of Sandoval was the last to fall at her feet, drowned in tears.

"Alas, madam!" she cried, passionately kissing her hand, "all is over then! We part for ever—ah! forget not when in Germany"—sobs choked her voice.

"Weep not, dear Ritta," said the new empress with a sad smile; "weep not for me—I shall die young!"

THE WELL OF CLISSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL REVERIES."

The beautiful neighbourhood of Clisson, called by travellers the Tivoli of France, was utterly depopulated during the government of the French republic. The following ballad is a narrative of facts, learnt upon the spot from those living at the time.

THE springs are bright, the springs are clear,
That glitter in the green Bocage;
I hear their silvery ripple near,
Like whisperings down their pebbled marge.
But oh! these thirsty lips of mine,
Where all is freshness they repine,
Their feverish longing nought can quell,
For one sweet draught from Clisson's well.

It stands in the huge castle court,
The great court of the fortress gray;
There did the peasants make resort,
And there did village children play:
What time the sinking sun would throw
Along the hills its amber glow,
And the calm shadows thickening fell
From arch and ruin round the well.

The broad elms waved their boughs around,
Towered the old palace overhead,
And from beneath arose the sound
Of waters rushing o'er their bed.
While sitting there, the matrons plied
Their distaffs its low brink beside;
And I, and all who there did dwell,
Sported around the ancient well.

Nay, shake not thus thy thin white locks!
Nay, look not thus with darkened brow!
I know that, save the old gray rocks,
The fosses three, the stream and thou,
There's little left of all that shone
Our joyous infancy upon;
They've borne off even the warning bell;—
They *could* not move the castle well.

Oh! ask me for the flowers that bloom'd
When thou, a baby, here wert nursed;
Oh! ask me for the joys entombed,
The blessed hopes that fell the first!
Oh! ask me for the lilies bright
That glittered on our banner white;
Ask aught that human tongue can tell,
Save waters from that fatal well!

Still o'er us hang the embattled walls,
Eternal as the castle rock;
The flame hath scathed the palace halls,
But *they* have stood the deadly shock.

And through their dungeons strong and deep
The ivy and the moss do creep,
As down long rent and fissure gray
The shining sunbeams make their way.

But dreader than all dire things done
In the dark dens those walls ensconce,
Were the fell deeds that saw the sun,
Where passed the column of Mayence;
Or where the infernal column trod
Across la Vendée's fated sod,
And prairie bright and glad greenwood
Were left an awful solitude.

A stranger came to Clisson's bowers
What time the war had died away;
He saw on high the giant towers,
The hamlet at their feet that lay,
Far nestling down where, swift and bright,
The stream swept past the rocky height;
But, save its voice, that rippled on,
Motion, and life, and sound, was none.

The streets were still, the park was lone,
The woods o'erhung the rushing tide,
The empty boat, the stepping stone,
Were silent by the water side;
The moss was growing over all;—
And round where those bright rivers fall,
Homestead and hearth lay blackening,
But mid their heaps no living thing.

Our youth went soldiers to the war,
Son of Saint Louis, true to thee;
Our peasantry they gathered for
The Oriflamme's old blazonry;
And where our king's white banner rose,
There faithful to the death stood those,
Whose aged and whose children stayed
Where Clisson's meeting waters played.

Their hearths were dull, their hearts were sore,
With thinking of those far away;
Those gone with Charrette to the war,
Or gathering round the good d'Elbée;
For whom all prayers might be in vain,
Whom they might never see again!
They little thought, those left behind,
What he who *should* come back would find.

The ill-fated Custine took Mayence,
For, ah! our princes fought in vain;
And by the Rhine the troops of France
Watched the Republic's victor train
Towards the homes float rapidly,
The homes *themselves* were fain to see;
But dreamed not what they went to *do*,
From the same soil their breath who drew.

Sad voices came across the hills,
The lone Bocage sad murmurs heard;
Strange tales the soul with horror chilled,
And the high blood indignant stirred,
Of ruthless hands that would not spare,
Let loose upon the helpless there;
And red against the skies of night
The burning hamlets flung their light.

They fled who could—the palace hall,
The burgher's hearth forsaken were;
The *metairies* deserted all,
The Constable's proud rooms left bare,—
For where the clematis hangs green
The corniced cieling then was seen;—
And all who lingered near the hold
Were but the weak, and poor, and old.

They dared not in their homes abide,
Nor rest upon their humble beds;
Trembling they sought their streets beside,
Some place to hide their lonely heads.
The castle vaults stretched huge and deep,
Beneath de Clisson's ancient keep,
And far within the souterrain vast
They took their fearful way at last.

They drove their cattle gently down,
They carried all their little store,
The homespun roll of hempen brown,
The treasures of the old armoire;
The few things sorrow cared for still,
Through want and suffering, wo and ill,
And all that leaves so little heart
For thrift that sees its fruits depart.

Old men were there, and women gray,
And children of but tender years;
Down in the sunless gloom dwelt they
Amid much want and many fears;
But when the edge of evening drew
It's mantle o'er the distance blue,
The children crept with careful heed
To gather grass their cows to feed.

Meantime the hamlet fires had swept,
From side to side that province brave,*
Where Bonchamps in St. Florent slept,
And lay de Lescure's early grave;
And he, the hero best beloved,
At Saumur and at Ancenis proved—
La Vendée's idol, in his bloom,
Heart-broken found a soldier's tomb.

From fair Beaupreau to far La Roche,
The *Blues* had carried fire and sword;
And now upon the near approach,
The presence of the ruffian horde,

* Poitou.

Mid the rich haunts of old renown,
Clisson's proud towers looked darkly down,
But silent rampart, fosse, and mound
Were all the keen marauders found.

They lingered through the long still day,
  They lingered till the evening-tide;
And loitering round the ruins gray,
  Two soldiers of the troop espied
Two little children gathering lone
The long grass in the courts upgrown,
And vanishing as a spirit flies
When met their glance those evil eyes.

Alas! alas! their little feet
  Too slowly trod the secret way,
Though like their woodland leverets fleet
  Through arch and hollow glided they.
Those cruel footsteps tracked them still,
Still *on* them were those eyes of ill;
Till made the murderers halt before
A winding gallery's low-brow'd door.

Was it the wind's deep breath that rose
  Like a sad gust from far below?
O! heaven, it was the sigh of those
  Who heard the children's news of woe,
And in the tidings wild and dread
Their coming sentence shuddering read;
The moan, the gasp that passed along,
Ere thought could hush the murmuring throng.

The coward miscreants! back they turn'd,
  To seek their comrades 'neath the hill;
And claim the meed their quest had earn'd,
  The power to work their ruthless will.
And from their damp and mournful lair
They dragged forth to the fresher air,
The aching brows and figures ghast
O'er which for long no breeze had past.

Many they were, a helpless band,
  The grandsire and the matron pale;
The children to their mother's hand
  Clinging with low and bitter wail;
And mid the soldiers fierce and rude,
She who was to the poor so good,
The aged lady, bowed with years!
Whose name a blessing still endears.

"'Twere weary work the part to play
  Of him who doth the laws enforce;
Fast falls around the shut of day,—
  'Twere well to find some quicker course!"
They cast their eyes the courts around,
The triple fosses' lonely bound,—
Shallow the streams beneath that sweep,
But O! the castle well is deep!

Aye —— deep it *was !*——but now its brink
Is overtopped by many a stone,
And brightly there through cleft and chink
The cinquefoil and the briar have grown !
But *ask* me not what fills the place
Of that once dark and hollow space !
Ask *those* who come to kneel and weep
Where those they loved so fondly sleep.

They kneel upon the turf above,
They speak of those they may not see ;
They think upon the looks of love
That shone about their infancy ;
The tender mother's gentle eye,
The little sisters playing nigh !—
And O ! the agony to know
That they are slumbering deep below !

They tell their beads, they kneel in prayer,
They breathe a blessing fond and deep ;
And aye 'tis said that gliding there,
Since those poor victims slept their sleep,
A snow-white lamb at night is seen,
Along the lone quadrangles green,
And o'er the ramparts wandering,
Of beauty like no earthly thing.

They will not wake, they lie at rest,
The blue heavens watch above them keep,
But still in many a guilty breast
There moans a voice that *will* not sleep !
And there are those whose war-worn front,
Would sooner bide the deadliest brunt,
Than for a night stand sentinel
By the calm brink of Clisson's well.

The Park, Cheltenham,
August, 1842.

SKETCHES.

BY CURIO.

THE DISAPPOINTED MAN—CONCEITED PEOPLE—ENTHUSIASM.

THE DISAPPOINTED MAN.

He started in life with the notable resolve to be Cæsar or nothing, and he has compassed neither, for he is not Cæsar, and he is something worse than a negation—an impersonation of rampant melancholy. It would be going too far to say he may be known at sight, for he is not quite so wo-begone as to have become a sloven, nor is he *touched* enough to have earned the appellation of "a character." He appears still what is called *a gentleman*, inspiring involuntary respect for his person and a superficial confidence in his honour. But, start a topic—and see the animus that possesses him. He is a loyalist, and God-blesses his sovereign, but hopes her young head won't be turned. Of feminine beauty in the general he will descant like a fanatic upon the gauds of Bartlemy Fair, for he has forsworn the sex, and, stedfast to his vow as he best can be, eschews the blandishments of sense, and, like Hamlet with Ophelia, contaminates impulse with intemperance, and controls his thoughts with words. Maidens are children—matrons are speculists; the former only pretty puppets in the hands of intriguing mothers, or, if anything more intelligent, heartless, mercenary, and triflers all, requiring only to be known to be despised; the mothers are harpies, and legitimate traders in the flesh and blood of their progeny. Such the current of his commentaries upon the diviner half of his species, flowing through his scurrilous lips like ichor from the wound of a tender disappointment!

He would have been *famous*—For no less than the authorship of a new philosophy, free from the cant of opposing schools, expounding all manner of truth, and with an unction to "charm the trees," and make the welkin to resound, "not for an age, but for all time." But, mistaking inclination for power, heat for fire, sympathy for fancy, and assurance for security, he has failed of the brilliant consummation, the bare thought of which could more than electrify himself with delicious transports. An indifferent ear is turned to his appeal. His strain is not felt to be musical, nor impassioned, nor has it the humour to amuse, or the touches of nature that vibrate in the human breast. But, he says it *has*, and maintains his ground, proof against proof. The fatal sentence is pronounced, not in mitigated phrase, but with absolute silence—this he proclaims a villany, his wrong, and a nation's disgrace—and supports his position by instituting contrasts between the popular and the unpopular, and, mistaking coincidence for consequence, arguing that because popularity hath been abused, neglect must be the test of merit—making short work of criticism, of which

vituperation is the strain, and his own martyrdom the moral—for, shame to say, he makes it personal, picks up spiteful rumours in by-places, tales of school-days and anecdotes of scandal, exaggerates his facts, colours the picture, not failing to amplify ad libitum on his special opportunities of observation, and thus essays to lie a poor *lion's* life away with the pestilent breath of detraction. Many a sufferer is indebted for the pangs of disappointment not less to the folly of sanguine and misjudging friends than to the influence of his own inherent vanity. The youngster displays what they are pleased to term a *precocity*—more than the average inclination for study and aversion to sport, and a native talent beside in inditing metrical compliments to his godmother, lampooning his poor uncle, and quizzing his bosom friend behind his back. He is petted as "a genius"—so, like Pitt in profile, or Fox in full front—great things are predicted of him—he is the future bishop, or secretary, or chancellor. Anon he makes his debût. It is unsuccessful. Excuses are devised: he tries again—worse than before: interest is then made for him—influence sought, and bought, and feigned, but all to no purpose, for he cannot soar, not even like a bubble, nor against the ponderous inflation of pride sustain himself one inch above terra firma. Now might a dose of true humility save him and make all right—but, expectation crammed—he cannot swallow it. Fate has decoyed, then tricked, him—so "he turns and rends." The atrabilarian! He indites the universe for conspiracy—the time is out of joint—the march of intellect retrograde—the tables are turned,—he would rank with the great neglected, or flatters himself he has been beat in a conflict—he's a perpetual monodist, and a dismal tune he sings to, the screech-owl's lament, a requiem for fictitious obsequies, a wail for blighted promise. Accost him, but do it warily, because of his disdain, its copiousness, its implacableness, and the profundity of its depths, from out which, like a lunatic, he dares the great globe to single combat.

The disappointed *statesman*, who has had the trouble of growing rich ere he indulged the ambition to be great, is more subdued in his melancholy, and not by any means so vicious in defeat. He is not hopeless neither, but will abate his dimensions, and relax from the magnificence of pretension to the obscurity of usefulness, without a nightmare or a groan; for, apart from the advantage of his matured age, the new walk of emulation he has chosen is not less practical in its character than prominent in attraction for the adult student, and he very speedily learns that perspicacity is better than "blarney," and business-tact than Promethean fire.

But watch the mammonist himself, the slave of gold—any time but when he's asleep. He anticipates the dawn, and leaves his wholesome bed, not a mouse nor a lap-dog stirring, to sit robed like a Mussulman or an expectant accoucheur, exploring mentally the state of the markets and ruminating with a cool head upon the inscrutable providence of fortune. In the pursuit of boundless wealth his whole humanity is absorbed. His industry has been rewarded with success—but, he would earn enough to pay his way to heaven. In the flush of confidence, he makes a rash stake, his estate is involved in a labyrinth, his skill is baffled, the concatenation transpires, and he is in

common parlance ruined. What becomes of him! If men could but prize disappointment as it deserves, it might prove to them the most valuable of the lessons of experience, but too often its effects are to exasperate the mind and poison the springs of action. So with the money-hunter, when he has nothing to fall back upon in his day of adversity. Incensed with care, he seeks to drown it in the bowl, stifle it with uproar, or charm it away with gas-light—to slake his fevered thirst with fire. He dares not look his destiny in the face, but runs—misery at his heels—and keeps up the melancholy dance till a brain fever places him under a new economy, and a subscription has to be raised to place his accomplished daughters "out in the world."

Is he a disappointed son of Mars? To him then go for statistics of favouritism, and official corruption in high places, and he'll discourse with you upon that theme until his eyelids cease to wag, sighing with woeful ditty made to the mysteries of promotion, stigmatizing his compeers in *succession*, or storming at a breach of patronage. The brevet was his only windfall—and his heart feels as old as the service that has sickened it. Or, has a distant territory been the scene of his experiment? and did he leave his native shore "when George the Third was king," bounding with high and martial aspiration to return with fame and fortune after the manner of the happy heroes? The noviciate over, the calenture subsides—and he one day comes home with a small stipend and a grey head, to view the alterations in the metropolis, and hear about what sort of people his deceased relations were, and to tell us of the undoubted characteristics of eastern governors, the discomforts of a desolate campaign, the horrors of an itinerant mess, and the absolute dearth of female society and good tailors abroad,—and to put himself under the care of our most eminent physician—

"Sick, sick; unfound the boon ————"

Alas, he too must minister to himself, account his ailment a chimera, ponder glad or sad of his *right* to realise his *wishes*; contemplate duty as the equivalent of honour, and read Rasselas *through*, which he couldn't do of yore for thinking of his crimson jacket—and who can tell the ordeal he has passed since that bright day, but THE DISAPPOINTED MAN!

CONCEITED PEOPLE.

They seem to labour unwittingly under a comfortable derangement of their moral and intellectual system. Medical analysis might trace it to the hypochondriacal organ. Their countenances are intelligent and vivid, but stamped with an expression of insincerity, and have the peculiarities indicated by the epithets *sinister* and *priggish*. They have usually small eyes. They are not prepossessing, yet they attract; they inspire at first view a deferential antipathy, and on nearer acquaintance are found to be a compound of inconsistencies, of sensibility and impudence—decorous but vulgar, imaginative but punctilious, charitable but given to detraction, companionable but—offensive! They snub and sympathize in a breath, and distinguish themselves

in conversation by eccentricities of phrase, inflection and emphasis, garnished with a complement of inexplicable gesture, "most tolerable and not to be endured."

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We quote reverently, but is not this fallacy, or "has the time given it proof?" Is the bliss of ignorance *permanent*, and does not the pleasure of wisdom (not denied in the assertion of its folly) consist equally in the labour and results of its acquisition, exemption from both which constitute the bliss of ignorance? Without subscribing to this dictum of a philosopher, who, however impartial, knew more of the value of wisdom than of the pleasures of ignorance, we may venture to assert, that whatever of truth there be in the hypothesis, it is most especially exemplified in the case of a *conceited person*. His conceit is unquestionably the offspring of "ignorance," and were to him the source of "bliss" inexhaustible, could he but abide in the delicious mental darkness unmolested, and perpetuate the hallucination of which he is the source and the subject without, alas! becoming its victim. Vital conceit is, while it lasts, the most independent, the most spiritual, and the most consolatory human frailty that ever assumed the prerogative of imparting happiness to its votary. It is independent—of the mortifications which conscience and common sense delight to inflict upon pride and infatuation, and of the laws which declare the award of admiration, not justified by merit, to be a prostitution of patronage supplied by the social polity for the encouragement of virtue; it is spiritual, for the senses have no connexion with the sources of its inspiration—indeed, sensuality is the bane of conceit, and your *bon-vivant* is a humble soul compared with the "evangelical peacock" who fasts with a false motive; and it is consolatory, because the conceited man carries within his breast a panacea which lightens his short afflictions, blunts the edge of enmity, and arms him against every shaft from the quiver of "outrageous fortune"—excepting the one final fatal barbed arrow of detection and contempt. Collision may confound, discomfiture may depress, scorn may abash, for a moment—but ere the principle of conceit can be radically destroyed, it has an elasticity and power of resuscitation without parallel in the purely animal economy; its extinction cannot be effected at a blow, it is death-proof until worn out by time or service, but in either case it is long-leased, and constitutes, more than any one attribute of a man, his true moral identity. It is all-sufficient as a *substitute*—and here one might almost be tempted to regard it as a virtue. The eradication of a bad habit is best effected on the principle of barter—not by mere amputation, but upon the more equitable system of exchange—replenishing the void left by penitent abstinence. A conceited man is at no loss for a substitute on such occasions—he may forego a deleterious indulgence, and find ample remuneration in his own complacent self-recognition and approval. Conceit is his Muse—professional, domestic, and romantic; prolific in his uxorious embrace of joys to him unspeakable, incomparable, and, he falsely hopes, interminable. Ennui does not supplant it; disgust at the hollowness of the world, contempt for its vanities, the pangs of mortal love, the whispers of conscience, and other alloys which *meek* flesh is heir to, and which in other men ope-

rate at times as a sedative to their ardour, and suspend at intervals the sway of passion and the very sense of its existence, have no such paralyzing influence upon the conceited man, whose ministering star twinkles for him continuously through all the varieties of temperature, season, and circumstance, and, as it were, holds his very destiny in abeyance unto the period of its final consummation. Solitude, which to the frivolous is death, and with the sage helps to expound the vanity of all things, in one sense even of wisdom, for him only vivifies the introverted current of his meditation on the glorious phenomenon of self. Society, where others meet with competitions and lessons of humility, serve only to inflame his self-idolatry; if an opponent beats him in an argument, he falls to a secret disparagement of his morals—worsted in a skirmish of wit, he still contemns his adversary upon false postulates and hypotheses, ever available to his sophistical fancy. Success through its medium brings him inordinate self-gratulation; miscarriage finds in it his surest alleviation. Combined with the respectability which a smack of honour and a modicum of conscience may confer, it is almost invincible, but without those accessories it more than mitigates the corrosions of occasional hopeless emulation. It is a retreat for the unconscious imbecile, a sumptuous asylum for the pretender, a temporary refuge for the delirious outcast. It is not "exclusive," though consorting chiefly with the corruptible. It is as pernicious to the mind as "easy virtue" to the heart. It is an amorous misanthropy. Its seat is in the imagination, where it reigns supreme, not by destroying the other springs of mental action, but by perverting and subduing them all unto itself. The illusion, while it lasts, is rife of pleasures, which, like those of youth, though tainted by folly and succeeded by remorse, are not only exquisite in the enjoyment, but leave a flavour on the palate which gives them a reversionary relish even in the retrospection. But the disenchantment is inevitable, and the wisdom it should confer is often at best a painful wisdom, and the reluctant convert remembers that *his* "ignorance" was "bliss," and scarcely hopes to discover aught but folly in the enlightenment which is at length forced upon him.

Of such are some of the elements of the "bliss" of ignorance.

ENTHUSIASM.

THE spirit of Enthusiasm is peculiar to nations and to individuals, but not to classes, nor is it identified with any order of pursuit or degree of qualification for placing the object of it within reach of attainment. Like genius, it is independent of the restraints to which the cooler impulses of humanity are condemned to yield submission, but, unlike that divine impulse, it is as indiscriminate in the selection of its idol as of its sanctuary, and not merely from the castle to the cabin, but from the sublime to the ridiculous, the Enthusiast need not be sought in vain. The drover ascends the mountain top and walks forth the poet of nature. The veteran peer stands up at fisty cuffs with a brawler in the sacred cause of altar, hearth, and throne. And the respectable middle man, averse from scenes of strife, and pre-

ferring not the din of heated crowds to the snug bosom of his family, will yet dare, in the election hall, to front the popular storm of laughter and imprecation, and earn renown in avouching his passionate fidelity to opinion, at cost of penance in a torn coat, and giving proof of his prowess even in the rabble's den.

It has no choice of profession. The minister and the *tide-waiter*, the physiologist and the fiddler, the gladiator and the bookworm, the poet and the merchant, the sportsman and the beggar, the cook and the coachman, the philosopher and the veterinary surgeon, all and more than these, though motley to the view, and however alien in their several vocations, may nevertheless be united by a consanguinity—one generic touch of nature which proclaims them of a common kindred. The financier looks a very petrifaction when absorbed in his frigorific lucubrations, but in applying them or their results to the practical objects of his enthusiasm, may, in the transfiguration, pass for a provincial tragedian, or a romantic primo buffo. The naturalist, punctilious in the assortment of his specimens, and the preservation of his apparatus, yet when the volcanic spark is kindled and the heat is upon him, will, in the explosion of his enthusiam, scatter, like lava, into disorder his infinite implements of illustration, and swamp at a blow the whole economy of his laboratory. Imagine a "tide-waiter," ex officio, encompassed with the paraphernalia of ship loading and cargo "gauging," with clasped hands lauding the invisible power which yet gave him to gaze on the rainbow then irradiating the expanse immediately over the West India Docks! (witnessed, and cherished in curious recollection.) Did not obsolete "Charley" use to confess, in the energy with which he vociferated at intervals, his *ardentia verba*, touching the stars or the hour, or the meteorgraphy of the night—"of other days"—that a more vital agency than the mere "*feeling* of his business" was requisite to preserve him from the *trance*-ient embraces of Morpheus? "There's *reason* in the roasting of eggs,"—but the hero of the spit will tell you, that he too owns to a yet warmer influence in the exercise of *his* art, elevating him far above the shallow epicures for whom he caters, and who, unable scientifically to embrace or confute his culinary theories, are content with the carnal honour of devouring or demolishing them in effigy. "Jarvie" needs no advocacy but the redundant eloquence of his countenance to attest the animating spirit within *him*. The sportsman—on a chance voyage, when the vessel has struck and all is given for lost—bewails the license of Fate, which handing him to the pilotage of Charon, denies him the reprieve of one *season* more, when struck by the supernatural force of his despair, his heart of flint ignites, and he heaves impassioned farewells to his friends, human and canine. Nor doubt that the poor supplicant, grateful for the alms, which in a needy hour enable him to appease the pang of hunger, or on a pitiless night to "stop a gap to keep the cold away," can invoke blessings on his benefactor with an enthusiasm as vivid as the sense of alleviation which human charity procures him.

Even in the very driest pursuits, or what we stigmatize as such, omniverous enthusiasm can find its choicest aliment. See the old pilgrim, once the devotee, since experienced in care, and at length

palled with a hard-earned but weary life of undignified ease, seeking refuge from satiety and a relumination of his dormant flame, in a posthumous ordeal of mathematics, rhapsodizing in a logarithm, or steaming in a hot-bed of cube root. Or survey the records over which his supplementary heart delights to pore and read his superscription to the title-page of a ponderous blue bulk of repulsive "Evidence" or Elucidation, *Here's food for meditation even to madness!*

The appreciation even of virtue (what worthier object of enthusiasm?) involves not its possession. A poltroon may have a more enthusiastic conception of glory than the hero of a hundred fights; and commensurate in the same breast with the quick pulse of cowardice, may dwell the lively and hearty admiration of its opposite. Neither are the talent and the taste for a pursuit essentially concomitant, as the studio will prove in the case of your *impotent but enthusiastic* grappler with difficulty. Neither disappointment, nor monotony, nor disgust, would seem to have moderated his strange aspirations, nor dulled the edge of his fanatical husbandry. On he plods through fog and fire, a sensitive salamander, vowing he luxuriates where he only seems to rave, leading a life of congenial purgatory, and fulfilling his eccentric destiny under stimulus of a vague faith in the indestructibility of his passion, to which he dedicates every function of his sensorium and every pore in his body.

Satis superque.

SONNET.

Dear Friend! we two have roved o'er hill and dale,
Light hearted mirth for ever at our side;
Or o'er the student's lore together plied,
Where patience most and earnest thought avail;
But sweeter far than breath of mountain wind,
Or store of knowledge—labour's rich reward,—
Our rapturous hours with some inspirëd bard,
Culled from the wreath by English poets twined!
Then were our spirits free, indeed, to soar
In a pure atmosphere of high delight,
And, as the lark's, their unimpeded flight;
While, far beneath, the ineffectual roar
Of the dark troubled sea of life was heard,
Our souls true harmony's strong magic stirred!

Agatha S——.

THE TRIO OF TRAVELLERS.

BY ABBOT LEE.

It was just one by the clock of the railway station at Nine Elms, when an old man and a young girl came fagging up the steps together. A few years ago, and this little village, with its dozen or so of houses, its one *hotel*, its wharfs, its tall chimneys, and its mill, was wholly out of the world, and yet, at the time our tale commences, it was a perfect Babel of strange tongues, and noises, and confusion. The racket of cabs and coaches was endless, the mob of idlers and drinkers amounted to an army, the porters were hurrying in and out and hither and thither on the one side, and on the other the rivalry between the steam packets of iron and wood produced endless vociferations. Passengers of all sorts were accumulating at this focus; some were going by water and some by land, but it was all steam, steam; steam on the right hand and steam on the left, steam on the land and steam on the water. We have already said that *our* passengers belonged to the left. The old man and the young girl toiled up those railway station steps, and entered the paying department, with its superciliously civil clerks, its authoritatively civil police, and its really civil porters, with all the vast variety of comers and goers thronging in and out, hurrying and flurrying, some too soon, but most of them too late, with cloaks and baskets out of count, and umbrellas enough to have covered all the city of London, and shawls enough to have carpeted the streets, and what-nots out of count or specification. Multitudes of things, notwithstanding this plenitude, had been forgotten; but one thing had been left at home by nobody—we mean personal importance, which is, of course, every person's personal property—and though, no doubt, a very great weight, was carried by every body for themselves without a murmur. It was easy enough, in this motley group, to sort the passengers. The first class train were, of course, an aristocracy in themselves; there was no mistaking them; while many of the second class ought, of course, to have belonged to the first, only that they preferred the second because they must have air;—they could not bear to be shut up, they wanted to see the country—they were ordered by their doctor, &c. &c. To be sure there were a few worn-out, torn-down people, who made no pretence at all, but left their shabbiness to the account of their poverty, supposing it a certainty that that is a sin which nobody voluntarily commits, and considering it rather a misfortune, this being the common mistake of the poor, though the rich know to the contrary. Among these, we must needs own, the two passengers whom we have specified might have been supposed to belong. The old man's hat and shoes showed signs of dilapidation; the darns in his stockings had superseded the original fabric; his great coat was threadbare, and somewhat fridged at the cuffs; his gloves had been mended over and over again; and his hatband—for he wore one—been rained upon as often. The

young girl his companion had little better to boast of: she too was in mourning that had suffered some wear and tear. Her black crape veil was drawn closely over her face, and her rusty shawl wrapped round her, while in one hand she carried a brown paper parcel, and in the other a little straw basket and umbrella—the old man's share of the luggage consisting in a small, dingy, rusty, well-worn portmanteau, which seemed almost more than he was able to carry.

Just as these two brow-beaten sort of looking people were fagging up the steps with their somewhat vulgar appendages, there rattled up through the mud a very respectable looking dark-green chariot, with drab-coloured hammercloth, and fat coachman, and footman to correspond; and as people who ride in their own carriages are of course entitled to a large share of the respect of those who go on foot, the feeling showed itself at once in the alertness of the porters opening the door of the vehicle and letting down the steps, and taking charge of some very aristocratic looking luggage. The owner of the luggage, a young man of slight form and very fair hair, and blonde complexion, and very fine eyes, and dressed most unexceptionably, leapt lightly out, and was bounding as lightly up those railway steps, when he found himself impeded by the slow pace of our poor homely travellers. There must have been a sort of natural politeness in the young man, for he did not push past them, but patiently followed in their track, though it must be confessed that the train of the young girl was embellished with a splash pattern of mud, and that the old man's shoes were somewhat worn down at the heel—circumstances that might very well convince him that he was not following in the steps of the great, but rather in those of the poor. The impatience which this gentleman failed to experience on his own behalf was, however, insupportable to the upholders of the aristocracy, namely, the retainers of the establishment, and one of these, following on with an exceedingly opulent-looking portmanteau, took the liberty of suggesting to the pedestrian pair the expediency of standing aside, and not hindering the way of a gentleman who came in his carriage, whereupon the pair faced about, and left the way wide enough for the carriage itself, as well as for its owner.

"By no means," said the carriage gentleman. "I am in no haste —pray proceed."

Whether or not the politeness of the young gentleman was habitual, or only intermittent, we cannot take upon us to say; if the latter, possibly it might be stimulated by the sight of a pair of upturned eyes meeting his own, so large, so swimming, so soft, so melting, that he was perfectly taken by surprise, though why there should be any rational surprise at seeing a pair of fine eyes under a shabby poke bonnet and shaded by a rusty crape veil, we do not at all understand, seeing that there is no connexion between the establishments of Nature, and the manufactories of finery.

Now the carriage gentleman happened to be a little bit of a *virtuoso;* every now and then he bought a fine picture, or a piece of sculpture, and he read poetry, and he would stand by the hour gazing on some marble face all creasled over with time, or some cracked discoloured old painting that would have puzzled any one else to find

out what it was all about; and he would pronounce them to be most amazingly fine, and marvel at the mind that was in them; and so perhaps the wonder was not so great that he should be in some measure moon-struck by the sight of that shabby young girl's large eyes. In truth, could she have been all at once transfixed and turned into marble, and put upon a pedestal, she would have done very well to have held a candlestick on some gentleman's staircase, since that is the usual occupation of beautiful statues.

Perhaps our carriage gentleman thought of taking a cast of the splashed young lady. Perhaps he thought of a chemical experiment on the colour of her eyes. Perhaps he was studying the folds of her drapery, for he dabbled a little among paints and pigments, and artists have ever been known to give a preference to rags over new apparel, inasmuch as in professional liking they are adjudged to drape the better. However it might be, certainly it was some matter of taste in the carriage gentleman to hang back, and fall behind the shabby young girl and the down-in-the-world old man, and thereupon the porters hung behind, and his own servant hung behind, and thus our humble pedestrians had a perfect train in attendance on their humblenesses.

The old man cast a hurried, flurried, nervous glance around him, before and behind, on the right and the left; the young carriage gentleman drew back, and affected to be industriously perusing one of the railway placards; seeming satisfied that no particular attention was designed him, the old man drew hurriedly up to the Winchester department, and drawing out of his waistcoat pocket a bit of rumpled paper, proceeded to disinter three half-crowns, some certain shillings and sixpences, an odd fourpenny piece, and a few fragmentary halfpence. Having completed the arithmetical process, and transferred them to the pay-officer, he received in exchange a couple of bits of coloured paper, which were to be his passport of transportation by steam to the ancient city of his destination.

Then came there a hurrying, and a flurrying, and a coming, and a going; a bell rang, and a door opened, and the ladies pushed past each other out of their exclusive waiting-room, and the gentlemen jostled out of their shut-door territory, and then there was a hustling up the steps, and an entrance into the long-covered terminus of railway, and while these multifarious passengers elbowed on, and the porters wheelbarrowed their various luggage, the portly footman in the drab livery paraded his shining shoes and his spotless stockings down the steps of the terminus, and having deliberately added his own portly weight to that of the capacious John on the box, proceeded with the exhalation of his distilled opinions.

"He's off at last!" said the John.

"And we'll be off too," said the Jehu.

"He's cracked, you may depend upon it," said the John.

"He's the first of the family then," said the Jehu.

"Why, what *do* you think?" said the John.

"I don't think at all," said the Jehu.

"Why, Master Harry's gone by the second-class train."

"*Gone by the second-class train!*"

"*And not to Southampton!*"

"*Not to Southampton.*"

"No, only to Winchester. To Winchester, though I labelled every living package, trunk, portmanteau, portfolio, dressing-case, paint-box, camp-stool, easel, music-box, mineral-box, violin, carpet-bags, book-case, and as many items as might have stocked a general warehouse, all to Southampton! I declare I wrote Southampton on them all, and now he's gone to Winchester, and by the second-class train."

"Master Henry Cameron, nephew of the great Alderman Wyatt, of the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins, gone to Winchester by the second-class train!"

"Don't let us disgrace the Alderman," said John; "don't let us tell any body!"

"No, don't let us disgrace the family," said the Jehu. "Gone to Winchester in a second-class train! Let us keep it an inwiolable secret."

And so they went home and told every body.

Meanwhile it was a fact noticeable in the biographies of which we are treating, that Master Harry Cameron, nephew of the great Alderman Wyatt, of the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins, was actually being whizzed along in a second-class carriage over the Southampton Railroad, neither pillowed on cushions, nor enclosed in glass, with a very cold air blowing in upon him, and in great danger of looking rather phisiognomically blue. At the same time it is equally true that he was sitting so as to shelter the young girl, whom, on still closer inspection, he thought handsome enough for a candelabra, from as much of the keen cold biting air as was possible, by the interposition of his own pampered body as a screen, lest the ill-natured and ill-bred wind should really blow too roughly o'er her. Of this piece of gallantry, however, its object seemed to be wholly unconscious, for never did mute at a funeral, nor indeed the whole army of martyrs in the deaf and dumb schools, sit with more adamantine gravity, with eyes neither looking to the right or the left, than did this lack-a-daisical girl; but then the eyes that were thus looking at nothing were very fine eyes indeed, and Mr. Cameron began to have a great inclination that they should look at him. So on they whizzed and whistled and jarred and thundered, till the Winchester station was gained, and there the mighty monster, with a few splutterings of fire, and hissings and bellowings, stopped, and surrendered its prisoners. The old man again handled his rusty worn portmanteau, the young girl her umbrella and straw basket.

"Allow me to assist you," said Mr. Cameron.

The young girl lifted up her eyes as if she were thoroughly astonished at such an act of supererogation, but evading his offered hand descended the carriage steps without it.

"A fine travelling morning, sir," resumed the rebuked Harry Cameron, turning to the old man.

The old man started, and with a hurried and frightened gesture muttered some unintelligible assent.

"Going further on this line of road, sir?" asked the young traveller.

The old man cast a keen and furtive look in the face of the young one, and then said, "Yes—no—that is as it may be—but why do you ask?"

"O, merely questions *en passant*. I did but mean to inquire whether we were travelling the same road."

"What road are you going, and then I can better tell you?" said the old man with an eager cunning look.

"O, that is—as it may be—"

"Are you going on?" asked the old man eagerly and impatiently. "What motive can you have for not telling me?"

"And what motive can you have for not telling me?" repeated the young man with a smile.

"Motive! why what motive can I have? what is it you suspect?"

"Suspect! My dear sir, you strangely misconstrue me. I simply thought that having found such agreeable fellow-passengers, if our road had been together, I should have felt very happy in continuing in your company."

The old man cast a wild glance upon him, and then with a look of satisfied cunning, said, "Well, sir, you are very good and very agreeable too, and if you will tell me which road is yours, I can then tell you whether our way is the same."

The young diplomatist seemed mightily puzzled at this political way of putting the question, and in a sort of irresolute hap-hazard way replied, "Well, I rather think I am going on."

"And we are going to stay here," quickly rejoined the old man.

"Ah, indeed. Well, an interesting place. How finely that cathedral rises into the air! A very interesting old place. I really think I must stay and make a sketch of that building, and I must explore it too. So perhaps I may loiter a little in this ancient city. 'Tis a shame not to thread out the windings, and spell out the monuments of such a famous old historical city as Winchester."

"But you said you were going on!" exclaimed the old man with an expression of bitter and suspicious disappointment,—"you *said* that you were going on!"

"O, I do but travel for pleasure," said Mr. Cameron, with a careless air. "It matters little whether such idle fellows as myself travel post or pedestrian. With a pencil in my hand and a book in my pocket I can loiter wherever a pretty scene or a pretty—" glancing at the young girl, but quickly correcting himself—"hem—a pretty landscape tempts me."

"Then you travel for pleasure? You *do* travel for pleasure?" asked the old man with a keen doubting look.

"Certainly I do. Does this idle way of mine look like business? This lounging loitering sort of playing on the road? Does it look anything like business, my good sir?"

"Appearances are deceitful," rejoined his fellow-traveller; "people often put on appearances, and take them off again, to suit their purposes."

A flush of something very like anger passed across the face of

the young man, but quickly mastering the emotion, he said, "Aye, doubtless, when men have anything to hide; but an honest man has no occasion to put on and put off appearances."

"Who says that I put on and put off appearances! who says that I am not an honest man! exclaimed the old man" trembling with emotion, and with a lip of ashy whiteness. "Am I a felon, thus to be dodged and followed? If you have any right to dog my footsteps show your authority, and if I must submit, why let me—if not, go your way and let me go mine!"

The old man spoke passionately and looked wildly; the young man appeared confounded.

After a minute's pause, Mr. Cameron answered, "My good sir, you have entirely misconstrued my meaning. As mere casual passengers in the same road, I cannot imagine what has provoked your vehemence. Being now made sensible of my intrusion, I will retire."

"Ay, ay, best for everybody to go their own road. *If you mean nothing*, one road is as good as another to you, and it suits my humour best to go alone—every man to his humour."

"I leave you, sir, to yours," replied the young man, haughtily lifting his hat and turning away.

"Hester! Hester! Quick, dear, quick! Let us get out of his way!" hurriedly whispered the old man to his young companion; and taking her by the arm, he dragged her along the dusty road, casting anxious and flurried glances behind him. "I don't like his looks at all. There is something very suspicious about him. Don't you think so, dear?"

"What do you suspect?" asked Hester.

"That he's following us—watching us—dodging us!"

Hester involuntarily quickened her pace.

"I should not wonder," whispered the old man, "that he is——"

"Let us make haste!" replied Hester.

"Perhaps he's a clerk employed to ——"

"May be," responded Hester.

"Or, do you think he looks like an officer?"

"Oh, no," said Hester, "he was gentlemanly."

"Ay, ay, they dress well sometimes."

"Not like him," demurred the girl.

"Well, well, perhaps in a more flashy way."

"Oh, no, indeed—I can't think him one of those low, terrible men. I did not suspect anything till you put it into my head. I did not feel at all afraid of him—nay, I could have spoken to him when he spoke to me, but someway I could not think what to say."

"Better not! better not!" said the old man hurriedly; "no, you mustn't!"

"Well, you know I did not, father, because you told me not. I didn't."

"No, you are a good girl; but then you shouldn't have wished it."

"But he spoke so gently, and had such a pleasant voice."

"Deceit, dear. All deceit. Ah, Hester—you haven't seen so much of the world as I have. It's a wicked world, dear—it is indeed!"

"And then he was so gentlemanly, and it was quite a pleasure to be treated like a lady: so softly and politely."

"Deceit, dear—deceit. He only put it on."

"And then he *was* handsome. I'm *sure* he was handsome."

"Deceit, dear—deceit."

"Was that deceit too?" asked Hester innocently.

"Come along, Hester, and don't let us think any more about him," said the old man, dragging his young companion ruthlessly along.

But that was more easily said than done. Both walked on in silence, and both thought of the same thing.

"Hester, I'll tell you—I'm thinking—I'll just go back, and try to find out his name. If he has any luggage he must be looking after it now, and if he is what he pretends, and not what I fear, his name will be upon it. At any rate I'll go and see."

"But won't he suspect something?"

"No, no. I'll manage that. I'll pretend to have left something behind. They'll think I'm looking for some luggage of my own."

"Mustn't I go with you, father?"

"No, dear, no. That would never do. No, Hester, you must not go near him again. Just come into this field, dear, and sit down on the portmanteau, and wait till I come back again."

The old man opened the gate of a field hard by, and having stationed poor Hester on the little portmanteau, took his own way back to the railroad.

Heigho! This same time of which the same moment is given to the whole globe alike, without respect of persons, is mightily differently spent by different individuals. At the same moment you, dear reader, may be happy, and I, poor author, may be miserable. Hester sat on her lowly seat, the fine old city of Winchester looming out of the air on one hand, and the noisy, racketty new creation of a railroad on the other, thinking herself mightily miserable, and wondering what verse would come next in this new chapter of her destiny. The old man meanwhile stole with the air of an housebreaker back again to the station, and affected to search and inquire whether he had left some supposititious brown paper parcel behind him; and being rather roughly repulsed in consequence of a species of covert cunning which shone through the thin transparency of his deceit, he returned with a lightened step, and a bearing some slight degree more approximated to perpendicularity than the crouching deportment with which he had departed.

"Well, dear, I don't think so, after all! He may, and he mayn't, but still I don't think—at least I'm not quite so certain. He's got lots of luggage, and anybody bent on mischief wouldn't be encumbered with so many trappings; and then they are all labelled, "Henry Cameron, Esq., Southampton; so you see he may be a gentleman after all."

"Oh, I'm sure he is a gentleman!" exclaimed Hester, evidently taking a very lively interest in the matter. "He looks like a gentleman, and speaks like a gentleman, and walks like a gentleman."

"Well, I'm glad we've got rid of him, at all events," said the old man; "no matter what he is, so he only gets him gone. So now,

Hester dear, we'll have our bit of dinner, and then we'll go and look for a lodging. I'm so glad to have got well quit of that Harry Cameron, Esq., that what with that, and what with the railroad air, I feel quite hungry. So come, dear, and let us eat while we have anything to eat. Perhaps we sha'n't have anything long."

"There's no use in looking at the dark side of everything, father," said Hester. "It is no use being miserable before we're obliged."

"But the obligation comes every day," said the old man.

"Come, father," said Hester, "don't let us meet troubles half way. Here we have both dinner and appetite. It's quite enough to think of to-day. Let to-morrow take care of itself."

"Ah, well, Hester, dear, you're a comforter. What would become of me if I were alone in the world without you?"

And then the old man and the young girl, sitting on the grass, opened the little straw basket, and drawing forth some neatly wrapped up sandwiches, with the same bright sun above them, illuminating their spacious dining-room, and gilding their verdant carpet, and shining through the transparent curtains of their hawthorn screen, that was beaming into the costliest palaces of kings and courts, our humble travellers made a scanty meal with what appetite they might.

The flush of anger on the face of Henry Cameron, Esq., faded away in about a minute and a half, and the tide of his anger ebbed in the same time. "What a ridiculous animal have I made of myself," said the young gentleman to himself in the strictest confindence; "here is a crabbed-hearted, sour-faced old gentleman, with a daughter like a divinity, and because the usages of the world won't allow him to shut her up in a box, or even to carry her about with him in a glass case, why he gets angry with everybody who does but look at her, and fancies that every decent looking article that wears a coat must be meditating theft. What an idiot I was to be angry with the querulous distrustful old mortal! Why could not I see through his suspicious soul without igniting the magazine of my own self-consequence? Instead of having made a breach between us, I might have made a breach through the garrison of his ill-opinion, and entered into the citadel of his very heart. And I might have come to honour—I might at this moment have been walking by the side of the pretty, dismal, veiled puritan, and have come to the preferment of carrying her straw-basket; or perhaps the old gentleman might have allowed me the infinite honour of lightening him of his old fusty rusty portmanteau. Ha! ha! ha! dainty Harry Cameron playing porter to a couple of —— but then she is beautiful as one of the ancient divinities—beautiful as a heathen—beautiful as one of those old statues on which we gaze, till we seem to gain an entrance into that glorious world of the soul, that universe of the intellect, from which they seem to have sped. Well, positively, there is something mightily interesting about them—the old man with his come-not-near-us sort of look, and the girl with her classical contour. One does not meet with such couples everyday. Most people in their grade of life would

have been flattered by attentions from one in mine; but here am I shaken off like a wasp! Positively I won't submit to this! Why should I? So, old gentleman, don't think that you have seen the last of me, for you have not!"

The ancient city of Winchester boasts of one great superiority over the mushroom towns of modern date: it is rich in old memories and old houses. Into a specimen of the last mentioned of these we must now carry our reader. The dwelling was one of those that had seen better days. The upper stories overhung the lower. Instead of ascending, those who entered were obliged to descend a couple of steps which led into a wide dark entry, and up an antique flight of stairs. A deep-set door opening out upon the landing place conducted into an antiquated chamber, in which three windows had once let in the rays of the sun, but two had been darkened up for the sake of economy. The small panes of the third lattice were insufficient to admit a *quantum sufficit* of light, but enough stole in through the narrow measurement to give a shadowed picture of the tenement and its occupants. The walls, wainscotted, with deep set mouldings, had once been white, but had now degenerated into dinginess: the once belilied ceiling, intersected with massive beams, was cracked into a thousand interlinear divisions, and the floor which it overcanopied was perforated with multitudinous worm-holes. A spacious fireplace, large enough for a dressing-closet, contained the primeval grate which had first been implanted in the dwelling, and was, at the time we speak, three quarters filled with brick for the sake of economising fuel, and one quarter full of living fire. On the mantel-piece above, was a recess large enough to have held a couple of Chinamen of the natural size with transparent lamps in their hands for chimney-piece ornaments; and outspread before the hearth was a fragmentary specimen of carpet which could no longer boast of the bloom of juvenility, and upon which stood an oval table with cobbed feet, and on either side of which was stationed a chair with a back as high as a wall and a cushion covered with patchwork, on which were were sitting the old gentleman of railroad disagreeableness and the young girl of beautiful memory. On one hand was an old settee which served him for a couch, on the other, a door which led to a closet dignified with the name of Hester's chamber.

And truly our travellers, as they thus sat in their lonely and ill-assorted chamber, presented a picture to the mind as well as to the eye. Who looks on hoary hairs, and travels not back the long road of life the passing through which hath so bleached them? and who looketh on the young brow without anticipating the future sorrows which must plant wrinkles there? The old man looked somewhat less restless, less apprehensive, than when we were with him before, but it seemed that the spirits only slumbered, ready to awaken again at the slightest ruffling of the breeze. On Hester's face the expression was sadder and deeper: not so excitable, but more profound. The classical features and the bend of the finely-moulded head with its braided hair, wore an expression of settled sadness rather than of irritation. As for her dress, it was so wholly subordinate to herself, that none but a woman

could have noticed it: we know not what she wore, save that it was something dark, gloomy, and unobtrusive.

"Hester, dear," said the old man, "do you think we are safe here? Do you think we are well out of the way? Do you think we may rest at peace for a little while?"

"Let us try at least to do so," replied Hester with a sorrowful smile.

"But do you think they will let us? Do you think they have traced us?"

"Calm yourself, dear father, we have been quiet here for three whole days."

"Yes, I know. But I can't get that young man out of my head—can you?"

Something like a blush came over Hester's face.

"Think no more of him," said the girl.

"I can't help it. I try very hard, but the more I try not the more I do it. It was very odd that he should fasten himself upon us as he did—but I repulsed him—I huffed him—I drove him away."

"You did indeed!" said Hester with a sigh, "and effectually, as I should think, for we have seen no more of him."

"No, no, I did *that!* well, I *hope* he won't cross our path again—don't you?"

Hester might have said she feared that he would not.

"Well, dear, well, I hope and trust he's gone for ever. You look pale, Hester, dear. We'll venture out a little wee bit to-morrow—shut close up for three whole days—but it isn't long, is it?"

"O no, not long, when one is happy."

"And you don't mind it, do you?"

"O no! not *that*."

"Well, dear, well, we'll have a breath of air to-morrow. This is prison work, istn't it?"

The mellow light of an autumn morning came melting through the cathedral panes of time-honoured Winchester. How many haughty footsteps had echoed over those hallowed pavements! how many of the mighty dead lay prisoned there in the dungeons of the grave! how many vows had that altar witnessed! how many prayers had sanctified the insensate stone, and almost taught the very building a sentient sacredness! How many crowned heads had reared their loftiness therein—how many crowned heads lay low!

The solemn cathedral service was being celebrated in the holy fane. The full voice of the choir, and the rich swell of the pealing organ, floated through that ancient temple of adoration, which the piety of our forefathers had reared and bequeathed to us. Dull indeed must that soul's spirit be that could hear and not respond to this communication of man with his Maker. The interchange, it may be, of thought for thought with Divinity!

And there sat our railway travellers, the old man and the young girl. The white hairs of the one shadowed a brow on which both time and sorrow had engraven ineffaceable lines. Ay, the human

face is a monument of inscriptions more durable in its date than an adamantine page, since the lines of the one are ever deepening, and in the other wearing away. Well, there sat the old man in his rusty garb, his unquiet eye wandering restlessly and fitfully around, as though seeking danger or an enemy, until gradually the solemnizing feeling of the service, the soothing yet sublimating sounds of the pious harmony, now swelling with full peal through the ancient fane, and now dying away in liquid and melting cadences, at length had their effect upon that old man's mind, and his eye, ceasing to wander, gradually seemed to look more into himself—more within, and less without—until a calm, like that into which a troubled sea may sometimes be seen to subside, settled over his features; while, contrariwise, his young companion, who at the first had been enwrapped in the deepest gloom of a sadness too intense to manifest itself in agitation, and whose bent brow had precluded alike herself from seeing or being seen, at length lifted up a face that, in its more than sculpture beauty, fitly matched the architectural fabric amid which she sat, and as the awakened emotion of her soul broke up the unnatural calmness of her despair, the emotion of her awakened spirit brought tears to the large melting eye, and as the mellowed light streamed in upon her upturned countenance, she seemed to embody the ideal of beauty and devotion.

Very odd that the same process should affect the two so differently: the old man had become tranquillized, and the young girl agitated.

But there was another eye looking on the twain which neither saw. Mr. Harry Cameron was leaning against a pillar in the gloom, and reading the pages of those two faces. The process was just like that of perusing a book. He pitied the old man, and he placed the young girl on a pedestal in his imagination about as high as the Duke of York's pillar, and, having set up the idol, proceeded to worship it.

"I won't rouse his suspicions," said Harry Cameron to himself. "I won't take the least notice of that divine St. Cecilia that he has got tucked up under his arm in that dirty old cloak and that extinguisher of a bonnet. I won't speak to her! I won't even look at her—if I can help it. But I must make love to her some way or another! I shall die if I don't! It will ooze out somewhere; if it doesn't at my lips it will at my eyes! However, I must take good heed that the old gentleman does not see me! I see that he is all in a twitter of suspicion. He expects that there is poison in masculine eyes, and that looks will run away with her! And does he think to keep that beautiful marble to himself? It is wonderful what trickeries some people use to catch a butterfly out of the sunshine of prosperity, and see now in what a cold region the old gentleman keeps his icicle, lest it should be melted."

"Good morning, sir," said Harry Cameron, touching his hat to the old man, as the congregation passed out of the cathedral—"good morning."

The old man looked as if he were shot.

"You have not left this old city, sir."

"*You* see that!" said the old man gruffly.

"And I have been tempted into following your example—I am here too."

"*I* see that," angrily responded the old man.

"Any news, sir, this morning?"

"I know of none—do you?" replied the old man, fixing his eyes suspiciously on the young man's face.

Harry Cameron was glad to be asked a question.

"O yes; there is the usual amount of frauds and misfortunes—men running away from their creditors, and their creditors running after them."

"Do you know," asked the old man gaspingly, "any—particular—instance?"

"I have known some," replied Mr. Cameron.

"Are you—running after—a—a—debtor?"

Now, Mr. Cameron's gentlemanliness was more than enough outraged at this supposition; he coloured, stammered, became confused, and would have been angry, only thought it better not.

"Then *you* are running after a debtor. And have you found him? have you found him?"

"It is your ideas, sir, which are running, and rather too fast. I am no sheriff's officer," replied Mr. Cameron, haughtily, in despite of his desire to make the amiable.

"But perhaps you are a clerk sent in search—"

"I travel for my own pleasure, sir."

"Ay, ay, he says so! he says so!" muttered the old man to himself. "It is easy to say anything."

"Those who have nothing to hide may well act with openness. Perhaps, sir, when you know me better, you will mistrust me less, and I will set you the example of communicativeness. My name is Harry Cameron; my father was an officer in the army, my mother the daughter of a wealthy merchant, but they were both lost to me in my infancy. I spend my time half in business and half in pleasure, and strictly in accordance with this my last division of purposes I count the making your acquaintance. Having thus told you the full, true, and particular account of my birth, parentage, and education, am I now entitled, sir, to hope that we may stand upon somewhat equal footing, and that you also will favour me with your name?"

"Ay, ay," thought the old man—"ay, ay; it may be true, and it may not. Perhaps by this pretended frankness he may but be throwing dust in my eyes. Perhaps, though, if I told him a name that he didn't know, it might disarm his suspicions—it is easy to see that he is suspicious—very suspicious—ay, ay, better! better!"

"My name," replied the old man, looking full into Mr. Cameron's face with that desperate effort with which people, when they do tell an untruth, so often over-act it—"my name, sir, is Willis—Willis, sir, at your service."

Young Cameron lifted his hat from his rich curls, and the old man uncovered his white hairs; the one felt pleased that he had made a breach in the suspicions of his companion; the other had a furtive look of cunning chuckling that he had baffled his querist so triumphantly.

But, at the same moment, the young girl, in a sort of sudden and

irrepressible agony, snatched her arm from beneath that of her father, and, under the influence of a sharp and natural emotion, darted from him into their lowly dwelling, thus in an instant defeating the plans of the old man, whose purpose had been to lead Harry Cameron from its vicinity. Every idea was in an instant lost, however, in the one engrossing one that Hester had been seized with sudden illness, and, with a look that instantly put all acting beyond the circle of its natural scope, he exclaimed, "Hester is ill! Hester is ill!" The words had scarcely died from his lips ere his companion had likewise vanished, leaving the old man to follow as he best might.

(To be continued.)

POETIC INFLUENCE.

Thou comest like the wind, mysterious Power,
Poetic influence!
We know not why, nor whence,
But only feel thou art life's richest dower!

Even in the careless hours of worldly mirth,
When the diviner part
Lies prisoned in the heart,
Thy breath can free the soul from bonds of earth.

Aye, when the flood of sorrow o'er us rolls,—
When hope no longer cheers,
And earth one tomb appears,
Thou mak'st harmonious music in our souls!

Though oft for thee I sigh, thou stranger dear,
And call on thee in vain;
Tasking the o'er-laboured brain
For mystic spells that may allure thee here:

Yet once again, if human prayers can move,
Visit the lonely one,
Oft, ere life's course be done,
And be to her instead of Hope and Love!

Agatha S.

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A SOLICITOR.

No. IX.

THE BULLACE STREET MURDER.

THERE are few duller places for their size than her Majesty's good town of Gloucester. The docks are kept as much out of sight as possible, and are only accessible from the main streets by sundry back lanes of no very alluring appearance; and even the bustle of assize time fails to throw an air of animation over the streets, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the courts. At least, this was my impression when I was there last year about the trial of an action for debt, (which I attended to personally rather than employ a Gloucester agent,) and one or two of the residents have since confirmed my passing judgment; so that it may be considered as "resolved unanimously," that Gloucester is to be placed "in the dull catalogue of common town." It is gratifying, however, to add, as a set-off to this unattractive character, that Gloucester, as a mayor of Norwich once said of his own town, "was an ancient place *formerly*;" leaving it to the reader's sagacity to discover how a place that once was ancient could cease to be so by the addition of a few more centuries. Now, old towns, as well as old people, commonly abound in stories, and thus often compensating for the want of present interest by the rich memories of days gone by. One such legend, from its connexion with the law, found a place in my note-book, and, I think, is not unworthy of filling a niche in a museum of legal curiosities, under the title of "The Bullace Street Murder."

Just opposite a ruinous old house in Westgate Street, formerly tenanted by "Old Jemmy Wood," (as the late well-known banker of that name is irreverently designated,) there runs towards the docks a narrow street called Bull Lane. It is a poor place now, but once held a more respectable station in society, before modern improvements had thrown such a slur upon the whole family of lanes and alleys. In the good old times of George the Second, the now despised Bull Lane bore the respectable appellation of Bullace Street, and was inhabited by very decent people. Among others, an old widow lady occupied a house on the left hand side, about half way down, which in appearance corresponded extremely well with the character of its owner; for Dame Eleanor Bunt was a thrifty person, holding little communication with her neighbours, and the old house stood by itself in a garden, looking at the row of tenements opposite with a most unsocial air, though the distance between them was but three or four yards. The only other inmate was a young girl from Little Dean in the Forest, whom her mistress managed to keep so constantly employed in dusting the old house and polishing the old furniture, that poor

Mary certainly ran but little risk of getting into mischief from idleness. Still, no watchfulness could prevent a pretty young woman from finding admirers; and during her visits to the chandler and grocer, the little forest maiden contrived to captivate a smart shopman in Westgate Street, at Mr. Short's, the linendraper. His name was Henry Sims; and as he was by no means one of those bashful youths who never tell their love, Mary Palmer was soon in possession of what her mistress most positively prohibited—a declared sweetheart, or "follower."

> "I do not write for that dull maid
> For whom it must in terms be said"

how the lovers managed to see each other constantly, notwithstanding dame Eleanor's vigilance; how Sims gallantly scaled the garden wall and cut his hand with the glass; and how the damsel rose "on a May-day morning early," and stepping down stairs

> "In doubt and dread,
> Lest her watchful mistress hear her tread,"

stole away with her Henry to the Maypole on the river-side. All these are matters of course, the buds and blossoms of that tree of good and evil—an attachment in early youth.

It was not, however, to be expected that such doings could go on long without observation. A young lady who sewed behind the same counter, and had cast an eye of favour on Mr. Sims, soon perceived a great falling off in his attentions, and her black eyes, sharpened by jealousy, were not long in discovering her fair-haired rival. No telegraph, no electrical chain, could have spread the news more rapidly and widely. Within a few hours all Westgate Street were acquainted with the interesting fact, that Mr. Short's young man had fallen in love with dame Bunt's servant, and that they were to be married in a month—Mr. Short's young lady always adding, with an hysterical giggle, that she wondered how Mr. Sims could think of the girl with her tow-wig, and she a common servant too, without a sixpence. After all this observation excited, the lovers were obliged to avoid meeting for a while, and the young lady began to hope that Mr. Sims had been shamed out of his low thoughts, when one evening, as she was putting up the shop goods for the night, she happened to look up suddenly, just as Mary Palmer was going by. The bright smile on her face, the guarded kiss of the hand from him, told at once how matters were between them, and every jealous feeling was re-awakened at the sight. Hitherto, on account of the old lady's feebleness, which seldom allowed her to stir abroad, the reports so industriously spread had failed to reach her ears; but she was no longer suffered to remain in ignorance, for, on the following morning a letter was found thrust under the hall door, and great was the dame's trepidation when, by spelling and spectacles, she had mastered the contents. For some minutes she sat still, shaking her head and twisting the letter in her fingers, till she had a clear notion of what was to be done; then ringing her little hand-bell, she summoned Mary to her presence, put on her flowered paduasoy in a most stately manner, and enveloping her head in a large hood, and her hands in mittens and a little gray muff,

she commanded her damsel to attend her, and sailed forth in full dignity towards Westgate Street. She went straight into the grocer's shop, and requested to see Mrs. Johnson alone, with whom she remained in close consultation for nearly half an hour, at the end of which Mary Palmer was called in, and informed of the heavy accusation against her. Mrs. Johnson had seen a little, and heard a great deal, about Mr. Sims, and considered him a wild young man, who would come to no good; still, her account was not so bad but that the delinquent would have escaped with a severe scolding, if it had not, unfortunately, transpired, that the best intelligence was to be obtained from Mr. Short's young lady; for the dame immediately sent a message requesting Miss Jones to call on her that evening, to the great delight of that amiable personage.

The opportunity thus afforded must have been well improved, for the old lady became perfectly outrageous, and overwhelmed her unfortunate maiden with such a torrent of abuse and invective, that Mary's temper gave way. Perhaps Miss Jones's presence was partly the cause of this; but the result was a declaration by the dame, that she would not keep such a wicked girl in her house, that she should expect to be robbed every night by some of her good-for-nothing fellows, and that she should alter her will immediately as to the money she had intended to leave her. So, to Miss Jones's inexpressible gratification, there was a "very pretty quarrel" got up between mistress and maid, which was likely to rid her of a rival. Two days, however, passed away, and Mary was still in her place. Perhaps the old lady had relented, and would keep her after all. Miss Jones began to be anxious, measured ribbons wrong, brought down calico for linen, and was wholly taken up with calculating how matters stood in Bullace Street. These cogitations naturally drew her attention particularly to Mr. Sims, and she fancied, as the September evening closed in, that he was uncommonly nervous, and served customers in a great hurry. Almost unconsciously, she watched his movements closely, and, as it grew dusk, she observed him attempting to slip quietly out of the back door, when his master's "Mr. Sims, Mr. Sims," recalled him. The keenness of a jealous woman instantly suggested that he had an appointment, and from that moment she had neither eye nor ear but for him. The shop was soon closed, and the thrifty linendraper left his two assistants to put up the goods, while he solaced himself in the back parlour with a pipe and a tankard. But not for one moment, however busy in folding muslins or tying up parcels, did Miss Jones relax her watchfulness. In a few minutes she saw the young man take a passing glance through the little square window which looked into the parlour, then at herself as she was rolling ribbons on the counter, and then he edged away gradually to the back of the shop, and disappeared like a ghost. The moment he passed the back door the young lady darted towards it, and caught a glimpse of his figure hurrying through the garden gate. She followed breathlessly. There he was at the end of the little patch of ground, climbing the wall. He raised his head cautiously, and looked over; then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he got on the top of the wall, and dropped noiselessly down on the other side. She

stole close to the place, and listened intently to catch "what that creature would say to that poor foolish Harry Sims."

But the lovers spoke low, and the solid brick wall prevented anything being heard beyond a tantalizing murmur, a cooing sound, doubly hateful to a rival's ear. The suspense was unbearable, and Miss Jones, seeing an old cask in the corner, managed, by no very graceful efforts, to climb upon it, and so bring herself to a level with the top of the wall. By this manœuvre she contrived to make out what the pair were conversing about.

"It was all along of that Miss Jones," Mary Palmer was saying, "that missus took on so about it. She's the spitefullest bad-hearted person I ever seed, and always a mischief-making."

"Why, you see, Mary, the poor thing's jealous of you, and that's what makes her so cross-grained; she has taken something into her head about me, though, upon my say-so, I never encouraged her."

"Ah, so you say to my face, but I ll warrant it's another story with her."

"Not a bit, not a bit," replied Sims briskly; "she's too chalky-faced for me—no life in her at all. Now, I like a girl of spirit, and rosy cheeks, and—"

Here a rustling sound, with sundry exclamations of "How can you?" "Ha' done now," &c., made Miss Jones's ears tingle, and her hands open like a vulture's claws. But though shivering from the cold September night wind, still she craned and stretched her neck over the wall from a mingled feeling of bitter malice and ungovernable curiosity; and still the unconscious pair talked on, in full security, of all their plans and wishes. The old lady, according to Mary Palmer's account, had left her a fortune of fifty pounds in her will, so it would never do to cross her, and they were to be very cautious, and only meet now and then, until "the fortune" was come. Her uncle, she said, had a shop—or rather *the* shop—in Little Dean, which would just do for them; and she gave so attractive a description of the nice house attached to it, that Sims could not help wishing, with an involuntary sigh, that he had the money to take it at once.

"What a dash it will be," he said, "to put 'Henry Sims, from Westgate Street,' and how nice for you and I to be married off hand, and have a house of our own! It does make one almost wish the old lady was under the turf."

"O fie for shame," was Mary's rejoinder, but it was rather faintly said, and as there were indications of a very lover-like parting about to take place, Miss Jones slid down from the cask unperceived, and returned to the counter cold and cramped, and with a raging tooth-ache, while her heart was racked with all that bitter malice which the jealousy of a slighted woman is sure to arouse. The very moment the shop-goods were put up, she hurried over to Bullace Street, late as it was, and no doubt her tidings lost nothing of their effect from any want of interest in the narrator. Dame Bunt was led to believe that her life was in danger, and declared that if it was not so late, Mary Palmer should go that instant. At all events, she should pack off in the morning, and never darken her doors again. So at last Miss Jones

felt sure she had carried her point and got rid of her rival; and in consequence she retired to her bed

——— " with the satisfaction
Which ever doth attend a virtuous action."

The night was blustering and stormy. Tiles and chimney-pots startled many a sleeper by their clattering fall. The wind moaned, and shrieked, and roared, like some fierce beast desperate with hunger, and rushing madly at door and window to get at its prey. There is something ominous and fearful in a furious midnight tempest bursting over a sleeping city and breaking the still silentness of night with its drifts of pattering hail and peals of echoing thunder. Even when it had passed away on its course, so that a faint murmur was all that the listeners could distinguish, still the thoughts it had conjured up remained and haunted the sleeper's dreams. Several times Miss Jones started from her pillow in mortal dread, just as she was falling from a precipice or sliding into some fathomless abyss; and if "a change did come o'er the spirit of her dream" it was only to raise up the shadowy form of the midnight robber and assassin. She heard their footsteps on the stairs, they shook her door, and she tried to scream "Murder!" but a hoarse whisper was all she could utter, until some convulsive movement broke the night-hag's spell and awoke the dreamer. Yet all was not mere fancy, for a shrill cry of "Murder, murder!" rose distinctly from the street outside. Miss Jones started up—the cry was repeated; there were shrieks and the sound of people hurrying together—she sprung to the window and saw a number of persons rushing towards Bullace Street in great excitement, and hastily throwing on her dress, she ran down stairs and followed. Down the street into Dame Eleanor Bunt's house and up to her bed-room she went, without stopping to ask a single question; and when once there, the scene itself showed but too plainly what had occurred.

The small bed-room was filled with men and women, half dressed, and looking pale in the early dawn of a September morning. There was a universal rustle and whispering, and exclamations of horror from every fresh comer, as they caught sight of the bed. For the poor old lady's face lay on the pillow in the ghastliness of death, and a deep red stain on sheet and counterpane showed that she had perished by the hand of a murderer. The drawers and wardrobe were open; articles of dress lay scattered about the floor; but in other respects there were no marks of violence, and the very quietness of the whole scene appeared unnatural and mysterious, when it was evident that the midnight assassin had been there so recently. But the feelings of the spectators underwent a severer shock as soon as the constable and his assistants had completed their survey of the premises. No mode of effecting an entrance could be discovered; doors and windows were all securely fastened, and the only trace of the murderer was a slight smear of blood on the handle of Mary Palmer's bed-room door! Even the sagacious Dogberry himself could scarcely have failed to see the obvious inference: no other person slept in the house; it was by her screams the discovery was first made; she could

give no reasonable account how any one else could have done the deed; and mere protestations of innocence were of course but little attended to. The result was, that within an hour Mary Palmer was lodged in the jail, charged with the wilful murder of Dame Eleanor Bunt, her mistress. All had passed so rapidly, that the bewildered spectators returned to their homes as in a dream; and even Miss Jones, though believing readily enough in the guilt of the accused, was still shocked and astonished at the suddenness of the poor old lady's fate.

It would be tedious to go through all the legal inquiries which took place,—the arrest of Henry Sims and his discharge for want of evidence, the binding over of Miss Jones and other witnesses to give evidence at the next assizes, and such preliminary arrangements for the final and decisive trial. But it must be recorded, for the credit of Henry Sims, that during Mary's long imprisonment he was her constant visitor, was never wearied in his endeavours to assist her, and persisted, against reason and the opinion of every one about him, in expressing his belief that she was innocent. The time, however, at length arrived when opinion and conjecture were to be set at rest; for about the middle of March the judges, at the close of the spring circuit, made their entry into Gloucester.

Great was the excitement in the old town when the day was fixed for Mary Palmer's trial. Broadsides and ballads were cried about the streets in great numbers, and few could resist buying one, especially as they were generally headed with a frightful wood-cut of the murder. The anxiety to obtain a seat in court was extreme, and the polite high-sheriff was almost distracted by the numberless applications; while on the appointed day the court-house was besieged by a persevering multitude for hours before the doors were opened; and when at length they did open, the rush was tremendous. But "Time and the hour wear through the roughest day," and so by degrees the uproar ceased, and every part of the old building was completely filled except the bench and barristers' table below. Presently the sheriff's trumpets announced the judge's arrival; counsel came dropping in, the crier posted himself in his little box, and the clerk of assize nodded to the jailer to bring up his prisoner. Just then the judge entered in his crimson robes, and the counsellors rose to receive him, and before the little bustle had subsided, Mary Palmer appeared in the dock. There she stood, with downcast looks, and cheeks that burned as if the rays from so many hundred eyes scorched her. Meanwhile the clerk of assize proceeded with the arraignment, the various counts of the indictment were read, and the usual question put, to which the prisoner with a choaking voice pleaded not guilty. The plea was recorded, and the counsel for the prosecution rose to address the jury,

After briefly stating the situation in which the prisoner stood to the deceased, he proceeded at once to the fact of the murder, and the circumstances which showed that this old lady could not have committed suicide. It was clear, therefore, that some one was guilty, and equally clear that suspicion in some degree attached to the prisoner. The evidence against her was circumstantial, no doubt, but

it went to show not only that she had both motive and opportunity, but almost to exclude the possibility of any other person being the murderer. No one lived with the deceased except the prisoner; the house stood apart from all others, and was invariably shut up with great care, and there was direct proof, that on the 19th of September, the night in question, the usual fastenings had been made. No scream or noise had been heard, though there were persons living on the opposite side of the street at a distance of a few feet only, nor was any alarm given until six o'clock in the morning, which the medical evidence would show must have been long after the murder was committed. It appeared that a woman from Turgworth, who dealt in butter, had called at that early hour, as she was in the habit of doing; that she found the hall door shut as usual, and after ringing twice, heard some one undo the fastenings inside, and when the door was opened the prisoner Mary Palmer appeared. She was but half dressed, seemed confused and strange in her manner, and said she had no money to pay for the butter, but would go to her mistress for some. That she went up stairs accordingly, and in two minutes came flying down again crying out that her mistress was murdered. That she rushed out into the street screaming like a mad person, and presently fainted away. That the witness was afraid to go in by herself, but stood at the door until the neighbours came, when they went up into the bed-room and found the deceased with her throat cut, quite dead. The constable arrived soon after, and very properly made an immediate examination of the premises. He found all the doors secure, and the windows even of the second story heavily bolted and barred, and no trace whatever of any one having been in the house, nor any clue to the way in which they could either have got in or got out. One mark, however, he did find of a most material nature—it was a recent smear of blood on the handle of Mary Palmer's bed-room door.

Here there was a general rustle and sensation in the crowded court, and looks of horror directed towards the prisoner. The counsel for the prosecution went on to state, that in addition to these startling facts, the prisoner would be shown to have had strong motives for committing the crime charged against her. She had formed an attachment to a person of the name of Sims, and they had arranged to marry and settle at her native place, of Little Dean, as soon as they had money enough to take a shop there. The sum of 50*l.* had been left to the prisoner by the deceased in her will; it was so left to the knowledge of the prisoner, and on the very evening preceding the murder, the prisoner and Sims had been overheard expressing a wish for the old lady's death, that they might obtain this money. On that same evening, also, and on a previous occasion besides, quarrels had taken place between deceased and prisoner respecting Sims, and on the last occasion the deceased had discharged prisoner from her service, and had threatened to revoke her bequest of the 50*l.* This took place about nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th of September, and therefore within a few hours of the murder. Under these circumstances it was for the jury to say whether they could entertain any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner."

When the counsellor sat down, few of his auditors would have felt

much hesitation in condemning the accused off hand, nor did the examination of the witnesses do much to change the impression. It appeared indeed, in answer to questions by the judge, that between the first discovery of the murder and the arrival of the constable, there had been an interval, during which the hall-door lay open and unwatched; it it was proved too that a sum of money, a gold watch, several articles of jewellery, and a small basket of plate, had been taken from the deceased's wardrobe, yet no trace of it could be found anywhere in the house; the medical man also declared that death had been caused by a single cut given with very considerable force; and Miss Jones was sharply reprimanded by the judge for the flippant manner in which she gave her evidence; but the main facts of the case were clearly made out, and the chain of circumstantial evidence complete. When the prisoner was called on for her defence, she made wildp rotestations of innocence,'and gave way to a violent burst of tears which choked her utterance. The judge humanely waited to give her time for recollection, but finding she really had no defence to make, he proceeded to sum up to the jury. He explained to them the nature of circumstantial evidence, and that where it was full and complete, no means of ascertaining the truth was more satisfactory. The strong case against the prisoner was cautiously and carefully recapitulated and commented on, and then his lordship suggested on her behalf the doubts and difficulties which the evidence raised. The improbability that a young girl, hitherto of good character, should all at once commit so atrocious a crime; the resolute manner in which the deed had been done; the prisoner's remaining in the house, without attempting to escape, and without having provided any story of her own to account for what had happened, not even leaving the street-door open, or taking the smallest precaution against the suspicions which would inevitably attach to her;—all these points were duly brought forward, and their effect considered. The fact too that no part of the property stolen could be found in the house, notwithstanding the strictest search, was remarkable. It was true, that supposing the prisoner guilty, she might have disposed of the things out of the house, and have let herself in again; or it was possible, without meaning to cast an imputation on any individual, that she might have had an accomplice outside, to whom the things had been given; still this circumstance, together with the violent nature of the wound inflicted, coupled with the fact that the hall-door remained open and unwatched for a while on the morning of the 19th, did perhaps offer at least a possible account of the matter consistent with the prisoner's innocence. A man might have got into the house on the evening before, and concealed himself until midnight; might have then committed the murder, and remaining in the house until morning, might have slipt out unperceived in the interval between the entry of the butter-woman and the arrival of the constable. It was possible, too, that he might have smeared the door-handle with blood on purpose to throw suspicion on the prisoner. If the jury thought this suggestion, or any other that occurred to them, was sufficient to raise a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, they should acquit her.

The "good men and true" rose in the box, and requested leave to retire, but more because it was decent to do so in a capital case, than from the slightest doubt as to their verdict. Accordingly, in about twenty minutes they returned into court, their names were called over by the clerk of assize, and the usual question put, "How say you? guilty, or not guilty?" A pin could have been heard drop in the crowded court as the foreman pronounced the fatal doom of "Guilty;" and then an universal hum and rustle took place, until all was hushed again into breathless attention, when the judge put on his black cap, and prepared to pass sentence. Up to this time Mary Palmer had been entirely passive, and probably with little consciousness of what was going forward; but the sight of the fatal cap aroused her to the full sense of her dreadful situation, and she burst out into heart-rending cries for mercy, appealing to God and man for her innocence. But no man came forward to save her; there was no interposition of Heaven; she was held up in a fainting condition to the bar while the usual sentence of execution was passed, and then removed in a state of insensibility to the condemned cell in the prison.

Three days afterwards the execution took place; she was hung up like a dog, and her body cast like a brute's carcass into a hole in the prison-yard. Henry Sims immediately left Gloucester, and established himself in a similar situation at Stroud, after expressing to Miss Jones the bitter hatred he felt towards her for her agency in poor Mary's death, and in a few months the matter ceased to excite interest, or did but serve, "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Thus two years passed away; the fate of the poor girl had almost been forgotten; the house in Bullace Street had passed into other hands; all was going on as usual;—when the good town of Gloucester was roused from its native dulness by the report of some remarkable disclosures having been made respecting the Bullace Street murder.

The report was true. A gang of ruffians, steeped to the lips in crime, had been discovered at Cirencester, and some of them apprehended for burglary, forgery, and other offences. One man, after being sentenced to death without hope of pardon, confessed to the governor of the gaol that he and one of his companions had committed the crime for which poor Mary suffered. Allured by the report that Dame Eleanor Bunt was in the habit of keeping large sums of money by her, they planned a scheme to rob her, and took advantage of the tempestuous night to put it into execution. At the end of the row of houses on the opposite side of Bullace Street, there was one unfurnished, by which they got upon the parapet which ran along the whole row. From the timber lying about the unfurnished house they took a long plank, and as Bullace Street was very narrow, they managed to lay the plank right across from the parapet to the ledge of Dame Bunt's attic window. Taking off their shoes, they crept over this narrow bridge, opened the garret window, and stole softly down stairs into the first-floor bedroom. One sweep of a strong man's hand, and the feeble old woman was dead in an instant. Her keys opened the wardrobe without noise, and they retreated immediately with their plunder, smearing the door-handle as they passed, with the diabolical intention of turning suspicion on another, which

succeeded so fatally. The garret window was left closed as before, they repassed by the plank, crawled along the parapet with it in the midst of wind and thunder, and leaving it exactly in its place, got clear off with their booty, without the smallest trace of their entrance being discoverable.

Great and painful was the sensation which such a disclosure produced. There was not only pity for poor Mary's unjust death, but public indignation was displayed with indiscriminate zeal against all who were concerned in it. Miss Jones was mobbed everywhere she appeared, and so hooted at and browbeat on all sides, that she was compelled to leave Gloucester, nor was any one sufficiently interested in her fate to inquire what eventually became of her. Even the magistrates themselves were so unpopular, that partly in compliance with public opinion, partly, no doubt, from a real feeling of regret, they resolved to remove the poor girl's remains from the prison-yard to consecrated ground, and to attend in solemn procession as a testimony to her innocence. A few white bones half-mouldered away was all that remained of the once light-hearted Mary Palmer. These were carefully deposited in a coffin, and the coffin duly laid in a hearse, with its nodding plumes; behind which walked Henry Sims as chief-mourner, bearing a rolled-up flag in his hand. They were met at the churchyard by a number of the clergy in their gowns, and the solemn service for the dead was performed; the coffin was then lowered as usual, and a broad flag displayed at the head of the grave, bearing the epitaph intended to be cut on the tombstone. The magistrates made public proclamation of her innocence; they waved a pair of colours over her grave; they raised a marble tomb to her memory; they did all that men could do to atone for their grievous error. But no "Storied urn or animated bust" could restore life to the victim; no sound of trumpet could awake her from the long sleep; no human power could bid the dry bones live, and become once more a breathing joyous girl.

BRITAIN'S CHIEFTAIN, WELLINGTON.*

With head erect, and front sublime,
As if he gather'd strength from time;
And in his sun's declining ray,
Shone brighter at the fall of day;
See! him who to no warrior yields,
The hero of a thousand fields;
Him, who in conquest never fail'd,
Who gave the word, and led the way,
To his invincible array;

* From a collection of Poems by B. Fenton, Esq., which will speedily be published.

Whilst chiefs, who oft before in fight
Had beam'd as stars—the beacon light—
Before his crested banner quail'd.
Immortal captain, valour's son,
Thrice noble, honoured Wellington!
What though Britannia's haughty foe
Had laid all Europe's kingdoms low,
Had made them tremble at his nod,
And in submission kiss the rod;
Surrounded by a gallant host
Of warrior chiefs, her pride and boast;
Such as for Gallia ne'er before
Her lily flag or eagle bore;
Yet all these warriors, bold and stern,
Had yet one page in war to learn;
Though each, like Rome's imperial son,
Had only marched, and seen, and won—
Though each had trod the carnage plain,
Creating hecatombs of slain;
Each had, the science to complete,
To learn the lesson of defeat;
And all the wreaths that conquests bring,
On the far scattering winds to fling;
Each in their turn before him fall
Who in succession conquer'd all.

* * * *

Advancing still, to crown the whole,
He, who of France the life and soul;
He, who had formed the gallant band,
Whose swords flash'd lightning through each land;
He, who amidst the warriors round,
The least—yet mightiest was found—
Who counsel from no lip could brook;
To whose decree all others look;
Whose ardent breathings, and whose voice,
Left none the pretext of a choice—
Who govern'd with resistless spell;
Before whose eye all others fell;—
E'en he, whom none before could bind,
Shrinking, confess'd the master-mind;
Dissolved the charm of many a fight,
And fled the field in panic fright;
Leaving his wreaths by triumphs fed,
Transferr'd, to grace his rival's head.

* * * *

Illustrious chieftain! Britain owes
To thy strong arm her long repose:
And more may she her patriot boast,
Since he, who ruled her battle host,
Is in the councils of her land,
As equal found to hold command—
That judging head and eagle eye,
That could so plan and so descry;
At home as much her guide and shield,
As her strong phalanx in the field;
Combined—the worthies Homer drew,
Her Ajax and Ulysses too

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THESE recollections are not precisely the history of my life, nor that of the events which I write of; for although they are presented in a certain order, they must rather be considered as isolated facts. I had no end in writing them, but that of leaving to my children a recital of my conduct in difficult times; persuaded that they will be grateful to me for having transmitted to them some particulars of what their family has suffered during the revolution. An author I am far from any pretensions to be; I have seen, I have felt; and I relate familiarly to my friends the anecdotes that I have gathered here and there in my wanderings, and on fields of battle. Perhaps it would be well for the generations who shall succeed us, if each father of a family were to leave some short annals of him and his, written like these, without any other pretension than that of their simple truth; the children who come after him might find more of real interest in sharing the thoughts of their aged parents, than in dividing their heritage. Is there not a charm, to the good, in transporting one's self back in thought into the midst of those who have gone before us? in learning by them to guide our steps, whether in profiting by their faults and errors, or in appreciating all that was noble in their conduct? What pleasure do we not feel in viewing a chamber full of old family portraits! where the various costumes show the long generations which have preceded us!—in penetrating into those vast galleries where we see at every step the figure of a man illustrious in history; and stand rivetted before it, seeking to read in its lineaments the traces of faith, of charity, of valour, or of grandeur of soul! I would have an assembly of such in every town and province, to be guarded as a sort of household gods, whose memory should excite to worthy deeds in future times. That great actions are found in any larger proportion, in the higher than the lower classes of society, is owing, not only to the more careful and extended education which is there received, but to the recollections which are transmitted from father to son, of the most striking actions of their ancestors.

These "Souvenirs" have at least the advantage of being a faithful picture of a part of the life of many royalists; there are many who will find here an exact report of circumstances peculiar to themselves and to that crowd of emigrants, so often misrepresented, even after their master's return; although they had been weighed down for thirty years beneath the load of calumnies and atrocious laws in force against them; laws whose injustice presses upon them still. No matter; the monarchy will always have them for its defenders.

[1] Continued from Vol. xxxv. p. 387.

My chief desire is, that this relation of facts and circumstances to which I have been witness, may serve to make better known that so cried-down nobility, and those estimable burghers, their companions in misfortune, who were disinterested enough to prefer suffering and death to the shame of perjury or of dishonest conduct.

It is enough for lofty minds that they hold the same opinions, to be drawn towards each other and become sincerely friends. Let it not be believed then, that those, who, born in the provinces, were living, so to speak, unnoticed in the crowd, although the greater number of them formed part of that *noblesse* distinguished for ages by services rendered to the king and to the state, but unknown themselves to the court and the ministry; let it not be imagined that they had a *thought* of making fortunes by emigrating! nor of obtaining eminent places, in case of success to the cause they embraced!

They aspired to one only recompense; the highest of all,—that which is found in one's own breast. And, indeed, was it possible that in going forth by thousands to rally at the voice of our prince, and become simple soldiers, from officers that we were! was it possible, that we should be excited by the desire of obtaining ranks and employments higher than those we possessed? Not one of us had such a dream!—and the king had no need to attach us by *favours* to his service: the greater part of us returned, after ten campaigns, with the same rank with which we had left our home; and if there were some who received commissions and the cross of Saint Louis, obtained then only after twenty years of service, unless for severe or brilliant achievements, it was by the sweat of their brow, and in shedding their blood for the glory of the French name and the honour of their country, that they earned them: whilst at the same time our comrades, and the very soldiers who had served under us, were acquiring all the decorations in the world, and, like Turenne, Fabert, and Vauban, the post of marshals of France, only with one difference, the road they took to it. But we, still faithful to honour and its ancient maxim, "Do what thou oughtest, come what may," "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra;" defended its palladium, the banner of our native land; for, no disparagement to the favourites of fortune, *it* was where fought Condé, where fell Bonchamps.

As for the rest, I am far from intending to attack here the merit and the sort of glory which the French armies and their generals obtained in the sanguinary struggle: but if these brave men would lay aside for a moment all prejudice, they would surely feel with us, on comparing their vanished idols, the republic and the emperor, with ours, which exist always, because its claims are lawful,—that where the monarch is, there reside also those virtues of the soldier, obedience and fidelity: as to courage, we have given proof it as well as they. The only difference is, that we went but a handful into the combat, while the republicans and the soldiers of Buonaparte entered it a hundred thousand.

The Vendéens, on their part, without fusils and without charges, guided by the cross, by honour, and by our unsullied cockade, carried off victories not to be forgotten. But let us terminate the unseasonable discussion; the balance is equal; the thing we see most clearly on either

side, is French valour. Let us then remain united to serve our *king*, and consequently our *country*; the one party in broidered uniforms, leading us into battle; the other in more simple dress, mais, *la tête levée*. The king would have it thus; we always have obeyed, we obey, and we always *will* obey him. Vive le Roi!

I have chosen to announce by this short address the spirit and the character which will be found in every page of my work; in order that those who take alarm at the least sentiment which breathes of religion or of monarchy, may shut the book before they go further. The same motive inclines me to add here, a few words upon honour itself; by way of endeavouring beforehand to make myself understood by those to whom I address my thoughts, and, as it were, to identify myself with them.

Would our fathers have believed, fifty years ago, that their children would often engage each other in duels, on account of not being agreed upon the true signification of that word *honour*, the fine national passion of France for so many ages?

Honour is, according to my idea of it, that sentiment *par excellence* which leads a man to follow the voice of his conscience before *all* things, the moment he is called upon to act or to speak; to repulse from the bottom of his soul, and by a determined resistance, were it at the price of his life, every temptation that pleasure of any kind can offer, every pretext whatever, that can lead him into any action, base, criminal, or unjust: and above all, to be never false, not only to his oath but to his word! That sacred bond to which the epithet of honour has been given, was ever in the eyes of Frenchmen an indissoluble tie. To give one's hand, to pledge one's word, was worth, in former times, any legal process, and that without the need of witnesses. In those days the title of man of honour, the noblest one of all, had not two meanings. There is an engagement, the first and most sacred of all, which is taken for us at the foot of the altar,—at the baptismal font. Before the revolution, where would he have been found, who, knowing that his parents had vowed for him, and in his presence, that he should live and die a Christian,—would have believed that he should one day answer, "I am *nothing!*"

But we will draw the veil over crimes and names of guilt, lest we should recoil with horror; and let those be easy who have, at first perhaps reluctantly, betrayed their faith, but have repeated it so often that at last it became but sport; they are not dishonoured, for honour has changed its character. The excuse of those who would offer one is natural enough, it levels man with the brute; "CIRCUMSTANCES!"—wretched word! become too usual, and which is well allied to the old proverb, "Where the goat is tethered, there it will browse!"—alas! it has produced in men's minds the overthrow of all that is true, as well as all that is just. And this is the morality of the day. Are we to subscribe to it? Unhappy France!!

I have seen in Rome the vestiges of two temples, remarkable among its antiquities. It is to be regretted that our great innovators, so eager to take example from the ancients, have not perceived among their rummagings and researches, these two edifices. They were erected by the consul Marcellus, after the taking of Syracuse,

in the year of Rome, 544, and consecrated to Honour and to Virtue, but placed in such a manner that without passing through the temple of Virtue none could enter that of Honour. Sublime idea; which proves that Marcellus, the Roman, knew what honour was, and how to define it.

CHAPTER I.

" My brother, those were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!
The chain is broke which bound us then—
When shall I find its like again?"—MOULTRIE.

My father had followed the profession of arms, and in his youth served in the wars in Italy, as a lieutenant in the regiment d'Anjou. It was disbanded at the peace in 1748, and my father, returning to his family, married early, and had three children, two boys and a girl. I was the youngest, and lost my mother while quite a child; our father occupied himself very carefully with our education; he had us brought up by a tutor in his house; and procured us other masters, in order to fit us for embracing any profession. He himself inclined to the military life, and had little difficulty in convincing us that it was that which would suit us best. Several reasons induced him to wish that his elder son should enter the sea-service, and his second the artillery; and with this idea, he solicited and obtained for my brother an introduction into the navy, and took him to Rochefort, in the month of March, 1778, when he was hardly fifteen years of age. War with England was not yet declared. My brother was received as a naval-cadet, and embarked in the Vengeur, which made part of the squadron of M. de Grasse, in 1779. Some early letters of his, which I have found among those of mine from Corsica and Italy, preserved by my father, have recalled to my mind a crowd of recollections, more interesting to me than to any others in the world. My brother set out early in life with fair prospects; nature had not been sparing to him; he was a *beau cavalier*, entering a war which promised him rapid promotion, his father allowanced him liberally, and he was singularly beloved by his comrades. But, alas! he fell in his early morning! His affection for me was so great, that he always made me promise to enter the navy as he had done, that we might serve together. He was at the taking of Grenada and the affair of Savannah, and died at Martinico, on the return of that expedition.

Among the letters which Monsieur de R. here introduces to interest his children, one at least will not be uninteresting to the English reader. It is dated from the roads of Grenada.

" *West Indies, on board the Vengeur*, 1779.

" MY DEAR PAPA,

" We set out from Martinico the last of June, for Grenada, which belongs to the English, and arrived there the 21st of July. The fort was attacked on the night of the 4th and 5th, and carried by assault on the 6th. We have had a naval engagement, in which we

had the advantage, and obliged the English to retreat before us. I am quite well, and did not receive the slightest wound. Twelve of our officers were killed, and several wounded. It is thought that we shall not stop long at Grenada, where we put in after the engagement to repair; but that we shall make some fresh expedition. Our troops and sailors are all full of the greatest ardour. We have beaten the English repeatedly; I hope they are beaten in Europe too.

"Our troops showed the greatest courage in taking the fort by storm. M. d'Estaing was at their head, sword in hand. We have also taken the little isle of St. Vincent. They say we are not likely yet to see France again.

"You would not believe that it costs fifteen sous to have a shirt washed here, and as much for waistcoats. Shoes cost twenty-two livres a pair. Everything is horribly dear. I should be very glad if you would send me some money; and pray, if there is any opportunity, send me some news from home, for they are what interests me most: I have not received any of your letters yet.

"Mille choses, je vous prie, to my aunt, and to my uncle the abbé; mille amitiés, s'il vous plait, to my brother and sister."

Another is as follows:—

"*Road of Savannah*, 21 *Oct.* 1779.

"My very dear Papa,

"We set out from St. Domingo the 16th of August, with the troops, for New England. We left the convoy, and fifteen days after, being at anchor near the coast of New England, at ten or twelve leagues distance, a gale of wind came on and damaged many of our vessels. Some days afterwards we approached the coast again, and anchored with all the squadron before the Savannah river, at a little distance from which is situated the town of the same name, capital of Georgia. Ships cannot enter this river; only frigates. The general, seeing he could not land the troops on that side, embarked them in six vessels, among which was ours, and took them seven or eight leagues lower down; where, as soon as they arrived, he filled all the ships' boats with troops, in order to put them on shore. I was in the ship's long-boat. We set the troops our boats contained on shore the next day, and prepared to fetch the rest which were left on board; but the winds were so contrary, and the sea so high, that it was impossible for us to regain our ships for eight days, during which I lived only upon biscuits, oysters, and water as black as my hat.

"At length, the eighth day, I returned on board with a fever, and was ill for three weeks, and in danger of never seeing my family again; but thanks to the care shown me, I recovered, and am tolerably well now.

"The bad weather greatly thwarted M. d'Estaing, who had but a part of his troops; for it gave time to the English to fortify Savannah. However, the other troops being arrived, M. d'Estaing marched towards the town, and encamped within gunshot of it. By the side of his camp lay that of the Americans. He worked many days at constructing a battery which should level the town; but the bullets did no great harm, as the houses were all wood. He also caused the

place to be bombarded, but with no better success. What is singular, the first ball that was fired from the French camp, killed the most beautiful person in the place.

"We found an English vessel of fifty guns, which had been taken by *three of our vessels*, that were cruising at some distance from the army; it was dismasted of its lower masts, which caused its being taken, for it was said to be the fastest sailer in England, and had taken two of our small frigates and sixteen of our merchant vessels. All the works our army carried on only gave the English time to entrench themselves to the teeth in Savannah.

"At length the general resolved on the attack, though the English were to the number of two thousand regular troops, and about as many militia and sailors who worked the guns. He ordered two attacks, one false, the other true. The Americans, of whom a great part were English, instructed the English as to what place the false attack would take place in, and what the true one, so effectually that they all went to where the true one was to be. The next day morning a very thick fog came on, and the guides who were to conduct M. d'Estaing to the part which they said was the weakest, but which was the strongest, led the troops directly under the cannon of the enemy, and up to their necks in a morass, and immediately disappeared. The fog having dispersed, the English opened a heavy fire upon our troops, who nevertheless would have advanced, but the further they advanced the faster they became entangled; there were already a few in the enemy's entrenchments, but they were all-cut to pieces. The general, having been wounded in the leg and arm, gave orders to beat a retreat, which was tolerably well effected, though the English continued to rain their balls upon us. 'I see that I have been betrayed,' said M. d'Estaing, 'but too late!' The Americans had not seconded him at all. The English came afterwards to draw out our wounded from the swamp, and told us that we were very easy, to have trusted ourselves to men who passed the morning in our camp, and the evening in their town, giving them information of all we did.

"If M. d'Estaing had not been betrayed by the Americans, and if the winds had been more favourable to the disembarking his troops, he would, I think, have taken the town by an immediate attack, because the English had not fortified it in any way. We are now occupied with re-embarking our troops and effects; M. d'Estaing is about to return to France with his eleven vessels. M. de Grasse, with his squadron, goes to the Chesapeak, and thence to Martinico. I believe I shall not see France for a year or fifteen months. That is a long time.

"Here is a detail of all we have done since we left the Cape, and all we are to do—the best I can give you.

"I have the honour to be,

"My very dear Papa,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant and son,

"JULIUS DE R——."

It is amusing to remember, in glancing at these early sketches of the American war, that it was out of revenge for their interference in

it, as the loyalist French to this day believe, that *we* English, set on foot, aided and abetted the French revolution! So strangely warped are some of their views of our national policy. I have not only heard it maintained in social argument, but seen it in one of their favourite historians, in a work still, I believe, in the course of publication. What is curious too, they do not attribute it to the party who, like Romilly, hoped so much from the early dawn of the crisis; but set Pitt himself, of all ministers, at the head and front of the offending.

"My father," continues the narrative, "was overwhelmed at the death of a son so full of promise, as those may well conceive who have ever had the sorrow to see their children die. I do not believe there can be any other grief so piercing; and it is a grief augmented in proportion to the worth of what is lost. My father had founded so many hopes on the career of an eldest son already so distinguished for his age, that he was struck dumb at the thought of such a world of opening delights perishing at a stroke; while my sister and I felt all that young and sensitive minds could feel at the loss of a beloved brother. We had been brought up together; we were never separated till the moment of his entry into the service; and thus his death was to us a positive thunderbolt. Our tears seemed as if they would never be dried; and we leaned our heads against each other's without knowing how to separate, repeating, "What, shall we *never* see him again?"

I was then nearly fourteen years old, and my father had just solicited and obtained for me a cadetship in the royal corps of artillery. Till that time I had been studying mathematics; and the artillery school of La Fère, in Piccardy, was assigned to me, to continue learning what was required previously to being received into that corps, and to prepare me for the examination I should have to go through. All the preparations for my departure being finished, I was conducted by my father to the diligence; my eyes filled with tears at parting from him and my sister, and an aunt who was full of kindness to me. I was sent to Paris, to some relatives, who detained me there a few days, and then sent me on to La Fère, the place of my destination. The approach to this garrison opened a vast field to my imagination; but I would gladly have retarded the pace of the horses, to give me time for reflection on the embarrassment in which I was about to find myself, alone in the midst of a crowd of young military men, all strangers to me. What sort of reception would they give me? I had been told to expect many pleasantries on the part of my comrades, and had been generally advised to take them all goodhumouredly; but I had been given to understand that some might be of a nature not to be suffered;—how was I to distinguish all this, without a guide, without a friend?

On arriving, the officer to whom I was sent introduced me to the general at the head of the school, and to all the superior officers, who received me with much kindness; and he then charged the head boy, who was chief of the *calote*—a sort of private police, established among the cadets themselves to punish any dishonourable action or conduct unworthy of a soldier, or any want of courtesy towards their comrades or others, especially ladies—to present me to all my young companions, who were composed of candidates, pupils, and lieutenants.

They gave me a very friendly reception, and each in turn invited me to dinner. They all lodged at the *caserne* or barrack, and took their meals at inns. I was also introduced into the society of the place, which was composed, in general, of the wives of officers of the corps, and some ladies from the neighbouring chateaux. There reigned in it much of simplicity and amenity, and many pleasures united to attach me much to La Fère and the profession I had embraced. But I did not forget my pascal duties, and preparing myself for the celebration of Lent with as little dissipation of mind as I could help, I endeavoured to call to mind and cherish a sense of sorrow for any faults I might have committed. It will be believed I did not consult my comrades about this affair. I dreaded above everything the railleries I might expect, and to which the crimsoning of my forehead must have been the only reply; yet, at the same time, I sighed in secret to think that I should feel any embarrassment about a thing so simple, and at seeing many of my companions, otherwise such good children, wear the air of being no more occupied with God and with religion than if they had never heard them spoken of. This was because into the minds of many of them the truths of religion had never penetrated as they had into mine, while they had already read many books which tended to turn them aside from the practice of it.

Meantime I worked hard, in the hope of passing my examination. We received an order from the government to go to Metz, where the general examination for admittance into the artillery was to take place. Unhappily, this journey, and our séjour in a town which offers so many objects of distraction to a youthful mind, made me lose sight a little of my mathematics. This, added to a change in the method of working out the problems, prevented my getting through at this first attempt, which was a great disappointment to me; and the next year I studied resolutely, and passed one of the first; but unhappily I stopped there, and the year following led rather an idle life. I was unwilling to give up the habits of elegant society; my father had enjoined my keeping them up, and having been educated beneath the paternal roof, they were more natural to me than to a boy just leaving school. Thus, I indulged myself in visiting in many agreeable houses which were open to me; and if I had limited myself to this recreation, the rest of my time might still have been sufficient for my mathematics; but my comrades gradually drew me into other pleasures, for which I continued to find but too much leisure. My purse soon proved insufficient for all the demands upon it; I incurred debts, and it became necessary to have recourse to the Jews! I became unhappy in mind, and the usurers I had thus become involved with came continually to my door, endeavouring to make me contract new obligations; they had learnt that I was an only son, and that my father was sure to pay what I owed. I held these wretches in horror at first, and endeavoured to drive them away, but they were not easily to be prevented from coming again; and as the time for what I had first borrowed becoming due expired, I finished by incurring fresh claims to pay the former ones, at what rate of interest you may imagine. The sum became enormous in my eyes—the more so as I was yet only sixteen. At last I could not sleep; something must be

done. My tutor was too near me for me to dare to open my heart to him; still less dared I turn to my father, whose natural coldness of manner made me dread his reproaches;—and, indeed, what did I not deserve from him? I had a guardian whose kindness of heart I remembered, and it suggested to me the idea of confessing to him all the wrong I had done. I wrote him a long letter, promising him, upon my honour, never to commit anything of the kind again, and entreating him not to tell my father.

My letter made an impression on my guardian; his reply to me was at once severe and touching, without making me any positive promise; but, having a small capital belonging to me at his disposal, he wrote to an officer of carbines with whom he was acquainted, to request that he would settle my affairs with my creditors. The old officer sent for me to his house, and remonstrated with me so strongly, yet in such a friendly manner, that I felt it keenly; and embracing him with gratitude, while I could hardly restrain my tears, I promised him faithfully that I would profit by the lesson and the good advice he gave me. I kept my word; for from that time I never exceeded the allowance my father made me. In fact, I returned back into myself, and improved; but, unhappily, the mathematics had suffered, and I could not obtain my lieutenantship this year. Bitterly disappointed, I entreated leave to change my place of study, to be the more sure of breaking my connexions and getting out of my bad habits; and, obtaining permission to go to Verdun, where I applied in earnest, I passed at the following examination, as at a former one, among the first.

My sister had married in the year which had just elapsed; she had become the wife of a Monsieur de M——, captain in the infantry regiment called the Colonel-General; he was a gentleman of our province, and his ancestors had been councillors in the parliament of Bretagne. He was a man of high character, of very pleasing countenance, and gay and amiable disposition, and inherited the fortune of his father, which consisted in a fine landed estate. My sister was hardly eighteen; she was very lovely, with a good deal of intellect, and I was persuaded she would be very happy. Thus, the news of her marriage delighted me; my only regret was not to have been at her wedding.

During my stay at Metz, I had often occasion to listen to arguments upon the subject of duels—a rather delicate matter for a young man who is making his début in the world. I heard many different histories related of single combats which had taken place both among my comrades and the officers of the different regiments. Nothing excited more attention in my mind than the reflections that were made on the circumstances of each of these affairs, for I was extremely anxious to enlighten myself upon the subject, as I should have been desperate at the thought of not fulfilling, to a hair's breadth, the duties of a man of honour. What I had gathered with respect to it before entering into the service had often occupied my mind; for I found a sort of contradiction in what different persons said, which I could not reconcile to my own satisfaction. My father, for example, had made me learn fencing before my departure, and I had continued this exercise while in garrison; but my aunt, who had served me in so many

things as a guide and a mother, had given me to understand that religion forbade the engaging in these sort of combats; and I had heard ecclesiastics of merit reason in the same manner, and sigh over affairs whose results had been unhappy.

Notwithstanding all this, I said to myself, on receiving my sword, "If my honour is attacked, I shall take good care to defend it!" And another circumstance strengthened me in this resolution. A little time before I left home, an officer was seen to come to Angers who had just quitted the service, and it was whispered that it was for having refused to fight; I had even heard some young ladies, friends of my sister, say that they would never have such a man for a husband. I was resolved, then, on setting out for La Fère, to demand satisfaction of the first who should insult me.

But while seeking to make myself profoundly acquainted with the bases and rules of this ancient usage of the Franks, one thing was still wanting to me—it was experience. While I was thus far and no further, I saw one morning one of my comrades enter my chamber with his sword under his arm, and his air thoughtful and hurried; he came to say to me, "I am about to fight with such an one—will you be my second?" I confess I was seized with astonishment at finding myself called upon to play so important a part, without having all the notions upon the subject which I needed. Nevertheless, I felt a good deal of satisfaction at having been thought deserving, among so many older companions, to go upon the ground and act the office of judge in an affair of honour. I knew beforehand that the seconds in such cases were now and then obliged to measure weapons themselves.

The first thing I did was to begin questioning my friend to know the cause of the affair; but he replied brusquely, "Get your sword; I'll tell you that on the road; the rendezvous is in such a place, at eight o'clock." It was time; we started; he was anything but cool, and seemed to me to exaggerate the affronts of his antagonist. Arrived upon the ground, we found the other there already with his second. It was outside the town, in the fosses of a little fort that stood there.

The silent and solitary spot, and its destination at that moment, sent a sort of shudder through my mind, especially at the sight of my other comrade, as he threw off his coat upon perceiving our approach, unfastened the collar of his shirt, and took his sword. My friend, as rapidly as he, imitated him and approached him. I felt as if I ought to stop such precipitation, which could hardly have been exceeded for the most serious insult, and, coming between them, I said, "Gentlemen, you will not begin till we know the motive that has led you to this: if you have chosen us for seconds, we must fulfil our duty." The other second was of my opinion, and each of the combatants gave a short explanation, the only thing that was clear in which was, that they did not like one another, and that for a long time they had wished to fight—an occurrence which happened very often.

We left the space clear, their swords crossed each other, and, after a few minutes of strokes parried on either side, my friend gave a blow with his sword to his opponent above the breast, and his white neck was covered in an instant with his blood, which gushed out rapidly. He was but seventeen.

I came forward at this, and commanding my voice, notwithstanding the emotion caused by a spectacle so new to me, said, in a tolerably firm tone, "Gentlemen, this ought to suffice; you should stop here!" The wounded cadet wished to go on; he raised his sword; but while my friend remained indecisive, holding his with the point lowered, the other grew deadly pale. We became alarmed about his wound, which bled very fast, though the gash did not seem to be deep, and staunching it and binding it up as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, we again entreated our comrades to make up their quarrel. This time our overtures were accepted on each side in a satisfactory manner. They shook hands cordially, and we came away. Such affairs were very common among us, and I was not long before I entered the lists myself, becoming challenger in my turn to an officer of dragoons at Verdun, for the sake of a country-dance, which I wished to have danced first. I received a blow from his sword in the thigh; he a scratch from mine in the arm; and there the affair ended.

I am persuaded that any reflections I can add here will have been already made by those who have read these sketches; any who are fathers, or fond mothers especially, will perceive from them, to how many perils their children are exposed in a military career, even before having attained their growth. Indeed there are but too many ways to destroy one's self, and to become guilty before God and towards men! and when we think how a word spoken often without any ill intent, may plunge a whole family into mourning, we tremble to see a custom drawn from our ancient manners have so much force among us. Yet *how* is it to be remedied, since national prejudice wills imperiously that a defiance shall be accepted, even should one thereby expose one's self to all the rigour of our ancient laws, and be liable to die, and to be drawn upon a hurdle to execution, if convicted of having slain one's enemy.

Let us examine how it is that this danger is continually incurred. It is owing, surely, to a fault in our laws, to a bad tendency in education, to the want of making religion enter into it as a main spring, and also to the failure of establishing in the different bodies of the state, but chiefly in those which compose the army, the orders and regulations of a strict police. It is very needful, it seems to me, that the heads of such bodies should be authorized, and even obliged, to expel from their number all unprincipled, ill brought up, quarrelsome, or evil disposed characters; and such individuals, once expelled, should be considered inadmissible to civil or military employments.

There existed, in former times, lieutenants and marshals of France, whose office has now fallen into disuse. Why should not something of such sort be revived, but with more power over opinion, and, at the same time, adapted as closely as possible to the present state of manners? A committee of chosen men, for example, who should be charged to maintain and preserve among us truly virtuous principles, and that urbanity to the practice of which every public functionary ought to apply himself, and even *bend* his character, if it requires it: while, before all things, these leaders should give an example of the social qualities, and of the practice of religion—that necessary spring to the safety of a state. Such associations would have influence and power of action only in proportion as they were composed of men

of mature age, and taken from among those of long repute for elevation of character and greatness of soul—men whose judgment upon points of honour could not but be looked upon as infallible, and from whom the youth of the present day, so jealous of distinction, since the revolution has placed many of them in posts formerly occupied only by men in the prime of life and beyond it, might learn by slow degrees to recover from the error they are under, of imagining that age and experience are of no use in deliberations, and that wit and vivacity are able to do everything. This false notion has been a great evil to society.

I should, indeed, be happy if a project such as this, thrown out by chance, and but the dream of a moment, brought before other eyes, and adopted in any of its features, might ever serve to drive away, or even diminish from among our national usages, this frequent one of duelling. *Then*, perhaps, the duties which religion imposes, and to which all others ought to give way, might be reconciled with those which we have to accomplish as citizens of the world. Parents would then, perhaps, be more studious to watch over their children, to subdue their temper; and society and families would have the gain of not so often seeing flow, and flow purely to waste, blood that is guiltless, and often young, and whose higher destiny was the defence of the altar and the throne.

It was during that year that the young prince, afterwards Louis XVIII. (now long since gone down into his grave, an old man and full of sorrows,) came to Metz, in order to review the corps of carabineers, which was in garrison there, and of which the prince was colonel-general. His arrival, which was announced some time beforehand, occasioned the greatest excitement among all the military students. The thought of seeing amongst us a prince of the blood, the brother of our king, was one which at that period awoke the deepest interest that could be felt. Every cadet looked eagerly forward to the part he should act in the reception that was given to Prince Louis, and in the grand manuœvres that his presence would occasion, to the sham warfare between the garrisons of Thionville and Metz, which was to take place, and to all the fêtes and shows that were to follow.

It all came and passed,—our young artilleryman gathered, as he says, his first ideas of the magnificence which a court brings in its train, from being a witness of all this stir; it was among the departed pageants of the reign of the Bourbons; while men still lavished their heart's homage at the feet of idols so soon to be broken. And *when* they fell, how did the fickle human mind, that thing prone to wide extremes, refuse one show of decent reverence, one feeling of respect, to the true grandeur of misfortune nobly borne, of spirits uncrushed by all that man's hand could heap upon them of insult and evil. However, among the thousands who rose against the fallen, there *was* many a faithful voice and true sword lifted in their defence; and the writer we are following raises his testimony of affection in long after years, to be heard like the old follower's song in praise of his chiefs among the ruins of the palaces of Giaffar, when their forms are gone down into the grave, and the glories of their house are departed. Chambord is empty and sold to strangers, and princes

of another line tread in the halls of the Tuileries. When the cadet of La Fère shared the enthusiasm with which the Bourbon was welcomed to Verdun, he thought not that in a future year he should again welcome him, a throneless exile, worn with years and suffering, to the small and devoted band which was all he could call his own, and see him enter their ranks but to *leave* them; separated by the jealousy of foreign princes, from even his few faithful troops. He left them to have that grey head scathed by the assassin's bullet, on whose youthful brow the ponderous cap of the German cavalry "sate so well," when, as our describer says, he took it playfully from one of their officers, and studying himself in the mirror that hung near, declared he would ask for them for his own regiment. Every word, every movement of the star of the hour, his game at chess with the old artillery officer, his figure, his very looks, were studied by those around him, says Mons. de R., "showing how dear were then the Bourbons to the French." It was not long before every look and word of that unfortunate family was watched with a far different motive.

"Shortly after this," he continues, "I received orders to return to Metz to undergo another examination, (and by one whose name in England stirs the heart like a Bourbon's to a Frenchman of the old régime.) M. de La Place, the academician, had succeeded M. de Bezout; I presented myself, and was received a lieutenant in the royal corps, at the close of September, 1784. The oath then taken was kept in after years; and when the hour of trial came, Napoleon Buonaparte, a young artilleryman in the same regiment, meditating deep dreams, and wondered at by his lighter-hearted fellows, aided unknowingly the flight of his comrade from a post where to stay was to have broken it.

I was about taking advantage of a leave of absence to return home, when the smallpox attacked me, and I was near dying; but at length struggling through it I sought my friends. My sister was so struck with the change it had made in my countenance, that fear for herself took possession of her; she was attacked with the same disorder, and died of it the eighth day, aged only twenty years, and leaving her husband, her mother-in-law, our father, and myself, in a state of despair.

We gave ourselves up, my brother-in-law and I, to an outpouring of our mutual sorrow, which seemed as if it could only end with our lives. He came and established himself at my father's, where we never left each other; we slept in the same chamber, and night and day we conversed upon the loss we had just suffered, reverting continually to the one object of our thoughts. "To die so young!" we repeated; "so interesting in heart and mind; so lovely, so loving!" My father was unapproachable in his grief; his feelings were so intense: he only replied to us in monosyllables, and caused us the greatest anxiety; I was now the only child he had left to him; my sister had died without any. I obtained a prolongation of my leave, at the expiration of which I rejoined the regiment of Strasbourg, then in garrison at Douay. From this regiment I was sent into that of Grenoble, which was at La Fère, and after eighteen months with my regiment, I obtained another furlough at the moment it set out for Valence, the next garrison it was to occupy.

SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DROOG.

The chase was over on hill and plain, and the weary hunters of the jungle, laden with the produce of their sylvan toils, were plodding homewards; to enjoy the peace and shelter of their lowly cots, and forget in domestic endearment the cares and labours of the coming morrow. The peasant was returning from his field, his dusky path illuminated by the gleam of myriads of fire flies. The tiger had fled to covert for the night, and the roe was bounding across the plain to seek the woodland shelter. A gentle ripple was on the surface of a lake that lay embosomed in a romantic nook of forest scenery, across which the wild ducks were skimming to nestle in its fenny border; while the stillness of the watery mirror was only disturbed by the loud surging of a mountain stream, which rushed down a steep and rocky glen, and spread a broad sheet of foam into its peaceful bosom.

The sun had just sunk behind the western hills, and had shed a stream of rosy light on jungle copse and greenwood bower, that beautifully relieved the thickening shadows which were fast crowding on the landscape. Nor did the parting beam of day rest alone on greenwood bower and mountain stream: with vivid lustre it illuminated the embattled pinnacles of a savage Droog, whose stupendous height towered majestically over the woodland scenery which lay around its base, and partly clothed its steep and rugged sides with a mantle of variegated and luxuriant foliage.

It was beautiful to witness the effect of the evening sun on the tranquil and secluded scene. The clouds lay in rich luxuriance, their fleecy mantles edged with fire, round the refulgent bed of the sinking luminary; assuming every moment new forms, which presented to the imagination an ever changing panorama of cities, towers and castles, mountains, forests and lakes. The western hills, and the broad expanse of jungle that lay in the distance, reposed in deep obscurity; broken occasionally by a towering rock, or the gilded pinnacle of a pagoda, sparkling above the horizon. In the foreground the lofty summit of Savindroog, which was reflected in the lake that lay at its base, looked for a moment in the blaze of sunshine like a huge rock of golden ore, rearing its proud crest into the deepening blue of the heavens. Then a broad shadow, growing upwards from the base, as the orb of day descended, gradually usurped the craggy steeps of the mountain; diversified, here and there, with a glittering steel cap or matchlock, on some lofty turret or prominent bastion; until, at length, the brilliant colours faded altogether, and the thickening shadows of the Droog mingled in one deep mysterious gloom.

[1] Continued from p. 18.

The close of day was sweet and tranquil, like hope which to the dying sinner is the gentle harbinger of eternal rest. The silence was profound and unbroken, save by the silvery sound of a gong, or the impatient voice of a sentinel, calling for the relief of his post; until the loud report from one of the bastions of a rude piece of ordnance, an arm of very recent invention, proclaimed that the sun at length had sunk below the horizon. The stunning sound for a moment ceased, then down the rocky dell it flung on a thousand echoes; and, prolonged by the evening breeze, which wafted it sullenly over the deep recesses of the forest, it died at length with a murmuring close in the distant wilderness.

Meet residence for a predatory band was that proud and lofty hill, whose stupendous head riven asunder, presented two perpendicular eminences, separated by a fearful chasm: each affording a secure retreat, even though the other had fallen to the enemy, and by that means doubling the labour of reduction and the facility of defence. Nature seemed there to have stayed her plastic hand, and tried her utmost skill to frame a wonder of the world. Huge rocks of granite, as if hurl'd in wild confusion by some dreadful convulsion, met the astonished eye at every step. Tremendous crags, poised with such nicety that a finger might apparently overturn them, threatened the awestruck traveller, as, wandering in the glen beneath, he eyed from his rugged path, with fear and trembling, this dark abode of crime, whose dreary dungeons too often echoed with the heart-breaking sighs and dying groans of the hopeless captive.

The natural strength of the mountain had been increased by every warlike resource of which the defective science of the age was capable. Several tiers of embattled walls, strengthened with towers and bastions, embraced the Droog around; connected with each other by traverse walls and covered passages, which afforded at once a facility of communication and an additional means of defence. On the loftiest pinnacle stood the festive hall and the Haram of the Chief; which often echoed with the minstrel's song and the soft notes of the veena. There also the voluptuous Bayadere swam through the mazy dance before the pleasure-loving-Kempé; when, wearied with the toils of chase or battle, he enjoyed the *dolce far nients* on his castellated rock, whose towering head bade proud defiance to the storms, whether arising from elemental or human strife, which often ravaged the woodland scenes below. Half-way down the mountain's side stood the Pettah, or fortified town, which was principally occupied by the families, the artisans and other retainers of the garrison. From the nature of the site, the streets were steep and narrow, and the houses poor and mean: its population were lazy and brawling; and their great pleasure was to sit in the sun, in idle gossipry, on the lofty ramparts, which overhung in battle array the steep and rugged declivity on which they were erected.

Circling this terrible abode lay the dark and mazy jungle; whose deep and tangled recesses were seldom trod by mortal foot, or cheered by the lively tones of the human voice. Impenetrable clumps of bamboo waved their dark green masses in the wilderness. The Teak and Blackwood stretched their broad arms and luxuriant foliage

around, intermingled with the Tamarind, the Cocoanut and the Pine. The forest was diversified with the lilac-blossomed Nim tree, the graceful Areka palm, the fruitful Mango, and the beautiful Asoca; while the sacred Burghut presented, in many places, umbrageous groves and pillared arbours, springing and multiplying, with wondrous fecundity, from one parent stem. Innumerable flowering and aromatic shrubs, crept, in all the wildness of uncultivated nature, over the rugged ground; shadowing and concealing many a rocky dell, or gloomy cavern, where the tiger lurked for his prey, or the wild boar whetted his tusks for the onset. There, in the tangled thicket, the hooded snake lay coiled in venomed watchfulness; and through the rank grass glided with noiseless rapidity the fatal Cobra manilla: while the gigantic body of the rock snake* was not unfrequently taken for the trunk of a tree, as he lay gorged and supine in the dangerous path of the traveller.

No road led to this impregnable fortress save one; if we may so denominate a narrow and a rugged track, which wound over hill and valley, through the otherwise impenetrable jungle. Rudely arching overhead the thorny branches of the Bamboo, and innumerable other trees, obstructed the cheerful light of day, and spread a silent gloom around; which was only interrupted by the scream of the peacock, or the brawling of the mountain torrent, foaming over its rocky bed. The presence of man in the wilderness was indicated solely by objects which inspired involuntary terror. These were rude piles of stones that frequently met the eye, surmounted by a small flag waving on a bamboo staff; and which were thrown together by pious or frightened travellers, to mark a scene of slaughter by one of the savage denizens of the forest. Occasionally by the side of the path a stone was placed upright, with the figure of a camel or a bullock rudely delineated thereon, to indicate that a robbery had been committed there; and one bearing the figure of a horseman, with a drawn sword, signified the perpetration of a murder: while stones, which bore some fancied resemblance to the Lingam of Mahadeo, were frequently encountered; placed upright, and bedaubed with oil and red ochre, a significant emblem of the worship of the destroying Deity.

Night was now far advanced, and the heavy mist arising from the pestilent atmosphere of the jungle was curling upwards, and forming into a dense mass at the foot of the mountain. The silence was profound, and the gloom was impenetrable, while a sentinel on the watch tower of the Pettah was pacing his solitary round, and anxiously waiting the moment of relief. Suddenly his quick ear caught the fall of an approaching footstep, and making the customary challenge, he learned to his satisfaction that the intruder was his long expected successor in the night-watch. With a peevish accent he reproached his companion for having loitered beyond his time, and the other replied as sharply to the accusation.

"A plague of your impatience, Narsing," said the newcomer, "you're always grumbling, like a child or a woman, at some trifle or other."

* Boa Constrictor.

"No one more likely to grumble than yourself, Pertaub," replied the other, "if cheated of half an hour's rest in the chokey, when every moment may call us out for days, and nights too, to the naked hospitality of the jungle."

"The sooner the better," responded Pertaub, "for I like not these idle habits we've got into since the departure of the Goud; and watching nothing but yon sickly mist at nights, does not by any means suit my constitution.

"Doubtless," said Narsing, "a night watch on the track of a caravan of Banyans or Pearl merchants, would agree with you better; but Doorga only knows if any more such pleasures are in store for us."

"Nay cheer up man," cried Pertaub, "misfortunes you know cannot always last; and the hour may not be distant when we shall have such another day's work as that on which we eased the Mysoreans of their luggage."

"Ah! that indeed," said Narsing, "was sport worth talking of; but do you know," he continued, in a lower tone, and drawing closer to his comrade, "do you know, Pertaub, or have you observed that, since that blessed day, our chief has been no longer the same man that he was?"

"Of course," replied Pertaub, "I have observed what is apparent to all: he has been silent and mysterious and ruminating ever since; and seems to have thought about nothing but this ill omened expedition to Srirungaputtun, which is not yet over, and which I fear will come to no good in the long run."

"And then," cried Narsing, "the absurdity of taking with him the Cashmerian dancer, and a troop of our women; as if he was only going to a masquerade, as the bidden guest of the Rajah."

"Tis a strange business altogether," said Pertaub, "and may turn out a losing game; for, if any faith may be placed in the rumours now current, our gallant chief has sustained already a terrible overthrow in one of his masquerading frolics, and has tasted the sweets of a Mysorean dungeon."

"Hush, hush," exclaimed Narsing, "walls have ears you know, and your words at this moment may be overheard bythe familiar spirits of old Rungapa; for it was through his agency that Kempé escaped from prison."

"Doorga preserve us!" piously ejaculated Pertaub, "only think of his transforming Kempé into an old Brahmin, and Vega into a dancing girl; and carrying them off, under these disguises, in the midst of the Rajah and all his Court!"

"He's an awful old man, that's the truth of it," said Narsing, "and played his part well at the battle of the golden Moorut, that we took from the old Ambassador."

"Now that you mention the golden Moorut," said Pertaub, "I suspect there is mischief brewing on that subject, that may give us some trouble yet."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other.

"The matter is this," replied Pertaub, "that old Yacoub, the travelling Banyan, who comes this way occasionally ——."

"I know the old rogue," exclaimed Narsing: "he is always bringing some bangles* or other gewgaws to tempt the women to throw away money, and many a rupee has he taken out of my pouch with such rubbish. By Doorga! I would have eased the fellow of his wares long before now in the jungle, only he bears a Dustuk from the Goud."

"That's just my feeling towards him," rejoined Pertaub, "but he is protected by the Chief because he brings news of what's passing in the world. Amongst other intelligence he informed me, in consideration of some purchases made by my good woman, that the Brahmins of Mailgotah vow vengeance against us for the loss of their golden Moorut."

"Hey day!" exclaimed Narsing, "are the holy fathers going to take the field in earnest? Blessed Doorga send them this way that we may give them a rib roasting, and fleece them of some of their ill gotten wealth.

"Nay," said Pertaub, "you are out in your calculation, for the venerable drones never fight but with the arms of others; a description of warfare at which they are wonderfully expert."

"Pray who are to be their allies, on the present occasion?" demanded Narsing, "for the Rajah of Mysore, to whom by right the quarrel belongs, appears to be so occupied with the marriage of his daughter, and the entertainment of her royal lovers, that I doubt much if he has time, or inclination, for such a chase as we could lead him."

"You are right in your supposition," replied Pertaub, "and the Brahmins are entirely of your opinion; for, instead of troubling the Rajah of Mysore to vindicate their rights, they have applied for assistance to the Polygar of Nundydroog!"

"The Polygar of Nundydroog!" exclaimed Narsing with astonishment.

"Yes," continued Pertaub, "and also to the Polygars of Ootradroog and Hooleadroog, whose territories lie in a circle round ours, extremely convenient for a simultaneous attack upon all points."

"But, mercy on us!" cried Narsing, "these are all the allies and sworn friends of our master."

"Bah!" said Pertaub, "don't talk like a child, with a beard on your chin like a horse's mane."

"Why, it was only the other day," said Narsing, "that they drank the cup of forgiveness and amity at the Birth-day festival."

"True," said Pertaub, "they drank the cup of forgiveness and amity with Kempé, as Polygar of Savindroog; but when he assumed the title of Maha Rajah, the pledge, they say, was no longer binding; and the assumption of a superior dignity on his part was an offence they never can either forget or forgive."

"Whew!" exclaimed Narsing, with a long drawn respiration of surprize, "sits the wind in that quarter? By the head of Siva then we shall have stirring times of it; and the masquerading of the Chief may end with a tragedy. But have these recreant Polygars really formed a coalition with the holy fathers of Mailgotah, the deadly enemies of the Bheel race?"

* Bracelets.

"It is so supposed," replied Pertaub, "but of that fact old Yacoub is not certain; though he shrewdly suspects they cannot withstand the temptation of dividing amongst themselves the territories of Kempé."

"Divide the territories of Kempé, quotha!" cried the indignant Bheel, "the unconscionable knaves, does their ambitious longing soar so high?"

"Yes," replied Pertaub, "that is the bait with which the Brahmins intend to hook the gudgeons; the venerable fathers, with unwonted moderation, insisting only on the restoration of the golden Moorut, and the splendid presents for the shrine; which you know was our lawful booty, captured with the spear and the sword."

"By Doorga, yes," cried Narsing, "and with the sword and spear it shall be kept, if this woman's festival in which our Chief is engaged do not altogether change his nature. Would to heaven he were returned, that a suitable reception might be in preparation for the ambitious Polygars."

"Think you he will return with booty from the festival?" demanded Pertaub.

"What a question!" exclaimed Narsing, "when did Kempé return empty handed to his Droog, especially after so long an absence?"

"He has been long enough away," said Pertaub, "to levy tribute, for that I suppose is his object, on all the crowned heads who are now playing the fool at Srirungaputtun."

"That, of course, is his object," replied Narsing, "and doubtless he will return with golden chains and jewelled crowns enough to last his family for fifty generations to come. But I must now to bed; and grumble not, Pertaub, if I pay you off in your own coin when the morning watch is come, and you think the moments crawl with the velocity of the slug."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Pertaub, "be charitable for once in your life, and return good for evil—hark! heard you aught from the jungle like the winding of a distant horn?"

The question was not answered, but with mute attention both Bheels now listened, their bodies bent eagerly forward to catch the supposed sound. Nothing, however, was heard for a few moments except the sighing of the midnight breeze amongst the hollows of the rocks, and the rank foliage which crowned them. The Bheels then changed their attitude: lying flat on the ground, they pressed their ears to the earth, and continued in that position for a few seconds, silent and motionless. At length one of them started up, and exclaimed in joyful accents:

"By Doorga! it is he! 'Tis the collary horn of the chief, faintly winding in the distance. There 'tis again still nearer than before:—do you not hear it, Pertaub?"

"As distinctly," said Pertaub, "as I heard the Ghurry* which

* The apparatus with which the hours are measured and announced, consists of a shallow bell-metal pan, named from its office *g,huree-al*, and suspended so as to be easily struck with a wooden mallet by the G,huree-alee, who thus strikes the ghurees as they pass, and which he learns from an empty thin brass cup (Kutoree) perforated at the bottom, and placed on the surface of water in a large vessel, where nothing can disturb it, while the water gradually fills the cup, and sinks it in the space of one ghuree, to which this hour cup has previously been adjusted by an astrolabe. A g,huree is 24 English minutes. *Gilchrist on Hindustanee Horometry.*

told just now the hour of midnight. Tis the Collary horn of the Chief, sure enough, rousing the echoes of the jungle. There it comes booming up the steep ascent, with a rapidity that seems to indicate unwonted haste, or desperate pursuit."

"Ay, there it comes indeed," exclaimed Narsing, "riding on the breeze with the spirit of a conqueror. That martial blast makes my soul bound with joy: and lo! amongst the distant trees that fringe the base of our heaven-built hill the flickering gleam of the Mussaul* appears at intervals, like a cloud of fire flies wheeling upwards in giddy dance. Take your horn, Pertaub, while I prepare a flight of rockets, and let us see who shall give the most hearty welcome to our noble Chieftain."

Pertaub, accordingly, seized his Collary horn, and poured forth a peal so long and so loud that he seemed ambitious of calling up the spirits of departed heroes, to honor the return of his lord; while Narsing, not to be surpassed in zeal, sent a flight of rockets into the air, which illumined the heavens to a considerable distance, and descended in a shower of brilliant stars on the pathway of the travellers.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRIZE.

Roused suddenly from their sleep by the shrill blast of the Collary horn, and the loud crashing of the rockets, the rude inhabitants of the Droog sprang hastily from their beds; and, seizing their arms, rushed forth in expectation of meeting some midnight assailants. Great, however, was their joy on learning the cause of the alarm; and with eager haste men, women and children huddled, in a confused mass, towards the Pettah gate, which was the main entrance to the fortress; all equally anxious to hail the return of their gallant Goud and his hardy followers.

Bars and bolts were now quickly withdrawn, and the iron studded gates were rolled back on their massy hinges to admit the travellers. The ponderous archway echoed with the voices of eager expectants; who crowding out to a rugged platform that overhung the steep and narrow pathway, eagerly looked forward to distinguish amongst the coming troop, a father, a husband or a brother; and to receive from their hands the accustomed present, or token of a successful expedition. One by one the jaded freebooters wound slowly up the rough and woody steep, while the flickering ray of the Lackree, or pine torch, with which some of them were furnished, illumined a bossy shield or a steel head piece, as they appeared at intervals through the feathery branches of the Bamboo, which was thickly planted in clumps round every vulnerable part of the Pettah wall.

"Now then for something rare and costly," said one of the women to her neighbour, "my good man knows where to lay his hand to some purpose; and I'll wager my last new set of bangles against your silver girdle that he brings me a better prize than yours."

* Torch or flambeau.

"Likely enough," replied the other, "for my sot thinks more of his own belly than of his wife's back. But yonder they come, cheek by jowl, looking as cross as the bars of their helmets, and hanging their heads, as if they had been marvellously well beaten."

"By the necklace of Doorga! you're right, good woman," responded the first Beldam, "they do, in truth, look sadly crest fallen, poor fellows; and their hardy steeds, though they carry no bags of game to break their backs, stumble up the road as if they hadn't a leg to stand upon."

"Father! father!" cried an urchin, as one of the harassed troopers drew nigh, "what have you brought me from the Hooly? I want a silver shield and a brazen skull-cap, that I may ride with you on the next foraging party."

"Ride off to bed or to Patala, scapegrace," replied the affectionate parent, and "worry me not with your foolish questions."

"Welcome back, brother," said a young girl tawdrily dressed, to another of the jaded band; "I hope you've not forgotten the nose ring and the silver bells you promised to bring me."

"Get out of the way," cried the surly Bheel, "or I'll give you a ring in the nose that you little dream of."

Many more questions were put and answered in a similar manner, by the hopeful inhabitants of the Droog; from which it soon became evident to all that the expedition, so far at least as regarded booty, had been a total failure; and the sanguine hopes, which had been excited by the long absence of the band, giving way to the most bitter disappointment, a scene of scolding and recrimination now ensued before the Pettah gate. The confusion of tongues was about to yield in turn to a round of fisticuffs, by no means a rare occurrence amongst the marauders of the jungle, when the disturbance was suddenly quelled by the angry voice of the Maha Rajah, who had now reached the platform, and attracted the wondering eyes of all.

If the surprise of the inhabitants of the Pettah had been excited by seeing their husbands and fathers return empty handed, from so tedious and so promising an expedition, it was increased to a pitch of wonder on beholding the fatal prize which had fallen to the share of the Maha Rajah himself. This, to all appearance, was nothing more or less than the dead body of a female; attired with a degree of richness and elegance which excited the amazement and admiration of the fair part of the community; who, in their happiest dreams of finery, had never imagined any thing so truly splendid and magnificent. Kempé confided his insensible burthen to two of his attendants, and alighted from his foaming steed, which was literally sinking to the earth with fatigue; then, having placed her carefully in one of those wicker-work litters, used for conveying females to the summit of the Droog, he directed her to be borne up the rugged path, and followed himself on foot with all convenient speed.

But the rapidity with which his orders were obeyed, did not prevent the wondering spectators from obtaining a transient view of the matchless charms which graced the fair insensible. The faultless symmetry of her form more than realized the pictures their fancy had drawn of the sea-born goddess, when she sprang from the Churning of

the Ocean, a prize worthy the contention of the gods. Bracelets of inestimable value decorated her beautifully rounded arms, and wreaths of pearl adorned her glossy and luxuriant hair. Mortal vision, they said, never rested on a form so exquisitely moulded; while all acknowledged that a lovelier cheek never pressed a pillow, and brighter eyes never closed in rest: but now, alas! those brilliant eyes seemed dead, those lovely cheeks were pale and wan; for the rose of happiness was faded, and left the mourning lily sighing in its place.

The last of the troop who appeared was the gallant Vega, with Cashmerian Lillah *en croupe*, half dead, apparently, with fatigue and fright. She was also placed in a litter, and borne up to the Haram of the Chief, on the summit of the Droog. The band of jaded marauders then retired into the Pettah, their rude and martial shadows falling on the massy portal, as slowly and doggedly they passed beneath the ponderous arch; while the lofty roof echoed with the clang of spear and shield, the loud neighing of the steeds, and the noisy clamours of the disappointed crowd.

Meanwhile the hapless Lachema, for she it was, still in a state of insensibility, was borne by two sturdy and sure footed Bheels, accustomed to the office, up the steep bosom of the Droog; the narrow and rugged path leading through gloomy portals, winding passages, and flights of steps, cut from the solid rock, and rendered slippery by the oozing of moisture from the rents and crevices of the overhanging crags. The ruthless Kempé followed close upon his prey, as if fearful of losing sight of her, even for an instant; and though excessively harassed, both in mind and body, he laboured up the rugged path, which was dimly illumined by a flickering torch borne by one of his attendants in front.

After passing a drawbridge, which connected the Pettah with the upper fortifications, they entered a narrow passage between two high stone walls, which enfiladed two sides of the rock: these were loopholed and furnished with jinjalls,* and earthen pots filled with powder, to fling amongst the assailants who might approach the fortress in that direction. The path next led up a steep ascent, scooped out of the perpendicular side of the rock, and overhanging a tremendous precipice; down which, if a single footstep were planted wrong, the bearers and their precious load would have been hurled to inevitable death, in a savage glen that yawned many hundred feet beneath. This dangerous part was no sooner past than a huge rock of granite, which towered upwards to the sky, seemed to put an effectual bar to all further progress; until the torch bearer touching a concealed spring in a crevice of the rock, an iron door flew back upon its hinges, and displayed a low and narrow cavern, of a gloomy and forbidding aspect. Through this the party proceeded, with as much rapidity as was consistent with safety; ascending, in their progress, several flights of narrow and slippery steps: while the close and sepulchral air of the place oppressed their respiration; and numerous large bats, frightened from their lurking holes by the light, flapped incessantly in their faces.

At length they emerged from this gloomy passage, and found them-

* Long swivel guns.

selves on a narrow platform, overhanging a tremendous gulf which resounded with the roar of a torrent, that tumbled over its rocky bed, apparently at a fearful depth below.—Stopping for a moment to breathe the pure air of heaven which fanned their flushed and overheated features, they boldly stepped upon a single plank, which was dimly shown by the torch spanning the awful chasm. With a steady pace and unshaken nerves they crossed this fragile bridge, laden as they were; and seeming to regard as a matter of course, a danger which an unpracticed eye would turn giddy merely to look upon. Another winding path and flight of steps were then ascended with equal dexterity by the hardy Bheels; and they found themselves at length on the summit of the Droog, fronting the aerial residence of the Chief, and many hundred yards above the level of the surrounding country.

Preparations having been made for the reception of Kempé, his mountain palace was illuminated, to mark the joy of its inmates at his long expected return, and shone with extraordinary lustre amidst the surrounding darkness. The scene that met the eye when the gilded portals were thrown open, was one of the most brilliant festivity. The lofty and highly ornamented hall was hung with lamps that were fed with aromatic oils, and blazed with intense brilliancy: a splendid collation was prepared, comprising every luxury of the East; and a troop of blooming Bayaderes, armed with wreaths and garlands of flowers, advanced to welcome their lord with song and dance, and to repay the anticipated presents with smiles and wine. But the brow and manner of the Chief were alike repulsive; and the chilled votaries of pleasure drew back in mortified silence, when they beheld the stern aspect of their lord, and saw the extraordinary prize which had crowned his recent labours.

The Begum, partly recovered from the state of insensibility in which her faculties had so long been steeped, looked around her with dismay and astonishment; but a stupor still oppressed her senses, which might arise from fright and fatigue, or from the influence of some powerful narcotic. With a bewildered air she rubbed her eyes, and gazed intensely at every object that met her view, as if anxious to find something that might afford a clue to the terrible mystery of the scene: but strange faces and strange objects alone were visible, for Kempé and the Cashmerian carefully avoided her sight; and closing her eyes and pressing her hand to her forehead, she became plunged for a moment in deep and excruciating thought. Suddenly, as if awaking from a horrid dream, the conviction of the dreadful reality seemed for the first time to break upon her mind; and uttering a cry of despair, so piercing and so piteous that it penetrated to the core of many a callous heart then present, she fell in violent convulsions on the marble floor.

The women around, though sworn votaries of pleasure, and habitual scoffers at every semblance of female virtue, flew to the assistance of the hapless Lachema, with that instinctive pity and commiseration which never altogether lose their power in a woman's breast: lifting her up with care, and even tenderness, they bore her to an inner apartment; where they applied all the remedies, and lavished on her all the attentions her melancholy condition required. After some

moments of anxious suspense, Kempé being assured that his lovely captive had returned to her senses, and was, in some degree, tranquil and composed, committed her to the charge of his faithful and dexterous Cashmerian; with repeated directions to treat her in every respect as if she was still in her father's palace, but to keep her in profound ignorance of her present abode. He then retired from the Haram, and descended the hill, to take up his residence for the present in the Pettah.

While the distressing scene we have just related was passing on the summit of the Droog, the inhabitants of the Pettah, particularly the female part, were all in bustle and confusion. They surrounded the jaded and peevish troopers who had just arrived, and worried them with incessant inquiries respecting their recent expedition; but the sullen and evasive answers they received only excited still further their insatiable curiosity, and gave a keener edge to the sarcasms they vented on the mortified marauders.

"Is this a new dancing girl you have brought home to us, Ramajee?" cried a toothless beldam to her lord and master: "methinks we have cattle enow of that description already on the Droog."

"True enough for you, Paupee," chimed in another, who was chiefly remarkable for her ugliness, "plenty, and more than plenty, have we got of the conceited things; and 'tis enough to drive one mad to see them flaunting about with jewels and fine clothes; while honester—aye, and even handsomer women too, are forced to drudge day and night, like me, with scarcely a rag to my back."

Here a laugh from one of the band, at the comparison drawn by the last speaker between her beauty and that of the Bayadere's, procured for him a smart box on the ear, which turned the laugh very much against himself.

"Gramercy for that slap, neighbour," exclaimed another fair Bheel, "it would serve them right if we were to bang them all round with broomsticks; for they look like a troop of Parriah dogs that have been well whipped by the Mysoreans."

"Devils of women!" cried one of the band in a passion, "if you don't hold your jades' tongues, and let us have some rest after a hard ride, I'll send my horse in amongst you, and he shall answer you with his heels."

This threat was received with a laugh of derision and defiance, and one of the termagant crew exclaimed in a tone of bitter irony:

"Your horse, forsooth! he hasn't a leg to stand upon, any more than yourself; poor galled, spavined, broken-winded animals that you are!"

"I'll lay a wager," cried another, "that the horse fought better than the man, for the battle seems to have been won with the spur instead of the sword."

"And therefore," cried a third, "we'll call it the 'Battle of the heels,' or a hasty retreat from an invisible enemy; for, as I hope for a golden girdle, there is not a trace about the runaways of a single blow having been struck."

This remark elicited a general hoot of scorn from the amiable helpmates of the mortified Bheels, one of whom endeavoured to turn the tide by exclaiming:

"The victory is not always won by blows, and the deed we have done this night is worth more than fifty battles."

Another laugh of derision followed this doughty boast, and one of the tormentors exclaimed:

"A mighty exploit you have performed truly! Why you have not even robbed a hen-roost of an addled egg."

"Nor picked the pocket of a sleeping Banyan," said another.

"Nor stolen a glass bangle from a frightened child," cried a third.

"You have been coaxing away from some wandering jugglers their only dancing girl," cried Paupee.

"And that brazen-faced Lillah has been the decoy duck," said Gunga."

"They're very well matched," said one, with a toss of the nose, "for the new comer looks no better than she ought to be."

"A low-lived thing with no pretensions to beauty," cried another.

"A tawdry baggage," echoed a third, "with copper chains and glass bangles."

"I warrant they're not honestly come by, neither," said a fourth.

"Silence, you haridans!" cried Ramajee, "you know not the angel you're speaking about."

"Marry come up, my man," exclaimed the indignant Paupee, "is that the way you take up for your madam?"

"If my husband were to say as much," cried Gunga, "I'd claw his eyes out."

"The base man," exclaimed another of the fair Bheels, "to take the part of a common stroller against his own lawful wedded wife!"

"A decent, honest, respectable woman!" said one.

"And the mother of a numerous family!" cried a second.

Here all the good women chimed in with pity and condolence for the wrongs of their injured neighbour, whose angry passions were becoming every instant more inflamed; while her lord and master, in the midst of the infuriated throng, anticipated every moment an attack on his face and eyes, more terrible than the onslaught of the Mysoreans. Happily for the poor man, however, the attention of all was now directed to Vega; who, having just arrived from the summit of the Droog, was supposed to possess the most recent intelligence respecting the mysterious occurrence. He was accordingly surrounded, and assailed with a multiplicity of questions; and finding that he had no other resource than address to relieve him from the predicament, he promised to gratify the curiosity of all, if they would form a circle and patiently listen to his story.

With eager delight the crowd accordingly gathered round the dexterous Vega, who calling for a veena, seated himself on a stone in the midst; and, while the torches threw their flickering glare on the characteristic group, he sang in his most lively manner

THE BHEEL'S CHAUNT.

Why ask you where we seize our prey?
We roam the forest by night and day,
For Mahadeo is our guide,
And Doorga ever is at our side,
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in jungle shades
To skim the lawn with our dark-ey'd maids:
Or seize on a sudden the bended bow,
And spring unawares on the startled foe!

We climb the mountain's rugged side:—
We swim the river's foaming tide:—
Nor mortal force nor human skill
Can ever evade the watchful Bheel!
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in jungle shades
To skim the lawn with our dark-ey'd maids:
Or seize on a sudden the bended bow,
And spring unawares on the startled foe!

In Kingly palace or lowly cot
To feast is spread where the Bheel is not:
And the princely bride with the peerless eyes,
Is ever decreed our Chieftain's prize.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in jungle shades
To skim the lawn with our dark-ey'd maids:
Or seize on a sudden the bended bow,
And spring unawares on the startled foe!

Then ask not where we seize our prey,
For we roam the forest by night and day;
From the lowly cot to the princely hall,
We levy our tribute alike on all.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in jungle shades
To skim the lawn with our dark-ey'd maids:
Or seize on a sudden the bended bow,
And spring unawares on the startled foe!

Every one acknowledged that the song was a good song and very well sung, but all exclaimed with one voice that they were as wise as ever with respect to the mystery which hung over the expedition. As woman's curiosity is said to be the last hobby that ever tires, Vega was therefore about to be assailed with a host of new questions, when the arrival of Kempé from the upper Droog, put a period to the commotion, and the discontented women were obliged to retire to their respective homes, there to discuss the matter with their husbands in secret divan.

Midnight had now spread her gloomy mantle over all things, and a dreary silence reigned around; save when the forest resounded with the hollow gale, which wafted the roar of some distant torrent up the steep bosom of the Droog: or when the silver sound of the ghurry circled at intervals, from post to post, round the barriers of this Alpine fortress; while every change of the watch was signalled by a blast of the Coffary horn, flinging its wild unearthly peal on a thousand an-evening echoes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MYSTERY.

Sadly and heavily the hours passed with the hapless Lachema, whose sufferings during the night were such as may be more readily conceived than described. Torn thus suddenly by an irresistible, though unknown power, from all she held dear upon earth; at a moment the most interesting to the female breast, and when every blessing the world can afford was in her possession, her mind was a prey by turns to grief, terror and despair. The few short intervals of sleep she enjoyed were embittered by the most terrific dreams; and her waking moments were made equally wretched, by the constant appearance of strange objects and unknown faces: which, though they looked smilingly and even tenderly upon her, doubtless concealed hearts of fraud and treachery, the fitting instruments of the unknown demon in whose power she was.

In a state of feverish and dreadful anxiety thus passed the dreary night, whose lingering length dragged on with intolerable slowness, as if the sun had for ever quitted the heavens, and consigned the world to perpetual gloom. Occasionally the unhappy captive would endeavour to collect her distracted thoughts, in order to account for the fearful change which had been wrought in her destiny. Her memory was perfect with respect to her visit to the shrine in the Cypress Isle, and her offerings and prayers to her guardian goddess; in the midst of which, she recollected, with a shudder of anguish, that she was seized by some unseen beings, who bound a scarf round her eyes and mouth, and hurried her she knew not whither. She further recollected passing the river, apparently in a boat; being placed on horseback, hurried over a rugged road, and after a short but painful journey, plunging suddenly into water, with a violence that deprived her of her senses. After this all seemed a confused and hideous dream, which might have lasted a considerable period for aught she knew: for she was deprived of all consciousness, apparently by the influence of some powerful soporific; until the moment she awoke to a sense of her hapless situation, and found herself surrounded by dazzling lights, symptoms of unrestrained festivity, and female faces, all strange to her, and displeasing, from their forward boldness, and tawdry style of exaggerated ornament.

Once more her thoughts reverted to the dreadful scene in the temple, and she endeavoured to ascertain the part which had been acted by her favourite Coornavati. She recollected perfectly that when she herself was seized, she had uttered a loud scream; but she heard no corresponding symptom of terror from her attendant; towards whom, indeed, no violence whatever appeared to have been offered. During their progress across the river, she thought she had overheard the sound of a female voice, as if whispering confidentially with some individuals around her: and she had even heard a smothered laugh, at some rough jest, which appeared to have reference to the agonies of a disappointed bridegroom. The voice and the laugh evidently emanated from the same person; and to her horror and disgust that per-

son, she felt assured, was no other than her favourite and her confidential attendant Coornavati.

The suspicion that now shot across her mind gave a pang of anguish to the gentle and sensitive heart of the Begum, which had less reference to the hopelessness of her own condition than to the worthlessness of the object on whom she had lavished so many favours. The more she reflected on the subject, the more thoroughly convinced she was that she had been betrayed into the hands of some person influenced by evil designs against herself, by one who had won her unsuspecting confidence in assuming a sacred character, and wearing a look of the most artless innocence. The persevering wickedness of the plot, and the inimitable manner in which the assumed character of the pilgrim had been sustained throughout, bespoke a perversion of talent, and a depravity of heart, which it was sickening to think upon: but the disgust which the princess naturally felt at such atrocity, was not unmixed with bitter feelings of self reproach, at the want of penetration, and the too easy disposition, which had exposed her to so direful and unlooked for a catastrophe.

From the base instrument of the plot to the still more criminal principal, the transition was natural; and the acute mind of the Begum was now employed in a vain attempt to discover the perpetrator of this daring and unprecedented outrage. Here, however, she was entirely at fault, having no indication whatever to guide her judgment or suspicion towards any individual in particular; though she could not permit herself to doubt, for an instant, that she was beholden for her present captivity to one, or other, of the rejected rivals of the noble Kistna. With this conviction on her mind she felt a ray of hope illumine the darkness of her despair; for the supposition was so obvious, that it must naturally occur to all who were interested in her fate, and lead to immediate and effectual measures for her recovery. An outrage on a powerful Monarch, of so gross a nature, must necessarily enlist in his cause the feelings and interests of all who wore a crown; and the steps that would consequently be taken for her recovery, in every direction, and especially by her adored and energetic lover, the Begum fondly hoped would lead to a speedy and fortunate result.

With a mind somewhat calmed by these consoling reflections, Lachema looked about with eager curiosity, when the light of day permitted her to discover the objects by which she was surrounded. She was lying on a splendid couch, in a spacious and lofty apartment, ornamented and furnished in a rich and costly manner, but with an evident want of a correct and refined taste. There was an unnecessary profusion of glitter, and an incongruous assortment of tawdry tapestry. The wainscotting of the room was overloaded with carving and gilding; the paintings and statues were rather grotesque than elegant; the furniture gorgeous, but ill matched; the carpets rich, but gaudy in colour and confused in design; and there was, in the general arrangement, an apparent absence of that presiding genius which is only to be found in the delicate tact and cultivated mind of an elegant female.

She was gratified, however, if any thing could be said to gratify

one who had suffered so dreadful a reverse, by finding that her own peculiar taste had evidently been consulted in some of the arrangements of this gorgeous saloon. A table of beautiful marble contained books and drawing materials; another was laden with flowers of the richest colours and aromatic perfume; musical instruments occupied one place, and an embroidering frame another. Nor must we omit to mention that many other tables of costly wood, or variegated marble, were laden with glittering ornaments and female attire; piled in heaps, if not with scrupulous elegance, at least with princely munificence. Indeed any other eyes than those which now gazed on them, with indifference and contempt, would have been dazzled by the rich profusion of pearls and precious stones, bracelets, armlets, and anklets of the most costly materials, and exquisite workmanship; rings and pendants of sparkling jewels, diamonds of unrivalled size and water, golden zones, embossed with the most peerless gems, silken robes and shawls woven in the looms of Shiraz and Ispahaun, of unequalled manufacture; exhibiting in their various details, triumphal processions, trains of camels and Arab steeds, sumptuously caparisoned—gorgeous palankins—elephants with glittering howdahs —groups of musicians—bands of beautiful Bayaderes, and the countless attendants of mighty chiefs, pourtrayed with equal skill, fidelity and splendor.

From the saloon the Begum ventured to enter a broad and elegant verandah, agreeably shaded with creeping plants of equal brilliancy and fragrance: in front of this lay a flower garden of rather limited extent, but great beauty; diversified with clumps of Asoca trees, and marble basins of pellucid water, furnished with gold and silver fish in abundance. The garden was bounded by a slightly elevated terrace, and handsome iron railing; which the Begum, urged by a very natural curiosity, approached. She immediately drew back, however, with a start of surprise and terror, at finding herself on the edge of a tremendous precipice, which actually overhung a boundless extent of woodland scenery that lay in mazy obscurity many hundred yards beneath her feet.

With a conviction, now for the first time obtained, that her aerial dwelling was on the summit of a stupendous mountain, and perhaps far beyond the reach of human aid, the lovely captive returned to her apartment, in a melancholy and desponding mood, ruminating with bitter anxiety on her dreadful fate. Her reflections, however, were somewhat pleasingly interrupted by a strain of music, in which female voices, of great melody and sweetness, were happily blended with instrumental harmony of the most finished taste and execution. Before her surprise at this novel salutation had subsided, a pair of folding doors opened on noiseless hinges, and admitted a train of very handsome young girls, richly attired, and bearing gold and silver vessels of exquisite workmanship: these were laden with every preparation for the morning repast, which the most luxurious epicure could require, to please his palate, or tempt his flagging appetite.

When the fair bevy of attendants had deposited their savoury viands on a table of lapis lazuli, they approached the Begum in a body and made a profound and respectful obeisance. They then retired in the

same order, with noiseless feet, and eyes modestly bent upon the ground; leaving, however, one of their number, to attend more immediately to the wishes of their fair guest; and who, crossing her arms on her breast, stood at a short distance, silent and motionless as a statue.

This little scene had passed with such order and propriety, without the intervention of a single word of command or instruction, that Lachema was forced to confess that much pains had been taken for her gratification also in this particular. She felt, however, no inclination whatever to partake of the proffered hospitality: for the unhappy state of her mind had totally deprived her of appetite, and she longed to be left alone to the indulgence of that sorrow with which her heart was full. She accordingly motioned her young attendant to remove the collation; and the latter, striking her palms together thrice, the folding doors again opened, the troop of young girls entered, made their obeisance to the Begum, and withdrew with their gold and silver vessels untouched, in the same order and silence as before.

At midday the same ceremony was observed, preceded as before by a strain of music, but with no better success; for the hapless Lachema, absorbed in sorrow and drowned in tears, took no notice whatever of the entrance or the exit of her silent and obsequious attendants. With a mind distracted by alternate fear and hope, she passed the day and the night in silent rumination on her strange and fearful destiny; alternately covering with kisses and bedewing with tears the portrait of her lover, which was contained in the bracelet he had placed upon her wrist in the temple of Sri Runga; and fervently thanking her protecting goddess that even this solitary pleasure was still left to her distracted bosom.

The second day at noon the Begum still rejecting all nourishment, her silent attendant ventured to approach: with a profound obeisance, and tears in her eyes, she besought her to partake of some refreshment, if it were only to avert the consequences of an unnatural fast, which would doubtless be attributed solely to her want of attention or unskilful service.

There was something ingenuous in the air of the young girl which attracted the notice of the Begum, and it struck her that she might obtain, through her means, some insight into the mystery of her present position. She therefore unclasped a valuable bracelet, and presented it to her, with one of those ineffable smiles that never missed its way to the heart.

Nelleeny. for that was the girl's name, took the jewel and pressed it to her forehead, and to her lips: she then returned it, exclaiming in a tone of much feeling:

"Many, many thanks! but the Beebee will pardon me, for I have express orders from my lord to accept no presents from one who is mistress of this castle and all it contains."

The term Beebee struck rather harshly on the ear of Lachema, who had never before been addressed by any other title than Begum and *Highness*. But ascribing the mistake, very justly, to an ignorance of her rank on the part of the speaker, she simply observed:

"Your lord is generous, and doubtless rewards the fidelity of those who serve him."

"Ah! yes," replied Nelleeny, "very generous, and brave and handsome; and I'm sure you'll love him when you see him."

"Indeed!" cried the Begum with a melancholy smile, "perhaps so, child; but may I ask the style and title of your generous lord?"

"Oh! that," said Nelleeny, "the Maha Rajah has forbidden me to declare; but he loves you dearly, and so he ought, for you are a thousand times more beautiful than Lillah."

"More beautiful than Lillah!" repeated the Begum with a gesture of surprise.

"Yes," said Nelleeny, "your friend and companion Lillah."

"My friend and companion!" reiterated the bewildered Begum.

"To be sure," cried Nelleeny, "the Cashmerian dancing girl that came with you the other night to the Droog."

"Alas! alas!" mentally exclaimed the unhappy Lachema, at this confirmation of her worst suspicions, "am I then so fallen as to be considered the friend and companion of a Cashmerian dancing girl? To what unhappy fate has my imprudence betrayed me?"

"The Beebee seems disturbed," cried Nelleeny, "but let her not be unhappy, for the Maha Rajah loves her dearly, and Lillah is already half mad with jealousy."

"With jealousy!" exclaimed the Begum.

"Yes," replied Nelleeny, "she wanted, forsooth, some of those fine things yonder, but the Maha Rajah swore by the skull chaplet of Doorga that no one should have them but yourself."

"For heaven's sake," cried the Begum, "pack them all up, and give them to Lillah, as you call her, rather than I should be an object of her jealousy."

"In the blessed name of Doorga!" exclaimed Nelleeny, in utter astonishment at a proceeding so unprecedented, "is the Beebee in her senses to give all those splendid presents to Lillah? No, no, let her go hang, for we all hate her, she is so proud, and every one is glad you are come to be our mistress."

"I your mistress, my good girl!" reiterated the Begum.

"Yes to be sure," said Nelleeny, "for the Maha Rajah himself told us so, and that we were to obey you in all things, the same as himself."

"Then by all means," cried the Begum, "open the doors instantly, and let me quit this place for ever."

An exclamation of surprise was all the astonished Nelleeny had power to utter for some moments: at length when she had sufficiently recovered from the amazement excited by so novel a demand, she replied:

"The Beebee must surely be in jest when she talks of leaving a husband who is so handsome, so powerful and so generous as the Maha Rajah."

"I assure you," cried the Begum earnestly, "I never was more serious in my life, therefore open the doors, my good girl: guide me from this prison, and I will load you with riches."

"Oh! that is impossible," said Nelleeny, "for the gates of the

Haram are never opened except by the Maha Rajah himself, when he comes to visit his wives."

The unhappy Lachema sank upon her couch in a state of excruciating agony, at the horrible species of imprisonment to which she was doomed, and sobbed with a violence that frightened her simple attendant; who, without comprehending the cause of her wretchedness, did and said every thing in her power to alleviate her sorrow. She said the Maha Rajah loved her more than all the ladies of his Haram; that he frequently expressed his anxious wish to be admitted to her presence, but did not dare to intrude without permission—.

"Send him hither instantly!" said the Begum, with a voice accustomed to command, "that I may know the worst at once."

The eyes of Nelleeny sparkled with delight at being the bearer of so pleasing a message to her lord, but she first entreated permission to assist the Beebee in her toilet:

"For though," she said, "you are more beautiful than a Bayadere of Swerga, your tresses require fresh braiding, and the golden Champac buds that adorn them are withered: and the Maha Rajah is so particular——"

"Begone!" said the Begum, in a stern voice, "and obey your orders."

The half puzzled half frightened Nelleeny disappeared in a trice, wondering at the inconsistency of a lady who could think of summoning a lover to her presence when the braiding of her hair was in disorder, and the Cama-poolel* withered and scentless.

Meanwhile the afflicted Lachema busied herself with vain conjectures as to which of her rejected lovers now held her in captivity. But she had no other clue to guide her than the frequent allusions made by Nelleeny to her handsome lord, from which she was induced to think that she was indebted for this dreadful outrage to the Rajah of Berar; who, besides being the handsomest of her lovers, was also the most likely to commit a rash and foolish action. She therefore came to the conclusion that he was the offender, and accordingly prepared a speech to greet his appearance with: in this she intended to rebuke him sharply with his forgetfulness of the hospitality of her sire—his cruel treachery and inhuman conduct towards herself, and his base dereliction of those honourable and upright principles which should ever influence a royal breast.

The cogitations of the Begum were cut short by a martial strain of music, and a flourish of trumpets; and the folding doors being thrown open wide, in walked the Maha Rajah, clothed in regal splendor, and looking every inch a king.

With an exclamation of astonishment the unhappy Begum sank upon her couch, and covered her blushing features with her trembling hands; for instead of seeing before her, as she fully expected, one of her rejected suitors, the Maha Rajah who now held her in captivity was an utter stranger to her sight.

* Flower of Love—the Jessamine.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER. No. XXVI.

THE RIGHT HON. T. B. C. SMITH, ATTORNEY GENERAL.

We have long since abandoned the idea, with which we originally commenced, to admit into our temple none but the statues of the truly great. We soon discovered the impracticability of continuing our series if we adhered to this grand design. After half a dozen subjects on this principle—collected, too, not without difficulty—we found our roll exhausted; for, on coming to inquire into the character and pretensions of those who in the distance appeared elevated by their talents or virtues above their contemporaries, on a clearer inspection they turned out to be men of very ordinary mould, and distinguished not by superior abilities, but only by superior fortune. True greatness we found not at all to correspond with our early expectations, and in order to maintain our resolution, we were driven back to the men of the last century. The general diffusion of knowledge and more practical habits of business have brought down talents to a more uniform level in the law, as well as other professions, though a few cypresses still tower above the surrounding brushwood. But if there were longer men whose names sounded in the mouths of the multitude—who realized the *virum volitare per ora*—there were others with more unpretending abilities, and with claims less ambitious, who were not the less deserving honourable mention. Of this numerous class we have already given several sketches, taken indiscriminately from all political sections, and with little regard to the order of their talents. As they presented themselves, we noticed their claims, "without fear, favour, or affection, so help us—." And yet, our impartiality did not escape censure. Like that regimental corrector of whipping celebrity, whether we aimed high at virtues, or low at vices, some were still dissatisfied with our treatment. In our pencilling of the late Whig Attorney General, we introduced a group of place hunters into the back ground. The heads were purely ideal, but one gentleman, who thought he perceived his own likeness among the throng, considered himself personally insulted, and would have it that he was the original of the hatchet-faced fellow tugging at Mr. Pigott's skirts. We disclaimed any such intention, but the apology did not take, and we were set down as adulatory daubers. Not being quick of resentment, and always ready to meet criticism half way, we stood rebuked in patience. From all this we inferred the extreme danger of meddling in any way with such dispensers of good or evil as Attorneys General. Their friends are so anxious, and their enemies so acid, that if you steer a middle course you have both on your shoulders. Truth lies between the zeal of the one party and the hostility of the other. At the risk, then, of many perils, we try another Attorney. Though Mr. Smith had never reached that eminent position, his claims on our attention would not be the less indisputable, for, long

before this last plume was added to his bonnet, he was in the first practice at his profession, and allowed by all to be a very distinguished lawyer.

Mr. Smith is a very youthful looking man, nor are his years disproportioned to his appearance. He reckons about forty-six, an age which witnesses the sowing of the wild crop with some, but with him has already produced the rich wheaten harvest of fortune and reputation. He is the second son of the late Baron Smith, and, like some one of the sons of Irish judges, was destined from his breechhood to the bar. We know nothing of his progress in the primal elements; nor is it important, as he is not of the great minds who will leave the impress of their power behind them. He is merely an able lawyer, who will pass away with the crowd of men as able as himself. This relieves us from the necessity of inquiring into his juvenile aptitudes—a privilege we have reserved for those who precede, not those who follow, their generation. In Trinity, to whose representation he was lately paying indirect courtship, he received his education, but the records of that abode of the Muses are wholly silent as to his honours. In 1813 his name appears among the three centuries of pensioners. Nothing more doth the calendar record, though many of his contemporaries, whom he has distanced in the legal race, outshine him there in medal, prize, and premium. In one department of the quadrennial curriculum he must have been distinguished, although we lack authority for the assertion, and that is logic. He was just the smart, sharp, close, plying fellow to extract order from the mass of perplexities, which swarm as thick as clustered bees through Murray's dismal compendium. Given the major and middle in the first, and the subcontrary of the minor, in what figure is the syllogism, and express it! Here, our faith on it, he was quite at home, running from one maze into another, seeking intelligence from *Celarent* here, and *Camenes* there, and revolving in his mind the inimitable beauties of the *reductio ad absurdum*. If he did not ponder over sorites and enthymeme with a delight which "logic wits alone can feel," then are we poor in conjectural skill. Can you look at his face, or hear him reason, and doubt our probabilities? This appears to be the only result of his college discipline, for of classical or any other kind of literature he exhibits scarcely a perceptible trace. It rarely happens that men of education do not, at some time or other, exhibit passing remembrances of that knowledge to whose acquisition some of the happiest and most retentive of our years are devoted. Times will occasionally occur for the innocent display, and he will be not the less a lawyer for the momentary relaxation. There is Mr. M'Donagh, whose Greek or Roman erudition is not very profound, yet, to illustrate what we say, we choose him as the least favourable example. Last term he was examining a witness as to an occurrence which took place at night. "I saw it," said the witness, "*in the gloom of the night.*" A rather fine spoken gentleman remarked the similarity of the expression to Virgil's, when Mr. M'Donagh, who had quite enough to do with his tricky witness, turned round, and with that extra refined grace of manner which has so captivated Baron Pennefather, and has

had a precisely contrary effect on the saturnine Judge Perrin, remarked to our classical neighbour, "My dear fellow,"—(he never before interchanged a syllable with him)—"the same thought struck me—Virgil's *noctis per umbras*—a beautiful idiom!" From the Attorney General you never hear any more pregnant quotation than *vigilantibus non dormientibus*, or some such classic apothegm. He has derived no softening influences from ancient taste or eloquence, and the consequences are apparent in a style hard, repulsive, and puzzling as the bricks of Babylon. He was called to the bar in 1819.

Judges' sons have facilities of progress denied to others, and *cæteris paribus*, or *imparibus*, they will sooner slip into business than those who are less fortunate in the prestige of paternity. Mr. Smith must have risen to eminence, though his father wore hodden gray instead of judicial scarlet. He could stand firmly on his own claims, without the spoon-feeding of attorneys, and he did stand; for the Baron supplied him with no walking horse. He left him to his own industry and ambition—to win the prize if he had the power, and, if he had not, to abandon it to the more worthy. As a course of preparatory training, he set about reporting in the Queen's Bench very soon after he was called. Smith and Batty, and Fox and Smith's Reports were the result of his divided labours—reports highly distinguished for their accuracy, and among the best law reports that have been published in this country. This discipline rendered him conversant with the practice of the court, which, combined with the patronage of the bench, soon raised him into professional notice. There is no great merit in recording the points fixed by authority—it confers no credit, and presumes no capability, except the mechanic skill of taking down what other persons might do just as well. At this time, too, time is of little value to the party, for he has no business to occupy it. Still, though there be in this occupation little originality, it contributes in some degree to the professional success of the reporter. He is known to understand thoroughly the course of proceeding in that court, and in cases of practice is often taken in as a useful help-mate for the leader, whose knowledge of its intricacy is likely to be refreshed by the more assiduous and hard-working junior. Hence, this species of authorship has become one of the avenues to success: in England, however, more frequently and surely than in this country, where the candidates are so many, and sons and relatives of attorneys multiply to such an alarming extent, and where, as a necessary consequence of the universal nepotism, they monopolize the business, which, if the interests of the clients were concerned, should be bestowed on more efficient men. Mr. Smith deserved his fortune; for even though, in his younger days, he aspired no higher than "to chronicle small beer" in such a vehicle of authority as the Legal Reporter, there could be no doubt of his future distinction. It was certain, and however tardy in the coming, come at length it must.

In his subsequent career as a lawyer there is nothing very remarkable. He obtained briefs, and argued them cleverly and ingeniously. He was a good man at all sorts of work, from the knotty motion to

the more serious argument *in banc*. What could client require more than to have his case well digested and skilfully argued, or what counsel than to store his purse with the abundant fruits of his labour? In such pleasant relation stood Mr. Smith and his clients from an early period of his profession—he found the learning, and they brought the fees. He was the man for a desperate motion. No person could make so much out of the rottenest cause. He could not bubble their lordships, like Mr. Litton, leaning over the board of green cloth, and in the most dove-like tones, and with the most captivating grimace, implore the court to do justice to his poor persecuted client; neither could he, like Mr. M'Donagh, recommend his view of the case "with the greatest possible humility," while the cunning of the serpent lay under that too plausible and petitioning adulation. Mr. Smith, too, had his little tricks of conciliation, but he usually travelled by the rougher road, as the strong and independent advocate will prefer, for servility gains nothing. He put forth the "plain and simple circumstances of the case," and wrought out of their roguish unsoundness as comely a picture of unredressed wrong or unrecovered right as ever fell to the lot of a skilful tongue in exaggeration or suppression. His ingenuity accomplished for him what simple right failed to do for others. By over-colouring here, and subduing a glaring tone there—by combining things wholly dissimilar, or disuniting what ought to be taken in conjunction—by reading emphatically what had a show of authority in his favour, and slurring over skilfully what bore against him—by ferretting out loose dicta of judges, so much to the point, and marvellously clear,—in a word, by confounding, mystifying, unstating and overstating, all but misstating, he so bewildered the bench, when not watched very closely, as to foil the better cause. His success brought all the hopeless business, a large share of a lawyer's practice, into his hands. By the Roman law, every advocate was required to swear that he would not undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust, and that he would abandon a defence which he knew to be supported by falsehood or iniquity. This practice prevails at present in Holland, and if an advocate brings forward a cause which appears to the court plainly unfounded, he is condemned in the costs of the suit. If the Roman or Dutch law were introduced into our country, Mr. Smith would be a heavy sufferer. Of course he is ignorant whether a cause be sound or unsound until adjudication. Dr. Johnson long ago defended the morality as well as the reasonableness of legal practice. At all events, by the Roman law, Mr. Smith should either give up an income of many thousand sesterces, or suffer the interdiction of fire and water, while, in the country of Grotius, his expenditure would far outrun his receipts. He has all the cases of that class termed "dangerous," meaning thereby where the costs bid fair to go against some honest attorney. Let one counsel be whom he may, he is pretty sure to see endorsed on his brief, "with you T. B. C. Smith, Esq." He received a silk gown in 1830.

It is natural enough that the human mind, "drenched and infused in habits," should take a tinge from the soil through which it flows, but it is also very unnatural that it should contract a hue different from

the character of the strata. Mr Smith's father was a true Whig of the old school, of the school of Fox, and Burke in his better days, though, soured by disappointment at the neglect of his friends, he veered round a few years before he died. The son profited nothing by the principles of the father—he adopted a different set of opinions. On the first registration after the Reform Bill he, for the first time, took a decided part in politics, and thenceforth seasoned his narrative with a copious condiment of Tory maxims. He might be seen day after day in the Rotunda, arguing *coram* our poor friend Con Lyne the famous "crow-flight question." Mr. Smith argued, with charming perplexity to the assessor, that a man ought to walk from Dublin Castle to the top of Killiney hill as straight as the fowl of the air flieth, even though the great wall of China or the lines of Torres Vedras interposed. Our friend Con did not comprehend the equity of this reasoning. That might be all very well in the days of the Romans, who carried their road from London to York, and from York to Agricola's Wall, as straight as the purposes of the republic: but, reasoned he, the Romans were never in Ireland—*argal*, the roads are crooked, and, by irresistible inference from this unshaken position, the people, not having had the straight, must have travelled by the crooked. The crooked, then, being an ancient custom of the country, the crow-flight argument does not apply, and I overrule the objection. Mr. Smith's logic could not get over this matter of-fact solution of the difficulty—he yielded to the superior ingenuity of the assessor, whose reasoning Purcell O'Gorman declared, was worthy Coke's on the *scintilla juris*. This was Mr. Smith's first public essay in arms for his party. His advocacy was voluntary and gratuitous. It is creditable, at least, to his consistency, to have chosen that party at a time most inauspicious to his own interests. They were discomfited, scattered, shivered into fragments. As a future power in the state, they seemed to be annihilated. Like clouds in a hurricane, they were driven before the popular blast, and, like them, when the storm had spent its force, they emerged from behind the mountain tops, and overspread again the political heaven. It requires high principle to join the vanquished There is no charm in siding with defeat, except in generous minds, to whom a fallen cause is ever the most attractive. Self interest is actuated by less noble influences. Mr. Smith had then "the world before him where to choose"—he was embarrassed by no past declarations—he might have recanted his opinions with much more facility than others who snuffed office afar of, and obtained it—the old moss troopers of the Ascendency, who plundered so long under its banner, and, when the hour of danger came, deserted it. He did not act so base a part; he exhibited no symptom of defection in the days of Tory distress, and on the return of their triumph he was remembered.

In 1834, when the Grey ministry was dissolved, and a temporary joy lit up the desponding eye of Conservatism, Mr. Smith came forward with his person and purse, to aid in establishing the victory. It was hinted to him that he must move in the matter, and for a great object make a small sacrifice. He began to look about for a quiet, comfortable, compact borough, where a little money would

go a great way; and his septennial slumber remain undisturbed. Like the palmer from Palestine,

> "North he looked, and south he looked,
> And eke both east and west,
> To find a sweet secluded spot,
> His anxious soul to rest."

And *pardieu* his roving eye alit on the "ancient" borough of Youghal, where the electors are mostly fishermen, and of especial skill in baiting for gudgeon. After making inquiries as to the state of their nets—the looped and windowed raggedness of their ill-conditioned sails—the operation of the fishery laws on their interests, and several other little matters of equal pith and moment, which might form a perfect manual for candidates in a population of fishermen, he declared his resolution to contest the ancient and loyal borough. His namesakes of Ballinatray were active, and his grace of Devonshire neutral; his adherents were vigorous in exertion and abounding in the "sinews," and Mr. Smith himself personally admired. With a less popular antagonist than the son of Mr. O'Connell he would have then been returned. The numbers were 167 to 164. He petitioned, and failed. Clean hands are not quite as necessary before a parliamentary committee as the Court of Queen's Bench, still the danger was considerable, for a speaker's warrant, citing the presence of Tim Hoolahan, an imaginary representative of a class, would have compelled petitioner to offer his palms for inspection. But let that pass.

Though he lost his money, he saved his character, for it requires no vast powers of divination to predict that in the House of Commons his failure would be most signal. He would be no exception to the rule laid down by Lord Bacon, that "in matters of policy and government it is an error to rely on advocates or lawyers, which are only men of practice and not experienced in books; who are many times easily surprised when matter falleth out beside their experience to the prejudice of the causes they handle." Three hundred years have operated little in the aptitude of lawyers for legislation, and as many more will find them as Bacon found them, unequal to "matters of policy or government." This defect lies in the very nature of their occupation. The keenest and most vigorous minds are habitually employed in producing arguments on narrow, technical, and microscopic questions. This habit acts forcibly on the intellect, particularly of those who get into practice before their minds have expanded into full maturity. The talent for throwing off multitudinous words with little in them, becomes a law of their understanding, and so inveterate the custom of talking inexactly, and inelegantly—of never raising their style above the level of points, cruxes, and crotchets—of devoting their entire energies to the learning of Chitty's Archbold, and deriving their ideas of jurisprudence from Dwarris on Statutes,—that the faculties required for comprehensive speculation or accomplished speaking are broken down or rendered useless, and when they enter parliament they are at the mercy of the commonest debater. They have so long grovelled among mere vapid technicalities, that they are unable to comprehend or discuss the ordinary problems in politics. They cannot penetrate be-

yond the surface of questions, and are utterly lost when "anything falleth out contrary to their experience." This proverbial incompetency in legislation is the fault of their training. There have been gifted minds, the versatility of whose genius, combined with invincible perseverance, enabled them to unite in their persons the qualities of the lawyer and statesman — such as Mansfield and Romilly and Plunkett. But they were orators and statesmen, not because they were lawyers, but because they had a grasp of intellect which soared above professional trammels. They are the exception—the few—the very few who rose beyond the murky atmosphere of the courts. Different is it with the mass, who are wonderfully expert in the war of law phrases, and address common juries with surprising effect. But carry them into St. Stephen's—here their old rhetoric is of no avail—the old disquisitions touching the value of "ifs" "ors," and most pregnant "et ceteras," must be changed for something more practical and intelligible. He who cannot disencumber himself of the dead weight must expect the result—the fate of being coughed at, barked at, brayed at, and all the other cheering sounds which issue from the throat of the parliamentary menagerie. Truly fortunate was it for Mr. Smith that his ambition was frustrated. In the first place he would have been in opposition for seven tedious years, and in the next, professional losses without the requital of reputation.

How does ambition overleap itself! Behold the late member for Colerain, who started on his parliamentary way "full of life and flushed with glowing hopes." The prospect before was rich in promise. He flattered himself that he was an expert, nay, a decidedly eloquent speaker—of high repute at the bar, and thus most acceptable to his party, who could confide in his sense, discretion, and unrivalled judgment. In fact, he was to be the leader for Ireland, and if any untoward accident should befal Sir Robert, Mr. Litton was to take up the lamp. Instead, however, of realising all the glimpses of glory which he had fondly figured to his own exalted self, his aspiring wings gave way, and he dropped into the gulf of contempt. Behold him next—watching at the doors of Whitehall "until it may please the tyrant to awaken"—our Coleraine Hannibal! and after kicks and cuffs enough to satisfy a donkey, a mastership in Chancery thrown to him to assuage his importunate cravings. This came of his parliamentary labours. Had he kept quiet, he might have worn the lion's skin longer, and with greater advantage. Without instituting a comparison between the Master and the Attorney General, we may venture to say that the latter will not far outshine him in legislative qualities. The master was violent, turgid, and muddy; the Attorney will be more guarded—he will speak little, and be well prepared on every subject he undertakes. He will not dazzle by his eloquence or improve by his knowledge, but he will still be a careful and ready adviser of the crown, and never caught in ignorance of his business. Sir Robert Peel will be pleased with him. He has address, he can accommodate himself to his party, and partake of their moderation, and though naturally of a warm temper and very strong political opinions, which are at present below par in the ministerial market, he will subdue his zeal to the required temperature, and never offend by any of those displays for which some of our representatives are

so distinguished, and which well nigh extinguished themselves, as in the case of the member for Coleraine. We intended to devote one of our closing sections to his parliamentary capabilities, but as the few remarks we had to make were of no great importance, we have thrown them off here, though somewhat out of place, mixing up, but we trust not confusing, the past with the future.

After his defeat at Youghal, and the rapid overthrow of the Peel government, he applied himself at home to the interests of his party, and, when that duty did not interfere with his profession, he zealously exerted himself. True, he had a prospective eye to the day of requital, but what partisan has not? Labour is always worthy the reward. His sphere was a narrow one, not select on some occasions—but, such as it was he worked it round. There was an hebdomadal gathering of some very foolish and frantic gentlemen at Dawson Street, entitled the "Metropolitan Conservative Society," where the leading characters were barristers without brains—attorneys without clients, and a miscellaneous flock gathered from the various professions and trades, to take care, on every Saturday night, that the republic sustained no detriment. These gentry were in a continual ferment, threatening, ever and anon, a little '98 of their own, if Maynooth was not extirpated, and the splendid buildings of the Education Board reconverted to their primal object—the Beresford riding-house! The Municipal Reform Bill drove them all raging mad. Their "voice was all for war!" It reminds us of the valiant Lemuel Gulliver, who, when raised some sixty feet above the ground on the hand of the king of Brobdignag, draws his sword, and tells his majesty that he knows how to defend himself. Grildrig spoke boldly, and so did his brother Grildrigs of the Metropolitan Society. But as Lord Beefington saith, "Courage without power is like a consumptive running footman." Sir Robert lately disbanded this dangerous contingent of his force. Mr. Smith was a member of this ridiculous body, and it always surprised us that a person of his character and pretensions should ally himself with such a motley and infuriate assortment. But the most cautious will sometimes fall into bad company, and into never a worse—we mean politically—did cautious or incautious man ever fall. Another display of his activity was the registration of the city. He argued all the important questions raised on franchise appeals, and those who wish to read a masterpiece of ingenuity, will find it in his argument before the twelve judges on the Beneficial interest dispute—if they desire a contrast between mere ingenuity and pure substantial reasoning, they will discover the difference in Mr. Moore's arguments on the other side. Nor did his services end here. He was always a munificent contributor to the fund for contesting the representation of the city, and in the last two elections, as his friends boast, gave donations to the amount of a thousand pounds. A greater merit still awaits him, worth ten times that liberal gift—he is said to have warmed into life the famous "House and Premises" question, which obtained five seats for his friends, and of which three have been restored to their legitimate owners by committees more rational than sheriffs' assessors. In truth, few men worked with more ardour or made more serious sacrifices than Mr. Smith. He did so without much parade—without standing too sharply in the public eye, or drawing on him the resentment

of adversaries, for he is calculating and prudent, and though bitter as aloes in his sentiments, never obtruding them offensively. The first symptom of ministerial regard was manifested in sending him down on a special inquiry to Clare, where the conflict had taken place between the police and people. All agree that he conducted the investigation with true impartiality, and the agents of all parties were unanimous in heaping panegyrics on the commissioner. His report was well drawn up—and the moderation it recommended quite fascinated Lord Eliot, who has a heart for gentle courses. The sudden death of Judge Foster left a vacancy in the Common Pleas, and Solicitor General Jackson, after being tossed up and cast down by the alternate influences of hope and despair, was at last ermined. Mr. Blackburne refused the seat of a corner functionary in the most agreeable court in the empire, where the Chief says sundry pleasant things from half past ten to "nigh meridian time," and then, with his learned brethren, makes the retiring salaam for the day, while the crier prays the usual benediction on her most gracious Majesty.

Mr. Smith dropped into office rejoicing, and Master Litton, poor soul! took to weeping. Why was that? He who had been as inflexible to his party as a steel bar—whose personal disquiets were as great as his pecuniary losses—having, on a late occasion, with a munificence worthy of Spurius Cassius, distributed two hundred half quarterns of the first wheaten bread among the independent electors of Coleraine—he whose incalculable services are only equalled by the prodigal eloquence with which he accomplished them—to forget such a man and raise another to the Solicitor Generalship, who could show no scars on his breast—whose buckler was still virgin white in the struggles of party—was the very archetype of the ungrateful. Rare Master Litton! thou wert a persecuted man. And so too thought the Protestant Operative Association, who presented thee with an address expressive of their sorrow, and overflowing with sympathy for thy sufferings, and to which thou didst vouchsafe a reply—panegyrizing the patriotism of the associated bulldogs of Fishamble Street, wishing thy "revered and beloved friend, Mr. Smith," the enjoyment of his dignity! Momus's window, we apprehend, would exhibit to us a different mental condition. Messieurs Blackburne and Smith were now the law advisers—an admirable assortment—matched in size, shape, and colour, harmony itself in harness, and thoroughly sound, except that the younger had a kick in the leg which the veterinary of the ministerial stud thought would pass off after some hard work. To descend from the figures of the horse repository, Mr. Smith had long been opposed to the Maynooth Grant and National Education. The latter particularly he disliked, we doubt not very conscientiously. In proposing Dr. Lefroy for the University, two years since, he dwelt with rapture on the Doctor's views on Scriptural Education, because "he had never directly or indirectly countenanced the board, but had always opposed the government." Now, Sir Robert Peel would not suffer the slightest infringement of the principle of instruction—Mr. Blackburne, who knew how to accommodate himself to the sentiments of the most opposite governments, would support any confession of faith the minister wished to impose. Mr. Smith was fiery,

impetuous, and zeal-stricken. Maynooth and mutilation were his watch-words. He must now either change his tone or lose his place—take the College of St Patrick to his heart, and recommend the board as a model of educational beauty. There was a consultation of state doctors, and a powerful cathartic recommended to the Solicitor General, which, though nauseous, he was compelled to swallow. Being restored to a more healthy state in consequence, and all amicably arranged between him and the great prescribers of the constitution, the next object was to obtain his presence in parliament. Nothing could tempt the wily Attorney General to break a long plighted vow, never to trust himself to St. Stephen's. The crafty fox saw all the foot-marks leading to the lion's den, but none at all coming out. The credulous dupes are all devoured as fast as they enter—no unfair type of the chapel. Many trend there—how few come forth without a fracture. Mr. Smith was less prudent. He flew at the offer, and the seat was promised. But where was the vacuum? This reminds me of a circumstance which occurred shortly after I was called to the bar. I accidentally met an acquaintance of former years, whom I had not for a long time seen. He might have answered for the importunate gentleman whom Horace encountered on the sacred road, and whom he only got rid of by the timely aid of a brace of Roman bailiffs. "Most happy to congratulate you," quoth my friend. I bowed thanks. "The very person, of all living I was most anxious to see," seizing me by the button hole. "There is a trifling matter about which I would have your advice."—"Very well, you shall have it, but I hope you will not think of a fee this time, we will arrange that hereafter," was my generous reply.—"O, nonsense, nonsense, my dear fellow—not take a fee! very good, indeed! I thought you lawyers would as soon refuse a fee as Dean Hoare a bishopric. You know the Dean—a good Whig—eh! It is indeed a small thing—only three guineas—sorry it is not more."—Wishing to bring the interview to an end, I agreed to accept. "Well, well, that's sense—I like sense—good quality in man or woman. Call on you in the morning with the papers and guineas. If you did not take that poor fee, I declare to goodness I never would speak to you." Wishing him a good morning, I trotted off, when he came up again and whispered in my ear, "*Could you let me have a guinea, that will be four!*" The last little incident has nothing to do with the purpose, but the remainder is in point.

While the negotiation was in progress, Sir Michael Loughlin died, and Mr. Blackburne found the realization of all his hopes and wishes—a comfortable court all to himself—an obedient bar—and what he admired not the least, a magnificent salary. He would have preferred the Chief Justiceship of the Queen's Bench, but that learned judge presiding there, most strange to tell, would not exchange. Fortunately for the liberty of discussion through the press, Mr. Blackburne sits where he does, in peace with the world and himself. He will not henceforward be so sensitive about the privileges of public servants, whom no fellow with a handful of moveable types dare assail, had he only the power of the *imprimatur*. He is now laid up for the remnant of his life, and we only hope that he may rival the patience and gentleness, the learning, integrity and wisdom, of his predecessor.

The lawyers of our generation have discovered a very short and patent mode of becoming learned, without the fatigue of much reading or reflection. The way to acquire a reputation for universal legal lore is two-fold; first, as Swift says of another class, to read books as men do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then boast of their acquaintance: and, secondly, to get a thorough insight into the index, which governs and turns the volume, like fishes by the tail. As the great gate of jurisprudence is too closely watched by Talent and Industry, they are content to steal in by the postern. Mr. Smith is not of the royal roadsters. His knowledge is not based on the heads of chapters or skeleton indexes. He has read deeply and well. Nature moulded him for a bustling, wrangling, hard-cheeked lawyer, and he has aided her by cultivating the learning to which his intellect was formed. He is skilled to a miracle in any kind of business—theory and practice are equally familiar to him—nothing escapes his ingenuity, because he takes good care that nothing shall. It is the boast or shame of one of our judges, that he never looked into a law-book until necessitated by his first brief, and, verily, the fruits of the confession are too apparent. You would at once feel that this was not true of Mr. Smith, and that he laboured hard through his probation, and long before. We do not, however, set him down as of the *ne plus* in erudition or argument. He is not first-rate. He wants many qualities which constitute that character. Give him all the learning between Glanville and the last Term Reports, make him a walking repertory of the statutes; he has not the calmness and clearness of judgment to turn them to account. In this *clair-voyance* he fails. He will show expertly enough how apparently similar propositions differ; he will weigh the value of contradictory authorities, and extract the true principle from their opposition; but he has not that intuition which springs from a profound judgment, and reaches the merits of a case at a glance. Mr. Moore far surpasses him, and, indeed, every man at the bar, in this quality. He has not Mr. Smith's *finesse* in reasoning; he cannot throw over a false position the same air of truth, or when presented by an adversary, expose it with such rapidity and effect. He is not also the same master of cases. Mr. Whiteside quotes a larger number in a single argument than Mr. Moore during an entire term. He is purely a lawyer of principles, as distinguished from one of cases and points. Without any pretence to more than the average learning, and shunning everything like display, none strikes more directly, impresses more deeply, or secures a more unequivocal conviction. There is about him nothing of the charlatan or cheat. Kant would have discovered in his style one of the finest illustrations of his "pure reason." He has a cool earnestness, if we may speak without a paradox, which makes him always safe and steady. The Attorney General, with facts and authority on his side, is also safe and sure; he is collected in proportion as he feels confident. But when the work is up-hill—when well-founded doubts are to be cleared off, and difficulties to be overcome, he is restless, heated, and tortuous—his very manner proves something suspicious about his case. We must say of him, as Hume of the fellow affecting ill-disguised candour, "What shuffling and shifting he must go through merely to be thought a man of plaindealing;

three grains of honesty would have saved him all the trouble." But where a man cannot be honest without sacrificing his client, where's the use of a grain at all? There is, however, such a negative quality as the affectation of honesty, of great use to advocates, and which serves all the purposes of his calling much better. In this Mr. Smith is weak. You know unerringly when he is conscious of losing—the greater the chances of defeat, the more vehement does he become. He is nimble in his movements as a wounded snake—darting from one point to another—confounding where clearness would be fatal, and heroically defying their lordships to come to any other conclusion than what he seeks—the palpably wrong. All the cases are of course with him, though Judge Perrin shakes his head, or Baron Pennefather plays with his glass. He understands all this, but still perseveres. When you think all is over, he sets off as fresh as ever to explain, mystify, or perplex; and at last, "on a review of all the authorities," he is certain of judgment for his client.

Mr. Smith's style of speaking, without being impure in language, is inelegant to the last degree. The good and lawful English of these realms is not, in his hands, converted into those barbarisms which prevail at the bar, and threaten there the final extinction of all correct taste at some future period, but then it lumbers along like a crazy waggon, looking like a break-down at every move, and exciting your wonder that it could have reached the end of the journey. He does not, in the words of the prophet, "Kindle a fire to compass himself round about with sparks, or walk in the light of that fire, and in the sparks which he had kindled." Nothing at all of that kind of eloquence, or of anything approaching to the character of eloquence he has not the slightest idea. Old Ascham says we ought to think like great minds, and speak like common ones. The last part of the advice Mr. Smith follows accurately enough, for he never rises beyond the level of every-day language. He is sufficiently fluent, but though the words may vary, you will find that they apparel a single set of ideas, and that these, with a change merely of position, are introduced on all occasions. We remember reading somewhere, in a criticism on Lord Brougham's oratory, that on one occasion he contrived to interpose so much matter between the nominative case and the verb, that there was an end to all rational connexion; thus—"Mr. Speaker; it appears to me that this subject, of such vast importance, from its relation to the most valuable interests of the empire—an empire which has reached its glorious maturity of arts and arms by the operation of precisely different principles—principles, sir—and so on;" but where's the unhappy question? Like the competitors of Eclipse—nowhere. Mr. Smith leaves his hearers in a similar state of suspense, as he rambles away from one disjointed sentence to another, and also contrives to have a divorce between the "nominative case" and the "verb," *a mensa et thoro*. He is of the Brougham school in the structure of his interminable periods, without a shadow of the spirit, which atones in some degree for the parenthetical prolixity of the ex-chancellor, and renders his discursiveness not only bearable, but pleasurable, for it indicates a full mind. Mr. Smith traverses a boundless desert of words—maze within maze involved—involution spun out into the utterly unintel-

ligible. The lover of conciseness will be gratified by sentences covering not less than half one of our pages. With him a dozen lines are a rare instance of brevity. In the heat of argument he will absolutely go on for five, sometimes ten minutes, without ever a pause, not in the reasoning, but the period. But the worst of it is, he is not simply prolix—he overflows with repetitions, and the same thing, fact or argument, is travelled over a dozen times, particularly when it is of value. As a specimen of his style we take the following, not to be "set down in malice."

"My Lords, (or Lards)—I am on the other side, and I venture to say I will demonstrate as clear as light, as plain as the simplest proposition, that the argument contended for on the other side, has nothing whatever to do with the question. I assert, without fear of contradiction, and I defy my learned friends on the other side to contradict me if they can—I will even go further, and say that there is not a shadow of pretence for the grounds on which they have argued this case. (Emphasis on '*cuse*,' thump on table, and a tug at the gown.) I defy my learned friends to put their finger on one case in which it is decided that Blackacre is Blackacre. In fact, the whole stream of authorities is all the other way. Indeed, if I were here to argue that Whiteacre is not Blackacre, I am free to confess there would be some grounds for the argument contended for by my learned friends. Before I proceed farther, let me call your Lordship's attention to Bullock's case, which has been so much relied on on the other side. I am free to confess the principle contended for there goes a certain length; but it is not a little remarkable, that Justice Popham there expresses a doubt; and in the subsequent case of Styles and Nokes, in which the principle of Bullock's case came before the court, and I must say was most fully and ably argued, there was a distinction taken which is sound law at this very day. In Simkins and Tomkins, your Lordship will find this view of the case was taken by Lord Mansfield, as able a judge, I will venture to say, as ever sat on the bench. Now, then, my lords, (plucking gown, and drawing finger across his mouth,) I mean to contend for two propositions; first, that two and two do not make four; and, secondly, that three and two make six. If I prove both these propositions, as I hope to do, to the satisfaction of your Lordship, there is an end of the case."

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"Judge Burton.—It seems to me, Mr. Smith, that Shrimp's case contains the principle of that before the court.

"Mr. Smith.—My lords, your lordship is perfectly correct, and I thank your lordship for the suggestion; but I was going to come to that by-and-by. With reference to Shrimp's case, your lordships are aware, the circumstances were very peculiar. (Goes through Shrimp's peculiarities.)

"Judge Perrin.—Mr. Smith, before you have done with this part of the case, how do you get over what Lord Kenyon said in Noddy and No-go. I throw this out merely for your consideration, as I think it important.

"Mr. Smith.—I am much obliged to your lordship; and I am free to confess it is *pro tanto* an authority for the other side. But there is this difference, your lordship knows, between that case and the present, that there it was only decided that three and one make four, which makes all the difference in the world. Do I convey myself to your lordship? On a review, then, of all the cases, I think I have fully established the two propositions which I have laid down. The law of England, and I say it with great respect for my learned friends, cannot be shaken by loose dicta

and *nisi prius* decisions. I have trespassed so long on your lordship's time," &c. &c.

This may not be a very pure specimen, but in the main, without fear of contradiction, we venture to call it correct. It has not the long sentences, with tails like Halley's comet, which our space would not suffer us to imitate, neither, "we are free to confess," has it a particle of his logical skill for the same reason, though the argument of two and two was most inviting. We have confined ourselves to a rude and unfinished draft, and though life be wanting, form is not. We aimed at no more. He is a thorough master of logic practically applied. Archbishop Whateley is a famous professor of the art syllogistic. He and the Attorney General met not long since at dinner. The archbishop, who is in himself a Conversations-Lexicon, after glancing at all subjects, from the planetary motions to spinning tops, alit at last on the favourite pad on which he ambles alike at viceregal dinners and on the banks of the Dodder. "Pray, Mr. Smith, as you are so skilful a logician, did you ever consider the paradox of Achilles and the Tortoise, or do you consider Aristotle's solution in the first book of his Physics, satisfactory? He, if I mistake not, believes it to consist in applying an infinite divisibility of the moments of time to the assumed infinite divisibility of the parts of matter. What's your opinion, Mr. Smith?"—"I assure your grace, I never heard before either of the problem or solution!"—"Why," rejoined the archbishop, "it is alluded to in my Logic!"—"*I was not aware your grace wrote a logic!*" brought the dialogue to a painful end. The archbishop was shocked at Mr. Smith's ignorance of his logic and rhetoric, and set him down incontinently as the meanest of the dialectic tribe; then turning to his neighbour, he remarked with a pun on the prefixes to Mr. Smith's name, "*He is more a man of letters than literature.*" But though he had never applied himself to Achilles and the Tortoise, he is not the less a crooked sophist, and though ignorant of the archbishop's logic, he is not the less conversant with the principles on which the science of reasoning is founded.

Few understand better, or practise more fairly, the rationale of evidence *as it is*. We have seen him wrought into a high state of excitement, amounting almost to exasperation, in the examination of witnesses, and never take an unfair advantage of their confusion, ignorance, or stupidity. He does not carry the degrading duty of browbeating—a practice dictated only by the disregard of the common principles of morality, to the unjustifiable length which has rendered Mr. B——— quite a celebrity. From the sharpness and susceptibility of his temper, which is very easily inflamed, one would expect that furious advocacy which "must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which it may bring upon others." This indiscriminate and wanton infliction on the feelings of witnesses, which every honourable advocate repudiates, and which, instead of being auxiliary to justice, defeats its purposes, Mr. Smith does not resort to. He is a gladiator, but, in the phraseology of the ring, he never strikes down. Where he lays aside the scourge, Mr. B——— takes it up, and labours away without measure or mercy. His are the painful flagellations of an unscrupulous tongue, whose chief weapon of attack

is coarse and bitter personality. He seems to take it for granted that every witness is *prima facie* a rogue, and that he comes on the table to suppress truth, or suggest falsehood. He cares no more for the pitiless stripes he inflicts on minds more sensitive than his own, than if the owners were so many blocks of stone. Unsustained insinuations, accusatory epithets, sarcasm without point, and invective without weight, are his main resources. We once heard Mr. Smith give him a severe check. While addressing the jury, in his usual style, he called one of the witnesses "that ruffian,"—"that miscreant,"—"that scoundrel." Mr. Smith started up, and called on Judge Crampton to protect the witness. "I do not," said he, "mean to lecture Mr. B———; but I conceive it neither the interest nor the duty of an advocate to indulge in such unmeasured language." His lordship did interpose, and for a moment subdued the orator into decency. Mr. B——— has lost many verdicts by his vituperative vehemence. Juries discriminate between the strong man and the scold; they confide in the one—they are ever mistrustful of the other. They think that a bad cause which requires the support of intemperate abuse.

Mr. Smith has one quality which we admire very much—his spirit. In the discharge of his duty he knows not what fear is. Intrepid and independent, he always firmly asserts the dignity of his position, even though the assailant be a Chancellor. He does not gasp for breath when the rebuke comes from high places, but right gallantly gathers up his plumes with true bantam courage, and resists the attack. Lord Plunkett, in his latter days, used frequently to interrupt counsel. Nothing annoyed him so much as repetition. He grew uneasy, impatient, irascible, and seemed to feel the undue prolongation of an argument almost as a personal offence. His course was to remind counsel that such and such matters were fully discussed before, and that their repetition, instead of an aid, was an embarrassment. Mr. Smith, no doubt, often trespassed in that behalf, but to tell him so was most indecorous. Time was as valuable to him as to Lord Plunkett, and if he devoted it to his client, even at the expense of the Chancellor's patience, he might be heard in sullen silence, certainly not with an open rebuke,—"I say," said Mr. Smith, "I ought not to be interrupted. My first duty is towards my client, and that I must fulfil, however irksome to your lordship the argument may be. I hope I shall never fail in a proper respect for this high court; but the court ought to be tender in imposing checks on counsel, for their reponsibilities are great as your lordship's own. I am at all times unwilling to trespass on the public time. I have never done so without necessity; and if I do so now, it is only because the matter is of great importance." The Chancellor growled audibly, and, like a cowed tiger, retreated to a corner of his chair. Lord Manners afforded a better example. Burke Bethel once held a brief before him, and cited a case out of Radford Roe's Reports,—"A very forcible case, indeed, Mr. Bethel—'pon my honour—very—quite to the point. Where do you say it is to be found?" turning his right ear to Burke; then hastily taking up the pen, as if to note the unique authority, the neighbouring six-clerk heard in low, but clear tones—"D——d nonsense—d——d nonsense—who's Roe?"

We have another instance of his independent dealing with the bench. In this case, however, he was the offender, though in a harmless manner. The ex-judge Moore was trying an action for seduction in Kilkenny; the defendant was an officer, and produced a brother officer to prove that the father was not ignorant of his daughter's frailty. This witness, during the trial, sat on the bench with Judge Moore, who was intimate with his family. When called on to give evidence, Mr. Smith required his presence in the witness box, but the judge interfered. In the cross-examination, some very disreputable facts on the part of the witness were elicited. He was the real seducer. In the reply, Mr. Smith thus delicately trod on his lordship's toes—"Gentlemen of the jury, I now come to the evidence of Mr.——; you have heard it, and you will weigh it. As for me, I am restrained from dealing too severely with it—principally because his lordship has taken him under his protection, and bestowed on him marks of favour, which, I say with respect, considering the position in which he stood, should have been withheld. His seat was the witness box, instead of the judicial bench; but, your lordship———" Here the impatient and sensitive judge became fidgetty to a degree, and as Mr. Smith went on with his very proper reading on the duties of judges under such circumstances, his lordship could bear it no longer, and the big drops began to roll adown his "innocent nose;" then starting up, he piteously exclaimed,—"My God, my God, gentlemen! what have I done to deserve this? After this day, I will never sit in a court in this county again!" And for six years, until the statute began to run, he kept his word.

There is a nobility which precedes that of blood—the nobility of talent. Modern rank loves to trace back its origin to the chivalry of the crusades. The Talbots, and Howards, and Cavendishes glory in their ancient lineage. Although none of Mr. Smith's ancestors were engaged in the conquest of Jerusalem, or fought at the battle of Hastings, we conceive he has more just reason to be proud than the proudest of the steel-glove descent. There certainly is not much antiquity in his name, but we are informed, by a high authority, that a name is nothing, and that it is in that only which a name covers, that the merit or demerit lies. The Attorney General claims the honour of having a father and grandfather—judges. He will himself be the judicial representative of his family in the third genetion—a fact, we believe, unparalleled in legal history. His grandfather, Sir Michael Smith, was Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards Master of the Rolls; his father, Sir William, a Baron of the Exchequer; and the next vacancy will be his if he choose to accept it. This succession of honours in the same family is a proud boast, although political services may have contributed more to some of the promotions than professional power. Whatever may be the defects of the sire and grandsire in the latter capacity, they are not to be found in their representative, for he is well suited by his knowledge for the high fortune which awaits him. Three judges in one family is a great distinction—nobler far than could be supplied by all the ancestral sanctions of Ulster King-at-Arms.

MY HIGHLAND BOY.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

My Highland Boy! we're parted now,
And ne'er again may meet;
I ne'er may watch across thy brow
Fair thoughts, like shadows, fleet;
Nor in thy eloquent eyes may view
Affection's tender, glancing dew,
Like spring-drops pure and sweet,
Fresh'ning the violet's azure bell
Within some lone and lovely dell.

I have not known thee, Highland Boy,
But for a season brief;
Yet we have been each other's joy—
Have shared each other's grief;
'Tis strange the human heart will cling
In strongest love to those who fling
Blights on its fragile leaf;—
'Tis strange, but true; and thou hast been
Dearer, since I thy faults have seen.

Thy faults, young boy?—O! they are those
That haunt the youthful breast:—
A mother's, sisters' loves expose
To many a biting jest
The reckless mind of untaught youth,—
For there are tongues will scoff at truth,
And mock at wild words, drest
In the heart's language;—*thou* must learn
Thy thoughts within thy breast to urn!

When I was young—was I e'er young?
I seem to doubt it now;
Yet boyhood o'er my being flung
A soft and sunny glow;
Then I too deemed that I was dear
To all who seemed to be sincere;
And listened to each vow,
As though mankind were true as buds
In springtide to the brightening woods!

Then pleasure lent its fleeting hues
To dye the web which Fancy wove;
While o'er it bent the smiling muse,
And called the texture—Love!
Those days are gone!—yet o'er me twine
Affections still; I yearn for thine,
And thou hast thrown above
My recent hours a charm as bright
As that which decked my youth with light.

My Highland Boy, farewell!—be thine
A happy and a gentle lot;—
Affections which, in life's decline,
Shall flourish unforgot—
Friends tried and trusted—frank, and true
As is to vernal morns the dew,
Or shells to seamaid's grot;
With higher hopes than earth bestows
To bless thy being at its close!

Nov. 1842.

THE STELVIO PASS.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES ON NAPLES," ETC.

NAUDERS is in a bowl of the Alps, which it lies at the bottom of like a bear in a pitfall; snows are its neighbourhood, a few old chalets and weather-browned huts and watermills its companions, and the reverberations of rumbustious streams, and the rattle of rolling mill wheels the recreation of its solitude.

A scurvy hotel, too, it has, and where we bivouac. How its crazy casements rattle to the winds, too the equinoctial winds, that howl in the chimney like a caged beast through its bars; all through the house, in fact, in every chink and cranny. One would think there were fifty mad dogs loose in it. See how the mists without chase each other along the mountain side, blotting the moon. Is it *that* the dogs are howling at? The spectre huntsman and his pack are a-foot: perhaps it's them that are in the inn. Hark to his whistle, so long and shrill, as the cloud-tormented planet labours among the hills. Then along the dusky vaults and corridors of the house, which is raised upon deep arches, no doubt to lift it from the winter's snows, the gruff voices of men, apparently in altercation, mingle with the voices of the blast. Dull dull sounds, monotonous, yet varied too: it is like a witch-concert. A shriek is that? No, nothing but the wind. The scenery, and the music too for that, were in no bad keeping with a little matter o' murder or so. But there are no murders now-a-days. Nothing for people to tell about. We are losing all our amusements. We'd hold a wager that we sleep in spite of thunder. Let us go try.

September 25.—"Kellner, was für Wetter ist es?" was our inquiry of the man who came in the morning to call us, and the gleam of whose candle shone under the doorway. "Very fine weather," was the answer, "schönes wetter." Very fine weather! Howling winds, drizzling rain, large dense wreaths of voluminous vapour wrapping the hills, a glimmer of sickly light struggling hard to get through them; this we found to be their very fine weather in these parts. And in the midst of this very fine weather, wondering what the deuce their very bad weather must be made of, we set forward for the Stelvio. We might, we believe, have turned off from Nauders for the Brenner, a lower pass, practicable at all seasons, but were resolute for the Stelvio,—were there more devils on the hill-tops than roof-tiles in Worms. Hem! *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.* We were not to be bullied by the elements. Hem again!—Caught cold in the winds, may be. So here we go again,

> Over hill and over dale,
> Thorough bush and thorough briar;
> Thorough sleet, and rain and hail,
> Thorough flood, and—

No, anything but that—anything but "fire." Icebergs, over our

[1] Continued from p. 31.

heads, stretch out their long arms to us with an air much more cool than welcome; bleak winds moistened with mist, sharp sleet of arrowy shower, cut through one's cloak into one's bones. Plenty of the other elements we have, and in all variety of combination, but deuce a bit of fire.

You come, before long, to mountain lakes, several of them. Near the nearest of them the infant Adige leaps from his hills like an Athlete into the arena; his first race being through the said lakes, which he traverses as the Rhone does that of Geneva—keeping its waters, most likely, about as jealously separate as that does. We can see along the rippling surface of these hill tarns for many miles, beneath the vapours. Green, quiet, sylvan scenes they look, bedimmed by the mists though they be, with pastoral rocks, and woods, and lawns coloured with wild flowers, rising in soft acclivity from their banks. This at three thousand feet above the sea. You might believe yourself in the lowlands. But the Tyrol, thinly peopled in proportion to its geographic surface, is so thickly so where it is so at all, that often when you look for a solitude you find a full population; in the place of a barren wilderness find luxuriant culture, towns, hamlets; encounter wains on the mountain roads; life and movement, industry and activity, in its loftiest valleys. Still our coming upon lakes and rivers in these high latitudes was little expected. We had fancied somehow, that the streams to the Adriatic and Mediterranean would not yet be reached, while those to the north would be left behind. The mouth of the Finstermünz had stood with us for a sort of barking Cerberus, the guard of drier regions, passing which, we should find—no mortal rivers, at all events.

Skirting these successive lakes, and again entering the hills beyond them, clouds still hide the higher ranges. What the clouds conceal, heaven above them only knows. Behind their curtain, their wide, white, dense, down-hanging curtain, some swelling scene there is no doubt, with giants for the actors: *vitæ postcenia celant.* It is clouds only, for us—all clouds, by Aristophanes!

Approaching Mals, the air is something clearer. You here descend for a space. A broad hollow opens below you, depth upon depth, as it seems, surrounded by mountains. Its distant limit is several miles off. You may see it, for the mists there are folded up from the ground like reefed shrouds, and the bases of the range appear, in whose forest-covered chasms the sunshine, piercing the vapours, glimmers at intervals, gilding the mingled mist and rock and pine wood with its gold. Grand, huge, monstrous, the rocks look, all round the hollow. Descending towards it, descends with you your escort by the road-side, the Adige, grown now into boyhood; and a huge noise it kicks up accordingly, roaring bravely as it leaps and bounds along, and thinking nothing of a few falls. What a hurry the stream is in! Just out of school, doubtless, and hot on some eager errand. It had as well stay. Its future course will yield it little more than what it runs away from: the fate of many courses more than are run by rivers. Patagonian pebbles encumber its road, such as the Cyclops might have played at marbles with.

The valley, seen from above, is, when entered, after passing Mals,

very striking, marred as we see it; convents on isolated heights, the ruinous castle of Lichtenberg on the left, the boiling river below, a grand amphitheatre of clouded hills around, whose tops, some of them, look out through mists like Ossian's ghosts; like dim and distant islands far amidst the foam of the sea. But the towering mass in front, and glimpses of which are caught at moments through the rents of the vapour, what is it? Are the peaks the spurs of the Ortler? or the Lauser Hoch? Both perhaps. It is before you, as you wind along below the castle, a colossal range of mingled earth and cloud and sunshine. The fascinated eye may follow their forms, among the shifting mists, into a world of gulfs and precipices far into the heavens. Clouds in zones move along the nearer steeps like pageant of chariot and horsemen in some antique triumph. Sunlit showers fall from them like golden dust or the volcano's rain, making along their sides diaphanous veils, through which, into the furnace-like chasms beyond, you see the snowy spires and rocks of ice glittering in intensest sunshine. Awful and grand and beautiful it all is. Then, hark! among those mystic mountains mutters low the distant thunder; and lightnings leap amidst the gloom of their shadows.

A sharp turn of the road leads you along the foot of the Lauser Berg—we suppose it is the Lauser—and you bid adieu to the Adige, which here rolls away, a respectable adolescent stream, to the eastward, down the Vintschgau Thal, and thence by the great vale of the Adige, by Trent, to the plains of Italy—by Verona to the Adriatic. Our compliments, good stream, and say we are coming.

Meanwhile, coasting the base of the Lauser, we enter the Sulden Thal, as we take it—the mountains at all events, whose enormous jaws gape to receive us, and into which we go, Jonas like. Very like a whale! Well, the mountains are so. Water gutters down their sides. What is that but saliva from the monster's gums?—delicate idea. The ridge overhead is his back above the flood; the peaks are his teeth; and the chalets and scattered farms, hitched in the cracks and crannies of the rocks, are nothing but the refuse of his last leviathan meal. Don't you call this being like a whale? 'Tis like the very prince of whales.

> Three days and three nights without fire or candle,
> With nothing but cold fish-guts to handle,

is a dirty distich on the fate of Jonas. With a fate like his, swallowed up alive, what our fare may be is a problem.

And this suggests a suggestion. And we suggest to whoever Fortune in her caprices may take across the Stelvio, to provide himself with a viaticum for his transit. This is no belly-god's counsel, we beg to say. We are not particular overmuch in the matter. We think evil livers have evil livers. We do not hold with the gentleman in Athenæus, that a cook must be a mathematician and natural philosopher; we can dispense with his proficiency in other of the high sciences which in the "Deipnosophi" are held needful to the science of the table. We relax and are indulgent—on a journey. Nevertheless one condition we are inexorable upon, even then. We hold that whatever have the honour of reception into the œsophagus of the genus

homo should be dissolvable, meltable, be susceptible of assimilation, of chylification. If victual be not this, then is the world at an end, Bohemia nothing, and earth's base built on stubble. This was our hypothesis before we heard that of Bichât, that the moral sentiments have their seat in the great viscera, though we are naturally strengthened in our footing thereby. Now the viands they sometimes give you,—on the terms the Cambridge carrier lent his horses,—at the inns along this road, are such that an ostrich couldn't digest. You eat them because you have a mountain appetite, *et parce qu'il faut vivre.* But if you can sleep after them, or if, supposing the impossible, you be not bestridden in your dreams by more legions of devils than vast hell can hold, you must be liable to the suspicion of a compact with one of them. At Nauders, for instance, what the unclean meats they gave us there were, heaven knows. Rhinoceros, we should think, with the hide on; horse with an alias; sheer carrion, that's sure. It will never melt, that we know, too too solid flesh that it is, and are devoutly persuaded it will go to supper with the worms with us. In the which hard case it is that we hazard the suggestion to messieurs our fellow mortals and travellers, of a provision of provisions for their journey from the stores of Milan or Munich. It would be manna in the wilderness oftentimes, we can tell them; to say nothing of the profit to be made of the broken victuals in feeding the hungry and the sick. And then think of the moral sentiments in the great viscera! Cospetto di Bacco! Why a little concentrated soup, or such like, and you'd carry your charity in a canister. What a fate were yours! Pickled pork for your journey were prudence indeed; a supply of preserved meats, sound morality,—to be had when wanted. Think of peace of mind at so much a pound, kept in a basket, and eaten with a spoon. Bottled-up virtue, simplicity in gallipots, potted piety—think o' that, master Matthew.

Passing the town of Brad, and the Sulden Thal, you enter at last the valley of Trafui. And a cloistral sort of a trench it is, as, narrow, sullen, and saturnine, with dismal gamboge-coloured crags on each side of it, it winds up to the foot of the Stelvio. A torrent from the Ortler boils along its bottom, and many a cascade, from unseen glaciers above, leaps down the declivities into the torrent, tributaries to the tributary. They flow into the Adige. Filaments such are, veins that feed the great water-arteries of the earth, as the air and moisture of the heavens nourish, through the delicate leaves and boughs, the life-blood of the forest oak; even as the small minutiæ of existence nurture and aliment the commanding mind.

As you penetrate its depths, the valley is somewhat grander here and there, yet is ever bare and melancholy; its lonely silence only broken by the ceaseless roar of the waters, and the boom and shock of the drifting trees, which, felled and sawn, are left to float, crashing against the rocks or against each other, as they are swept from ledge to ledge down the rapid stream. You cross and recross the river several times in threading the defile, upon long crazy bridges, whose planks groan and bend under your weight. Indeed, in some parts of the valley its wild and desolate aspect could scarcely be surpassed. And the traveller, in witnessing the ruin all around him, in

seeing the huge crags torn away, the wrecks on all sides of fallen rocks strewing the torrent, the tumbling tree-trunk, and the bare gnarled root, themselves formidable enough, hanging amidst toppling cliffs more formidable still, and which they seem as they were drawing down with them,—much as the imps, in their pull-devil pull-baker style, tug at the ponderous figures that Angelo, in the Last Judgment, has made to do duty for disembodied spirits—the traveller, we say, seeing how houseless, desolate, ruinous, and unpeopled the vale of Trafui is, can scarcely avoid the conviction that he encounters some peril in traversing it, that he escapes some in safely reaching its termination.

Reaching it, however, or climbing at least the slow ascent which brings him to the hamlet—some five or six houses only—of Trafui, he will, if he is as lucky as we were, be presented with a spectacle to repay him for a rougher pilgrimage. For there visibly before us rose the Ortler. But to render intelligible to others the impression this produced upon us, it may be necessary to explain a little. Through the whole of our course up the valley of Trafui, every object beyond the valley itself had been hidden; the higher mountains, which, disclosed through the rifts, or seen in the vistas as we turned the angles of the defile, had lent their grandeur to all associated with them, had been wholly concealed by the clouds. There were no clouds in the valley itself, but they veiled all beyond and above it. Much rain also had fallen, dulling at once the scene and the sense, and, with our garments, damping also our hopes of seeing any of the majestic features of the pass. Having passed the projection of a cliff and begun the ascent to the hamlet, the rain still falling heavily, we had naturally looked for little more than the same dull crags among which we had been for some hours enclosed. It was really, therefore, as though an apparition had risen before us, that the Ortler, hidden until we were close upon it, became thus unexpectedly visible. It arose as from an ambush, startlingly sudden; the whole enormous mountain, all the peaks of the group more or less seen, and close before us, their base close at our feet. Their immense altitude had, we suppose—not dispelled them, far from that, for they floated in large volume round about them, but—pierced and broken the mists and clouds which now, in mingled gold and shadow, fell over its gulfs and sides—fell around them like a monarch's robes; yet not so thickly but that they disclosed, through their dazzling haze, or through the opening of their folds, the vast crests of the mountain, now clear, now indistinct, now hidden to appear again, as the vapours rolled before them. Such a spectacle, beheld so unawares, was in every way astonishing.

Whether, in more unclouded season, the Ortler had remained thus invisible until the head of the valley was reached, we know not. As it was, the wholly unexpected apparition of an object so enormous,—a mountain scarcely less in altitude than Mont Blanc—in all the glory of its snows and glaciers, thus close before us, was certainly among those things which make a man's heart feel as though it were too big for him. Then, besides its proximity, which was so extraordinary, with its nearness and immensity, all was at the same time so mute. The huge masses of foaming mist rolled along one after

the other without a sound. Nay, the very mountains themselves almost seemed to move, the dazzling crags of snow and ice, as they came and went amidst the clouds; and all in such profound solitude, such perfect stillness,—not a breath of wind in the valley itself—there was an air of something supernatural in it all.

Leaping from the chaise at the door of the inn, where we must pass the night, for it is too late to cross the mountain to-day, and trusting for dinner to the host, we ran forward, desirous, as men at such times are, to be alone.

It is still the same extraordinary sight, still looks half witchcraft, as we stand here alone, only the small voice of the diminutive rivulet, tinkling with metallic sound, in its distant channel, breaking the universal silence. Down to the very grass of that rivulet's bank, streams the glacier through crag and forest from the icy gulfs above, like a rolling river stricken into stone. Aloft, like some Titanic fortress is seen the Ortler, peak beyond peak, trending away into the heavens; tower and dome and spire of glittering snow. Before it pass like phantasms the ever coruscating mists, shoaling and seething, boiling up the sides of the near rocks, and over aërial abyss and sun-bright pinnacle, now spread out as a scroll and veiling them, now rolling off again upon the windless air, to walk the steeps, or hover on the summits of the cones further off. How far are they from being, as might be believed, a detriment to the scene—these mists! They are quite otherwise. Alternately opaque or attenuate, alternately appearing and disappearing, they lend, as they at one moment disclose, distinctly or indistinctly, the phosphoric crags and starlike spires beyond, to close over them the next with their golden curtain, that incessant change, incessant metamorphosis of light, as of form and aspect, which is one secret certainly, by the mystery they produce, of the magic of the scene; nor do we know that its grandeur is, by their medium, other than augmented. The silence, however—in that, is what is most strange, most appalling. Objects so immense, moving, shifting, passing, without a sound! Amidst a silence as of death! Evocations of sorcery walk thus the mountain snows with printless feet; are, as these seem, self-moved, self-informed, self-animate; are, as these gigantic shadows are, awful, and still, and spirit-like.

One is not soon weary of things so rare. Yet to describe them!—words have no equivalent shapes or motions, forms or colours. Men substitute for this their interpretation of their own sensations. That is not so easy, however; or perhaps we are not metaphysical. But figures—they come without calling. And the great rock with its realm of frost and rolling clouds, how many they evoke! At this moment all is well nigh clear. The lofty dome of the Ortler now is like a sun, an unmoving orb, compact of diamond and of gold; crystal columns uphold it, and terraces of alabaster, plains of sunbright ice, mystic vistas filled with shifting light, are spread abstrusely round about it, and shattered crags marbled over with snows. Then the mists come again, we know not whence. Spectral shapes, all radiance, some are; bright as the Homeric figures, sculptured by the Fire-god. Spirits of air, and spirits of flame, others. See how the phantasms hunt each other! Satyrs others are, and bacchanals, weaving together

their chorybantic dance in sport obscene and wild gesticulation. They move in circles hand in hand. Then darker shadows come; demoniac things crowd about the shrine: more come, come in phalanxes with inky banners streaming, invade the sanctuary, profane the rite. Yet merry devils are they, too, Mephistophilic imps that murder in jest, no harm in the world; the place is full of them, as the world is, harpies that spoil what they taste not nor understand. Then all pass, and it clears once more; and the topmost summit of the mountain burns in the firmament like a volcano all on fire, with lava-fires rolling down its precipices. It is Horeb's burning bush, girt about with flame, yet unconsumed; a colossal altar reared in the ether, kindled by the heavens, with sacrificial mists curling up around it like incense from a thousand censers; and so it holds on, in incessant change; Protean, chameleonic, kaleidoscopic. Wonderful phantasmagoria!

What does that fellow want? a son of—the earth! "*Mein Herr, das Mittagessen ist aufgetragen,*" he says; dinner, that is. Down to—dinner yourself, and say I sent thee thither. But it is needless to mar your maledictions in swearing at a German—in English. His ears attuned to his own hoarse dialect, any other is so musical to him he takes an oath in it for a compliment.

Dinner is dinner though, nevertheless. One moment, however, if only to note the colours in which all is arrayed. While the mountains and their clouds and snows are in such magnificence of hue and light, the crags and pine forests on its lower belts and in the valley, are full of gloom; the contrast is full of grandeur. And the dark sombrous green of these mingling with the fresh green of the ever-moistened grass in the foreground, and again, with the delicate emerald of the immense glaciers, which flow down and literally rest upon the grass, are in as fine gradations. But the crowning grace, no less in the beauty of the objects (of which we ought to have spoken more) than in their ethereal hues, was in the rainbows, broken fragments of which were frequently visible among the mists and sunbeams, vanishing in one quarter to emerge again in another, as the halcyon is said to do among the waters. Yet where is the subtlety that can detect, the chemistry that can untwist, the intricate rays of colour and of light, that etherealize, as here, the inert and ponderous rocks, and shed the spirit of poesy upon them!

But above all, in all senses, was the Ortler itself, the topmost cone. The being enabled, standing thus immediately at its foot, at once to measure the whole mountain with the eye, from base to summit, with no subjacent range intervening, (which, when free from vapour, can be done from Trafui,) must ever render the Ortler to the spectator, one of the sublimest of all the Alps. We should question if, even to those willing to endure the toil necessary to obtain it, any single point could command the whole dimension and altitude of any one of the higher peaks of the Alps, so entirely, as can be here done of the Ortler, without any such toil. But whether it be so or not, there the giant stands; and how calm, how mighty, and how beautiful! Eternal sunshine on his gold-bound brow, earth's shadows far below, earth's mists and vapours far below him, boiling and bursting on his giant ribs, there he stands, mocking at human littleness,

supreme in kingly triumph, throned in the heavens. Monarchic rock! The iron crags are his footstool, the zone of ice his girdle; his voice is the thunder, and his breath the tempest; he frowns, and lo! the avalanche falls; he holds the lightnings in his hand. Mighty among the mighty, great and glorious he is as the early gods: lone because in grandeur unapproachable, and if tyrannical beneficent. Symbol of immortal sovereignty, there he stands, his feet on earth, his forehead in the skies, majestic image of the Hebrew monarch's dream.

Individual impressions of natural objects are dependent, undoubtedly, on many accidents. What we have witnessed might, from difference of time and circumstances, be witnessed by others, under widely different impressions, as we might ourselves, from other influences, from the concurrence of other accidents, be impressed by the same scene very differently. We can only speak of what we saw as we saw it, and as we were impressed by it. Nor can we pretend to discriminate all the sources of its influence. Cloud and vapour seem, in mountain scenery, to vex the sight. Yet are they among the noblest natural phenomena; and, under favourable circumstances of light especially, confer infinitely more of beauty and of grandeur than they take away. We attribute much to their accompaniment, and more to their medium, for the impression we received. Whether correctly or not we cannot tell. The surprise from the unexpected appearance of a scene so wonderful had much to do with it. We have looked on some of the noblest scenery in Europe, but never were so astounded as by the Ortler, as it rose before us, while winding our slow way up the road towards the hamlet at its foot. We never felt the sense so filled with the grandeur of any spectacle. We shall ever remember it as the spectacle upon the earth to us the most unearthly.

The scene is changed now. The sun is set, the night is falling, the clouds are in the valley: and, as we sit over the rude inn's welcome fire, we hear without the hum of the falling rain, the roar of the swoln brook, the hollow wail of the wind in the forest, and in the abysses of the mountains. Inauspicious for the passage to-morrow.

We more than suspect, by the way, mine host here in this wild inn, to say nothing of his woman-kind, to be rather in the smuggler line than otherwise. Strange bustle and confusion down stairs, strange cart at the door, and wondrous strange kegs rumbling in the darkness along the corridors, into strange vaults down heaven knows where, and whence the sound of a gruff voice echoes up, ever and anon, from some old mole in cellarage. The contiguity of Switzerland to this out-of-the-world frontier, no doubt, explains the matter; which, however, is a secret. We beg nobody will mention it.

Indeed, but for a certain little circumstance, we should have thought nothing about the cart and the kegs—looked quite another way. It is not worth while to say what that circumstance was. It only relates to a small grandee, an English right honourable something somebody or other, and his *laufzetel* and his courier, the two latter of the party having hurried on to prepare the way for the coming of his excellency; but who, if he come now, will find no corn in Egypt, that's all. We had taken the cart and the kegs for his grandeeship, and that's why we noticed 'em—a compliment which would, no doubt, reconcile him to us, if he

heard it, for having eaten his victuals. But where is he? We know where his dinner is—we hope he is not as much past redemption. Still, where is he? Has he stuck in a bog? It rains jovially, that's sure, and must be pretty travelling. Here's to his little excellency's health, however, and safe deliverance; long life to his laufzetel, and "good luck to his fishing;" and furthermore, may we, in similar outlandish places, always travel the same road with a grandee and his laufzetel.

Bah! who cares about all this? We don't, *for one*, if that's all. Why not write of what you do care for, then? Why, indeed! But who does? If people wrote about what touched them nearest, what they thought of oftenest, and felt the keenest!—but who does this? Men say what they must, not what they would; just as, in life, they do not what they would do, but what they may. Seeming, sophistication, fear, are lords of this jarred world. We cough to hide our sighs, or break a sorry jest that we may not weep, and even when we rail, rail less at the thing we hate than to utter the pain, too sharp to bear and be silent, of that within we dare not plainly speak.

> "Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
> Scribere, tu causa es, lector."

September 26.—We set forth duly with the morning, in weather which might have been worse, for this same Stelvio. Stilfser the Germans have it, we believe; Stilfser Joch being their name for the ridge that divides the Ortler from the Braglio. But its euphony has given European use to the Italian term, though the pass is beyond their frontier. The new road zig-zags up the almost perpendicular side of the Stilfser; and a devil of a gulf, as may be supposed, is that which sunders the two giants, and yawns deeper and deeper beneath you as you rise.

The traverses begin immediately at Trafui. Steep as is the precipice, the ascent by them is as easy as life—is difficult. You are soon lifted to an immense height. A prospect boundless opens in far perspective down the defile behind, which you traversed the day before. All that was then hidden is now betrayed; a new world is seen to issue from the deeps, wild, vast, chaotic; hundreds of mountain-heads rise, hydra-like, around.

In elevations you have a large field of vision. The proportions of things are changed. All is other than it was. But the plain below, to one on the height, is what the height was to him from the plain. And thus it is. We ever reverence the unpossessed—to the unknown, the unreached, the unattainable, cast the vain tribute of that veneration we still refuse to what is near, not the less worthy. Possess the distant, and it is vulgarized, the halo vanishes, the scales fall from the sight, the spell is broken. Nor is such the worst. They who attain not the like Hill of Vision, and to whom the delusion of the distant holds, demand they not still of the aspirant the same belief as theirs? And do they not cast on him the breath of their anathema, for that he refuses the, to him, impossible? To know is thus to be exiled from among men, as is the wayfarer of the mountains; to find, like him, no shelter for his head, nor place of rest; beaten by

the storms the unadventurous encounter not, disunited from his kind, unparticipant in their sympathies as they in his,

> "Forlorn, unsheltered;
> The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,
> The outcast, the abandoned, the alone."

As the distant map widens to the eye with every roll of your wheels, beneath you grows, deeper and deeper, the enormous gulf. The great glacier of the Medatch, whose lower limbs reach the bottom of the valley of Trafui, is now commanded to great extent. A huge black-pointed crag alone supports it, prevents it from falling into the valley. Having nursed and fostered the innocent, it is still the stay of its amiable existence. But these gigantic pelicans of the wilderness have a way of eating into the maternal rocks that suckle them. They rot through, grind, disintegrate them, undersap their strength. Drops of water, we know, will wear adamant away. Already is a broad dark hollow bored by the glacier through the massive flint, though many hundred feet in density. It is no very hardy prophecy, therefore, that this sustaining buttress will, if not some fine morning, some stormy one, give way under the ponderous load; and the *ecroulement* of great part of the Medatch glacier, and the consequent destruction of the village, and the desolation of the valley, add one item more to the long catalogue of those dread catastrophes.

Still we climb, though by lingering steps and slow. On a level with the sloping plains of ice on the far side of the gulf, you may look along their surface. Line behind line along the seas of ice, that fill and overflow their crater-like basins, white crag and broken cone rise, rank on rank, against the light, like shattered teeth in the shark's jaws. More to the right, amidst taller pinnacles, towers the Ortler. Colossal chieftain, there he stands, presiding amidst his peers, the giant captains of his icy host. Bucklers of golden scale cover their monstrous bodies as they sleep. The spiracles of snow are their glittering spears, planted in the fields of frost around them.

Still the road zig-zags on, as the towers of Babel turnscrew up to heaven in the illuminations of the old Bibles. Besiegers worm their way into a fortress parallel by parallel, as the Stelvio road scales the Alps. Painters help Jacob with a ladder for his angels that may be handsomer, but couldn't have been half so convenient. It seems capital engineering, advantage being taken of every accidental ledge. The Austrian could now pour his thousands—his wolves on the Milanese fold—upon Lombardy, and the line of the Adda, at any moment. The last rivet in the chain of her domination was with Rome a military road. Subdued empires, become Roman provinces, bore this last brand of their submission. But the Roman manacle was gold to what the German is—those who wore it did not wither—vanquished, the neck no longer felt her foot. Rome raised the fallen—the German treads them to the dust. The German's chains are iron, and the deadliest—the iron that enters into the soul.

Still here we go up, up, up. *Sic itur ab astra.* The air is so translucently clear, that, looking through the gulf and its autumn-tinted trees, you may still count the cattle in the patches of meadow by the

brook-side, thousands of feet down. Two human beings have passed us in the ascent, one a poor lone beggar, the other a peasant driving an oxen-drawn wain. The only other moving object is an English carriage, which preceded us by an hour, and is still descried at intervals, crawling its worm-like way in the distant traverses of the endless road, miles above our heads.

Below, beyond, more mountains rise, or seem to rise, like waves on a seething sea, throng on the horizon—where, the crags not interposing, we can see it—like clouds before a tempest. The glaciers, strewn with snow, in the caverns of the nearer mountains—how cold, and white, and death-like their upturned faces! delicate yet terrible are they as the Medusa's cheek; like the Medusa's eye the lambent lustre that gleams from them; and like the Medusa's breath their icy breath—nothing lives in its influence.

After about two hours, during which the same scenes, the same objects, are still visible around you in the pass itself, you reach a level at a great elevation. The Ortler, all its peaks and glaciers in their gigantic bulk and measureless extent, lie here before you, beyond the now narrowing neck of the pass. Beneath you the gulf is fearful—as terrific a chasm as heart ever trembled over. Dim in its sunless depth, immeasurably deep, and opening close at your feet, the gulf of the Ortler, seen from this, is among the most appalling sights in nature. But if it be so to us, on whom it has gradually assumed its present aspect, who may be said to have fathomed its mystery, how incalculably more so were it to one before whom it opened unawares! To the traveller passing the Stelvio from the Italian side, nothing can be conceived more overwhelming than the first plunge of the eye down this Satanic trench. Justly, also, might such a one, unable by his position to distinguish the labyrinth of the road, (down which, moreover, the postilion, locking the carriage-wheel, scampers as though the danger were behind, and not before him,) wonder how he should ever reach the bottom of it. But let him on. It is *facilis descensus Averni*, all the world over.

> "Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> His labor, hoc opus est,"

—for the horses.

The Stelvio is a vast and wondrous fabric, of which the spectator, from the grand design, descends to the components. Mists, too, now appear; they make many changes. Yonder delicate snows, whose silver flakes bird's wing has never ruffled, how sweet the sunlight sleeps upon their breast! Immaculate and pure, fair as the plume upon the cygnet's throat, they lie there locked in the Tartarean crags, like the Queen of Hell in Dis's iron arms. Columns of the now rising mist coil up around their couch, like a sulphurous steam vomited from the chasms beneath, as smoke from unseen fires. Some of the ice-lakes, choking the crags, foam above their rims as the crests of foaming water, and curl down over the unfathomable troughs below. Half way down the main hollow, its steeps are strewn with torn and shattered trees, wrecks of the forest. Some of them are rent up by the roots; some snapped asunder; some dead are yet standing; some,

with a few living boughs upon them, arch the dripping rill. Thousands of them are scattered on the long declivities. They track the step of the tempest, who thither marched in havoc on, the winter hurricane, that there went down, swift and desolating, into the gulf beneath.

What, higher yet? The eagle and the chamois, we thought, had the rest of it to themselves. The winds here are bleak as death. The mists are still gathering below. You may almost shake hands with the glaciers across the gulf, the Stilfser now nearly joining the lower projections of the Ortler, making overtures of more than their hitherto distant acquaintance. White and livid stream the glaciers down—the hoary hair of the old and wrinkled mountains. Worn, furrowed, bound with age are they, the Nestorian rocks, but stalwart still, though bowed—have all of age save its decrepitude. Wave on accumulating wave, foaming cataracts the glaciers look, that, palsied in their headlong fall, were stricken suddenly into ice—nailed, crucified against the rock, and left there bleaching in the air, seared by the sun, transpierced by the arrowy wind—the icy San Sebastians of the Alps; the runnels trickling from their downward feet are the sweat of their great agony. The image is not reverent. Take another. Call them the Slater—it is not unapt. Pave they not the mountain-tops with their icy tiles? All have heard of the Slater that, sliddering from the house-roof, was suspended by the priest in mid-air, while he took counsel of his saint whether the sinner might be saved or not. The glacier is just in this dubious purgatory; and whether he shall remain a stedfast denizen of the mountain, or roll a lauwine into the gulf below, is a problem—we stand not to solve.

The postilion here calls a halt, to breathe his blown steeds. Alighting and looking around us, what do we see? Near before us is a solitary shed, a place of shelter for those overtaken by the tempest, or wounded by the falling stones. A short distance further on, the road enters the galleries, roofings of ponderous oak, built to protect the traveller from the falling rocks. They continue, only open at the angles of the traverses, for miles, (except at the side). Looking up, you see where the road, emerging from the farther termination of the galleries, winds on yet again, and the path it follows seems, strange to say, as high above as you have left it below. Near you on the road-side, and among the heaped-up stones, the coarse grass, the lichen, and the moss, are seen. In the crevices of the rocks some stunted shrubs struggle for life, and sickly wild flowers, dwarfed in the icy air, stagger before the wind. But these hide not, scarcely break, the dull blank gray on all around. The channel of the torrent and the winter's rain furrow the face of the crags, but do not change their hues. Nor insect's wing lends life to the cold ground, nor voice of bird breaks the dull silence. Forests here fall, but not to the woodman's axe. It is the unclaimed desert, where the soil knows no lord. The shadows of the moving cloud people it, the torrent is its ploughshare, the complaining winds, voices of the solitude, mingle their sad music with the falling waters, that course down the thousand fissures of the stone. Above the clouds gather over the Ortler, now sail off like eagles on the wind, hunted by others that light upon its peaks in turn. Beneath us the

winds sound their great harmonies, solemn as from oracular cave the voice of prophecy. They prelude a storm, may-be. Strange sights we look upon. On high the aërial hues of glittering snows, below an Acheron. Heights, traversing with their chains the clouds and skies, soar in inaccessible altitudes as high above as the chasm is deep beneath. Made for angels to alight on these seem—that for demons and the damned to dwell in. With sights of hell beneath your feet, enormous peaks rise above the height you stand on higher than the piles of Egypt rise above the level sands. Heaven and hell are in each other's eye, both in the gazer's. His foot on the throne of the thunder, the cradle of the hurricane, the wind's Æolian caverns around him and beneath, is not a man likely to be acquainted with strange things? Actæon sees Diana naked, and what doth it profit him? He is in Nature's workshop, or so deems. Can he not discover, then, the secrets of her trade? Yes, one, or one other phasis of a secret she ever teaches him, though not more here than elsewhere—his own ignorance and feebleness, her might and power, her mystery unsearchable—that in all her deeps there is a lower deep, in all her heights a greater height—height unapproachable. Need he tread the mountains to find out this?—that the seen is but the shadow of the Unseen; the visible of the Invisible; that from yon lofty rock, however the misty veil may roll away, from the dread Isis, mystic Nature's awful image, the covering veil to human eyes shall never roll away!

One thing, however, he may here discover—that the realms of Terror are not more in the earth's depths than on its elevations. The place of torment for the rebel demon of the Greek, whom baffled Olympus chained to the penal rock, was on high. And fitly so: for regions such as this, all exalted as they are, were as dread a prison as the oppressor could devise, or tyrannous Fear seek out for the dwelling-place of eternal Torture.

The schwager is making a marvellous long halt. How may we beguile the time? Come here, to the edge of the abyss. Don't think there's nothing new there because yon have looked down before. What remains as it was in this ever-moving world? Gaze down again. This is an exceeding high mountain, and *there* are all the kingdoms of this world. Don't look at me, look at the mists. See how they gather in the air of the gulf, how they smoke and whirl, how they coil against the wall of rock, how they roll and heave, like ships on a broken sea, over the yawning hollows. Waters round a stormy headland burst as those mists burst in the air on yonder bulging crag. And then they pause, and then they rise and fall again, eddy and circumgyrate round and round, as the Hours uphold Time. All is flux and change with them. Kingdoms? Such figure that which is before all kingdoms, or those who rule them. If man is of the stuff that dreams are made of, are not these, too, like dreams as he is, and all that is his? See how they, like him, and all things, are borne on by that which they command not—a power which is not theirs. Vapours are they, as all else is. Mutable? Is all of life less mutable, and less illusory? Cheats it the weary heart with less of falsehood than these hollow shadows do? What is man less an exhalation of the morning than are they?—less the creature of an idle breath, the toy of ac-

cident? Coerced, controlled, by things they know not, their essence, too, is disquietude; *they* ever haste, they never rest, they never find their home; *they* come we know not whence, nor can detect; pass as strangely, wander as bewilderedly, and vanish we know not whither.

But can't one make something more of 'em? They move beneath us like things of sorcery, drawn from their proper sphere to move in another. Let us have a bit of sorcery too. Are not the bounds of true and false here past? The air is certainly no man's land. The real is a shadow. Then let us make of shadows realities. Let us project our wand, and see, since the spirits are to be commanded, if they will not mould themselves at the bidding of others than called them. Yonder cloud, for instance, sailing so strangely down the air, why should it not turn to a hippogriff, or anything else? It has outstretched wings. Or shall we call it a mighty beast, told of by the—geologist? Whichever you please. It now is neither. Look! There are two squadrons charging on each other, the sun upon their shields;—their spears are rather crooked, to be sure, and rather odd captains lead them on: but one mustn't be too particular in this world. See, they mingle, crash together—then all ends in smoke. What triumph is not as much a thing of breath, and as soon forgotten? Before yonder steep move mighty shapes. What are they? Ghosts we will have them of giant Scalds, whose spectral fingers move o'er soundless harps. That's a phantasm of Valhalla hovering over them. The Valhalla is now no more—a dream. The credulity of a moment, as much more, it was very well while it lasted. On the patch of turf there, half way down, fairies dance, pale and film-like, eddying in circles. They change—to ugly spirits. Fair things do so. Now they are all gone, good and evil together. The mists thicken. There's a company of witches at the edge of the ice, keeping sabbath; round they go; "mingle ye who mingle may," they mingle with each other. They settle now. Old crones are they, callous and cruel, huddling together. We have heard such things mutter, when in the flesh, all about religion and morality till the sun looked black in heaven. How the clouds whirl! Strange faces mop and mow in the middle of 'em, strange demons grin and gape. Where all is mutability fair things grow distorted, and yet hideous things last hideously. What a phantasmagoria it all is! And yet, the clouds image what they move above, as the pool what it stands beneath. There is mystic affinity in all things. More change! See, there are two lovers in the forest. Lovers live in a golden mist, as these do;—but who ever knew it last? Look another way, however: such people always find so many eyes upon them. And see there! There falls Phaeton sheer down, steeds and curricle, driver and driven, in promiscuous ruin. The shadows below are goddesses clinging together, trembling for the celestial coxcomb. But there's a face—there—can't you make it out? The early gods in the early time wore such; large, antique visages, undeformed, august, unmutilate; that never looked on human wrong, never knew fear; that gazed on chaos unappalled, and called the star of the morning brother. But an eye has dropped out, and how very long the nose gets! 'Tis Gog or

Magog now, and Polypheme wouldn't take the comparison for a compliment. Now 'tis a monk, cowled and featureless. But what's that? Ah ha! There's a figure for you, coming from the snows down the wind—alone. That now is an angel, plumed, and bestriding a pale horse. A flaming sword is in his large right hand, a flaming star is on his forehead, a flaming buckler on his arm, phosphoric fire burns around his streaming hair, and round his courser's mane. On he comes, borne by invisible spirits of the wind. Hark to the sound of their trumpets as he descends! Mercury stooped from Olympus as that shape stoops down the ether. The steed wants a leg or so now; but never mind; we must take things as we find them. Whew! here's a whirl and a conglomeration! All is confounded together now, depraved and formless. Only hills and vales of vapour. Mirza's vision has vanished, and left but the green grass and the sheep feeding. Towers and domes are there at best, or castles—castles in the air. What more are all things?

After which we take refuge in the galleries, especially as the schwager swears he has waited till his steeds are chilled, and has called to us to come till he is hoarse. Huge knave always, your postilion. It is only a rejoinder by anticipation, seeing we should rate him for lagging so long.

Of the galleries there is nothing to say. The rain patters on their roofs as we creep along in the twilight they cast on the road they cover; and, through the openings of their heavy posts and beams, see but the shoaling vapours now gathering deeply. Gray rocks loom through their haze, and now and then some peak above shows its white cowl among the clouds, looking like some colossal trooper whose mantle cloaks all but his casque and streaming plume.

Emerging from the galleries, snow is falling. The sleet drives before the icy blast: all is extinguished. We can only discover that the chasm is wholly passed. The slopes of the mountains have closed on each other; the rocks from each flank are united; snows and crags have joined company; the lists are closed. The Stilfser Joch and Ortler Spitz have shaken hands, like combatants when the jousts are done. A mile or two further along the sloping terrace of the summit, a column marks the spot where the highest elevation, the Culm's culminating point, is reached; where Tyrol and Italy meet and divaricate.

Here we are at last. A blind, blank, dead, sullen pall of all-involving cloud is all we are favoured with. We have reached the Pisgah after the wilderness, and shan't see the land of Canaan after all. Sonorous winds howl around in the caverns of the mountains, or sweep by through the attenuated air, bearing with them hail and rain, sleet and snow, in charming intermixture. We are a climbing crew, that's sure, we human mortals. The chamois and the goat, the eagle and the wolf, we exile from our plains, and then won't leave them the mountains to themselves. We invade the inaccessible, accomplish the impossible almost, and then shudder, in succeeding, at our success. Poor shivering things we are on these bad eminences. Call ourselves lords of the earth as complacently as we will, be hanged if we feel ourselves ever less lordly than in treading the high places

which to lords are fit. We never feel so lowly as when we are on high, never more humble, and weak, and impotent. Before the majesty of the mountains the self-sworn lord trembles as slave before what he held as slave, and says in his heart, though he put as good face upon it as he can, "Pray be civil, good gentleman, and let us pass." If one of the gentlemen rose and shook his mane, how very lordly we should look! Strut about and talk as we will, man knows no delight upon the mountain tops equal to the getting down again.

And this we hasten to do. What business have we here—at such a time, at all events?

About half a mile from the top of the pass is a lonely station-house, an inn, the highest inhabited abode in Europe, 'tis said, and we believe it, seeing it is some eight thousand feet above the sea. Here we halted amidst a storm of rain and mist, not to change horses, but bait the postilion, and also to lock the wheel; which done, the rule is to gallop down all the way, good road or bad—the devil may care for the patent axles. Ours have stood it thus far;—we wish them all safe home again.

Immediately beyond the inn you emerge from a gap, and, winding to the left, turn the Ortler, or the Ortler turns you rather. In fair weather, the scene that opens through this is one of the marvels of the Stelvio. The gigantic Braglio, the Grisons, and some of the loftiest ranges of Switzerland, are in front. To us all is mist with a vengeance; we might as well have been on a heath for what we could see. The crags on the left of the road, the base of the Ortler's southern flank, were all our prospect; vapours, scudding in shoals before the wind, made the rest. But we here descend rapidly, as aeronauts say. A mile or two down, we came, in as vile weather as might be, to Santa Maria, the first Italian post-house—the most lofty post-house and the most beastly post-house in Christendom. *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*, might be fitly uttered by whoso enters its foul precincts, and the fouler mob of *facchini*, and *postillioni*, and sluttish women, and hirsute, bandit-looking varlets, who were lolling and sauntering about its filthy vaults and den-like lobbies and chambers, to say nothing of a livid, black-muzzled, Schedoni-like monk or two, who emerged suddenly upon us from a dark recess on the stair, crossing themselves with equal industry and humility as they glided by us heretics. Our ears brought the only consolation to our other four senses—we heard the broad-vowelled music once again of the most melodious language in the world.

One does not like anathematising a whole race of one's fellow-creatures. It is better to be sleekly philanthropical in gross, so as to damn them in detail with a clear conscience; something on the plan of the benevolent burgomaster, who made it a rule to forgive his enemies in this world that the devil might have clear work with them in the next. This is the rule with travellers in Italy; tricked and pillaged at every step, they still stand by the Italian character, surrounding *aubergisti, corrieri*, and such cattle, to the indignation of the virtuous. Now we don't altogether impugn the principle; we are not without a small predilection or so for fair dealing ourselves. Still we cannot help asking how it happens that the same class is so different—how it

happens that the obscene herd we have spoken of is so much more obscene in Italy than elsewhere. A traveller no sooner sets his foot in an inn or posthouse over the Italian frontier, than he finds he is fallen among thieves. You would think the very soul of the people were changed with their language. Santa Maria is an out of the world place, so is Trafui; yet light and darkness are not more opposed than the integrity of the same class in Tyrol, and their rascality at this beastly hole of Cacus at Santa Maria. What do you say to this? We pause for a reply—or rather we don't, "I cavalli son attaccati Signori," being an annunciation too pleasant to hear to be disregarded

We have little to say of our descent. The road zig-zags on, the same on the Italian as on the Tyrol side, and we zig-zagged with it, galloping through a slush of rain and melting snow for several miles. A dull lugubrious region the early part, nor tree nor shrub visible to us. Then the green moss, and in the nooks a few shrubs, at higher elevations than in the Tyrol. Descending, the vapours diminish. You at length drive through the first gallery. Perhaps the aspect of the pass is ameliorated after this, but drear, sterile, and of little grandeur still, as far as we could see its features through the mists. Torrents of fierce wind tore through the cold chasms by the road side.

Descending still, ever at the same rapid rate, across a bowl of rocks in front, the clouds being less impervious, we may see our way through a dismal fosse below, for some distance, under the cloudy canopy. With this, the first view of the gorge of Spondalunga, whose galleries are on the left, we see on the right a long thin stream of falling foam: leaping down from its spring, white and milk-like, like liquid snow, it enters a heap of barren rocks and is lost. We took it for the source of the Adda. Such we see. We hear the runnels above we do not see, as they leak from the glaciers we as little see. Much else there is which we see as little, no doubt. But with what we would see and cannot, some things there may be that we are not the worse for not seeing. Even in the summer season, a few years ago, (1838,) four men were killed in this quarter, crushed to death by falling stones; and the long shelving acclivities at the road side testify by their smooth surface to the constant friction of these, loosened from the rocks that impend above. The clouds hide the rest. They do not hide from us, however, that we have a drunken postilion, nor that that is among the evils of the Stelvio in the equinox. The knave has evidently swilled the contraband cognac to keep the fog out.

A series of galleries, two miles in their aggregate length, perforating many of them the solid rock, mark the Wurmser Loch in the gorge of Spondalunga. They are all noble works; but they ought to be extended, the road in several parts being still exposed. Cataracts boom on their roofs as you pass in darkness beneath them, and leap from them—not you but the cataracts—into the pass below. It is an austere and desolate defile this of Spondalunga. Crags of very sinister physiognomy hang over the passenger; we see them sometimes loom through the mist; and massive rocks, black and fortress-like, tower, im-

mense in magnitude as in elevation, all around, not a tree to cover the horror of their nakedness. Italy is certainly not the country, the ideal of which is responded to by such realities, and yet a desolation such as this is the first aspect of Italy enter it where you will. And few would hold a sea voyage to mend the matter.

> "Italia mia che l'Apennin disgiunge,
> Che partì Natura, et l'Amor congiunge,"

according to Tasso, may not the less resemble a paradise because a repelling bulwark girds it round. Elysium was entered by the infernal regions. But not the less does the mind of the stranger sustain a shock at the first aspect of Italy being thus in entire contrast with his preconceptions.

The fountain we mentioned, now some miles behind, is *not* the source of the Adda. We were wrong in so supposing it. The Adda's head is in yonder nest of rocks over the brook. You see the creature coil, and hear it hiss as you approach it, and it springs, hatched into life, from the black egg that engendered it; and then wind and trail its sinuous way, serpentining through the grass—*anguis in erbe*—it leaves its spume and slime in. But our mistake was not so unnatural either, seeing that besides being much higher up, and heads of things are apt to be at the top, the upper spring is the more copious of the two. The Adda is plainly of the Hydra genus, and has more heads than one. Cleft in twain an adder might serve for an armorial ensign, just as well as the double crested vulture does to the empire the river marks the frontier of.

As the Adda runs into it, the defile changes its course and nature. The mountains recede, the vale expands, the torrent subsides into the gliding stream; another face is on all things. Cultivation succeeds to barrenness, greenness to blackness, rounded hill to jagged precipice, population to solitude, farms and habitations to the bleak wilderness. We descend into the valley of Bormio. In its distant bottom the Adda lies coiled in a double circle, asleep, as it should be.

At the Bagni di Bormio, we feel in Italy. It is not for the first time. Yet those Italian faces, how fine they are! The handsome mould of the Niobe-like cheek, the sharply cut long brow, the fixed lidless stedfast look of the full eye, the gracious aspect—we have seen nothing like it since we saw it last.

In the Bagni di Bormio, a large lone building as big as a barrack, a mile or two distant from the town, the Italians congregate in hot weather to transact the little matters proper to watering places. The birds are flown now, the place lonely enough. Its position is good—a knoll with a wide plain in front, encompassed by lofty hills. Some of the loftiest of the Rhætian Alps, the Gavio, the Confinale, are in its vicinage, and the Ortler itself pays it a visit in fine weather. Il Freddo Paese, the Italians call Bormio; coming from the clouds, we should have amended the nomenclature; and, if snows were plentiful, it is something to find them keep their distance, to find hills know their places, and to see the forest above you instead of below.

September 26.—Leaving Bormio, the defile is La Serra, a stern grim gap. One of the devil's very numerous bridges crosses it. The

Valteline's noble valley succeeds. Though flanked on each side by Alps of great elevation, the huge Mont d'Oro not far distant, all the rich luxuriance of a southern vegetation is, as the valley widens, seen before you. Farewell the pine, the tannen, and the yew, on all the lower slopes, and behold the vine. The Indian corn is standing in the fields, the mulberry grows by the road-side; the chesnut, gathered into magnificent woods, rises in rich dark masses of foliage up the mountains, up their long deep sides, driving the Alpine trees, shivering on their tops, before them. The sun is burning upon steeple and tower; on the flat roofs of the distant town, seen over the intervening vineyards. The Adda under the frequent bridge still foams and hisses, his bright scales glittering in the sun, gliding on and stopping not. Warm airs loosen the chest; the lizard springs along the sunny walls; purple grapes are hanging from the trees. Dove-coloured oxen pass us by, driven by peasant women. Handsome contours those Italian women have! we have said it before, but it doesn't prevent its being so still. If we were painters, how we should like those women—in the way of business. The coarse finish pared away, the fine lines and statuesque mould remain—that's the cause why. The Italian face is best in the best parts, the eye and brow, and the grand contour. The heroic contour, the heroic colour, (painters call it so,) and where not this, the rich russet hue Raffael has given, whether fitly or not, in many of his sacred subjects; these, with the visible capability of the noblest expression, nay, with the noblest expression, these are still the character of the Italian face: we speak of what is the type, of course. But even in individuals, with plenty that is gross, how little that is mean! At its best, an Italian face is made of as few lines as a Greek marble. Brutalized by degradation, they thus still retain the finest attributes of physical beauty. What a fine creature that is, laughing with her companion in yonder vineyard! How she makes your ears and the echoes ring again as she trolls the full vowels from her throat! How unembarrassed her air! what courage and candour in that upright gait and straightforward gaze! A fine race are they, and full of fine qualities, say what you will. Hear those who know them: we are serious. Those who have had the means, or taken the pains, which few have, of justly appreciating the Italian in the native ore of his nature, are little divided, we think, in their verdict, of the kindliness, the generosity, the humanity, the thousand amiable and estimable qualities which characterize him. It is an easy process to generalize on national character from the hack demireps of society, from knavish innkeepers, and the lazzaroni of couriers, and such like things. But no one can be ignorant of the far different estimate from such as this which is made of the Italians by those who have been at all qualified to make any. Mr. Spalding, author of one of the best and most comprehensive books penned upon Italy, is one of these few. And perhaps it would not be amiss if Englishmen, before they pronounce the sweeping dicta many do, upon this people of august memories, were to ask themselves whether they could with confidence assert, that their own countrymen, however favoured in the present chances of events, would, if sunk in degradation as the Italians are, and have

so long been,—whether, under such corrupting circumstances, *they* would be likely to leave, on the student of their national character, impressions such as the peasants of the Abruzzi left on the author of "Italy and the Italians!"

We have almost done. But the Stelvio completes its course properly at the Lago di Como. Bolladore, Tirano, Sondrio,—the whole Valteline looks at this season the lap of plenty. It is an endless gallery of pictures of nature's choicest painting; the lofty cones above—the lower spurs of the Rhætian Alps—the framing of the picture; that soft blue veil of pellucid mist, so peculiar to Italy, pervading each and all. It purples the valley's depths, the mountain's side; the split and shattered peaks, clothed with its colours, become delicate; the rough crags assume in its radiance all ethereal hues. The hues of the air are indeed among the witch-spells of this fairy-land. We may grow half unconscious of them, as of much more, 'tis true, as it all becomes, by daily use, familiar. But not the less have we eaten of the Lotos; and if we go hence, is it not with lingering footstep and averted look? Who leaves this charmed Chersonese but with regret, to remember it with fondness, to yearn to it when away, as doth the exile for his home?

At Sondrio the Adda is swoln. "Serpente sine serpente edit non fit dracone." The serpent does eat another. A copious torrent augments it, and it here rushes on, very dragon-like and dangerous; then bursts into marshes; and venomous enough the marshes of the Adda are, charging the whole spungy air around them with poison. The town of Colico, which lies like a toad in a hole, in a hollow among the hills below Morbegno, is the same, a perfect pesthouse from malaria. These districts are in fact the Pontine marshes of Northern Italy; and their condition demonstrates the possibility, and so far confirms the averment of the historian, of the Pontine marshes having been the site of numerous towns and cities. Towns and villages are as numerous in these putrid swamps of the Adda, the population as dense, the country around them as rich, as any other quarter of the Valteline. But the terrible cost at which they are so occupied, the universal livor of the visage, and the goïtrous throat of the poor people, in men, women, and even young children, too sadly testify.

Leonardo da Vinci, in the use of one of his hundred talents, made the choked Adda navigable for two hundred miles lower down. Pity he did not bring his hydraulics to bear further up too. It surely would not be very difficult to drain this quagmire, for it runs swiftly through it, our friend the Adda does, runs and roars too, and so loudly, 'tis quite a boa; which being an excellent joke, and the Como, with its broad and brimming lake, opening upon us at the end of the second post beyond, we here make our bow to the Stelvio.

One word, however, in comparison of the Stelvio with the Simplon, as a postscript. The route from Geneva to Brigg, the foot of the Simplon, may answer to that from Innsbruck to the foot of the Stelvio. The lake of Geneva, and the inadequate, distant and uncertain view from it of Mont Blanc, with the dreary Valais, must be considered as far inferior to the Innthal and the Finstermünz. There is nothing in the Simplon itself to compare with the gulf and glaciers,

and the close proximity of the gigantic Ortler. One such sight as that we should hold worth the fifty inferior on the Simplon, just as one great idea of a great intellect overvalues the thousand small thoughts of a common one. As distant objects, the great groups of the Swiss Alps are fine from the Simplon. But the view over the Swiss and Grison mountains from the Italian side of the Stelvio's summit, is pronounced by those—more fortunate than we were—who have seen them, as one of the grandest pictures in Europe. And when we add that, according to our impressions, the beauties of the Valteline preponderate beyond all comparison over those of the Italian descent from the Simplon, just as the scenery of the lake of Como, which so finely closes the Stelvio, surpasses that of the Lago Maggiore which closes the Simplon, it were supererogation, in a comparison of the grandeur of each, to say to which of these two Alpine Passes we should accord the palm.

DREAMS.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

Thou wanderer of mind, for what purpose com'st thou
Thus to press with quick footsteps my slumbering brow?
Art thou of heaven, or art thou of earth,—
Art thou of evil;—whence claim'st thou thy birth?
Com'st thou to solace, or com'st thou in wrath,
To shed dolor and dread o'er my tempest-trod path?
I like not these visions, they seldom are bright—
What wouldst thou tell me, dark dream of the night!

Thou hast shown me a tree with one leaf on a bough,
The last lonely vestige of flourishing now;
Its branches are bare, and that leaf by the wind
May be crush'd, may be tatter'd, rack'd, torn, like my mind
On that bough sits a bird, and its twittering song
Sounds to me like low, dying notes, floating along;
Is it to warn me my moments are flown?—
Dream of the midnight, leave, leave me alone!

Dream of the silent hour, torture no more,
Illness and sorrow are pressing me sore;
Death hath been busy, and trouble hath shed
Years, years of deep anguish to silver my head.
Leave me! oh, leave me! tormentor:—let peace
For once hallow my slumbers! Cease, troubler, cease
To waken me thus ere the dawning of light,
Let me sleep free from thee, thou dark dream of the night!

SKETCHES.

BY CURIO.

THE CAUTIOUS MAN—THE HUMBUG—THE CODGER.

THE CAUTIOUS MAN.

He was cautious from a boy. Shy of acquaintances without an introduction, learned in antidotes against danger, chary of feeling—upon principle, a connoisseur in flannel, lamb's-wool, and thick soles, in cold and damp weather. Never let off a squib, and never took heartily to his gun. No skater, nor smoker, nor sitter-up, nor scribbler, nor adventurer, nor—lover! His didactic mamma, or his circumspect nurse, or his own precocious instinct, must have imbued his infant mind with an anticipatory dread of the innumerable perils and pitfalls, snares, steel-traps, and spring-guns, which beset the pilgrim's path through life; for he was ever *en garde*,—when the least sprightly with a companion he was always widest awake, temptation lured him in vain, he looked before he leapt, and therefore never stumbled, nor ventured upon strange ground, nor trespassed in forbidden precincts. And the inevitable consequence of all this is, that he is open to no influences which do not bear "the test of strict examination;" he punctiliously beats time to the pulsations of his heart, and devoutly hopes, that as he has begun so he may continue, to run the course allotted him, without incurring the disgrace of being "imposed upon," or "taken aback," either from lack of prudence, or a want of foresight; and that, however true it may be that no mortal is perfect, or *omnibus horis sapit*, he may be preserved from that direst of delinquencies, the victimizing, or, in his own phrase, the "making an ass of himself," as other Christians have done before him.

His first solicitude in rising of a morning is to elude the contingency of *a chill*, and his alacrity witnessed in the earlier stages of his toilette might be mistaken for constitutional, or a skip and jump effusion of pure animal spirits. But no—the source of all his brusquerie is an abiding horror of colds. Perhaps one of the most impracticable things short of the marvellous, would be to allure him into the open air (in any but the most genial weather) without his having broken his fast, even were it only upon a biscuit or a sip of coffee; such excursions being as he terms them foolhardy, and much best let alone—unless at the call of duty, which of course were imperative. And, having breakfasted, he loiters, or provokes a discussion, or sets about writing a long letter, or sends for 'Matthew' to parley with touching the farrier's bill, or the broken fences, or the depredations of his neighbour's poultry—anything, as an excuse for "sitting awhile" after his meal, like a mindful disciple of Abernethy.

It is still better to see him mount his steed, after a scrutinizing survey of his fore-quarters, done with an air of humanity worthy the incomparable Richard Martin—yet all with a view to his own security. How he reconnoitres, and wishes the mail-coach at its journey's end

as it gallops past him on the road, and frightens Dobbin into a morning hornpipe or an incipient fit of the staggers. With what a calm sobriety does he greet his bluff friend who jogs up to him on the back of old Bucephalus, and accosts him with the usual obstreperous salutation ——, resisting the inspiration of his humour, forbearing to enter into the spirit of his jokes, keeping a vigilant eye on the curb and the snaffle, and sitting on his saddle with all the inflexibility of the cockswain of a wherry, or the man in armour at the Lord Mayor's Show.

Edifying, also, to watch the tact with which he comports himself as a stage-coach traveller. He looks inside, and sees somebody there with whom he would not be so closely confronted. Observe the deliberation with which he climbs aloft, the methodical equipment of his person according to the temperature and prospects of the weather, and the remarkable discretion he displays in his casual intercourse with the other passengers,—for, as he says, good humour is all very well, and Mr. Tallboys there is an agreeable enough sort of fellow, but men who want nothing are not so pleasant, and it is best to keep on the safe side. And then, admire the toleration he displays on occasion of encroachment or presumption from one of those ruffians that occasionally infest the public vehicles,—an altercation with one of them, as he well observes, might upset one for the whole day. He is necessarily a peaceable man, and in his common-place book, commenced some years back, may be found, among other authorities for cultivating that spirit, a citation from Shakspeare, wherein a novice is admonished to "beware of entrance to a quarrel"——Whether the exhortation that follows, "but being in, bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee," is equally appreciated by the "Cautious Man," may be doubtful; but the praise due to him for averting the occasion for consulting it cannot be withheld.

The acumen with which he pursues his daily vocation, is evidenced in the pages of his banker's book, his rent-roll, or his ledger, by official record of his rapid promotion, or the celebrity of his professional name, and the purity of his general reputation—save that where he has to adjudicate on the conflicting claims of self-interest and benevolence, it is feared he is seldom actuated by "an inclination to the more benign extreme." But, his actions are unimpeachable, whatever may be thought of his motives. Frugal in his cheer, temperate in his pleasures, narrow in his views of human accountability, and with all the doors in his house well bolted, he seeks his early pillow, with a mind tolerably at ease, and "sleeps well."

It does enhance one's notions of the consistency and uniformity of his character thus to behold him in all situations and seasons preserving that self-custody and ever-watchful care to remote consequences, which give a practical stamp to his imperturbability, and have earned for him the designation of "The Cautious Man."

Long talkers oppress him, and he gives them the slip; humourists are unsafe at the best, and so he never trusts them; boors, he does not dislike—in the way of business; upstarts, he regards as arrant fools; and "humbugs," as their own enemies. He is especially cautious with the fair,—knowing their power, and the impunity with which they wield it, he thinks much evil of them in his heart ere they

can be admitted to his confidence,—with all their charms, they are but attachés, and their scale of reflected respectability is the thermometer of his love for them.

He is too "cautious" a man not to know that "honesty is the best policy." Therefore, if you can pledge him to your service, by all means secure him. He is no great "catch" in a bargain; as a coadjutor, he loves "the lion's share;" he can "beat you at barter;" and is only to be circumvented by a villain. But there *are* relations, in which he may subserve the interests of his fellow-creatures, and in retaliation for the general selfishness of his life, they should be imposed on him without reserve. He makes a good umpire, or assignee,—and if you have an investment in *shares*, rely on it your "company" would do well to make him a director. He is a good guardian, and would make an admirable godfather, if an entire disregard of the duties of that sacred relation were not so unscrupulously sanctioned by the world. But, he is exact in his observance of the secular code; and we may conscientiously pay him the compliment of affirming, that if you are about to make your will, and have not a pound to spare for legacies, you cannot appoint a better executor than the *Cautious Man!*

THE HUMBUG.

The humbug is a pettifogging compound of infidel, coward, and good fellow; more or less of either, as the case may be; but these are the components of the character. The title embraces a catalogue of delinquents, of all professions, not cognizable by the law of the land,—and a host of trivial philanthropists, that victimize their fellow-creatures, without intending them the slightest harm. There is the designing humbug, and the sanguine; the one a violater of the spirit, but a respecter of the letter, of the social law; the other a good-natured being, with a warm heart and no conscience, all impulse and no principle, without steadiness of judgment or of purpose, opinions, legitimate aims, or springs of action. Your genuine humbug is the *mean* character between these two, partaking of the venality of the one and the imbecility of the other, a patchwork of guilt and innocence, a moral scarecrow—worth sketching for the benefit of the unwary.

He can adapt himself to any company—from a saint to a bailiff, an alderman to a teetotaller, a monk to a prig, a debtor to a creditor. With the saint, he touches not upon spiritual matters, but softens his heart with a flattering unction, or one of his most ineffable bows; the bailiff he subdues with an air of sensitive dignity, which Cerberus himself could hardly withstand; the alderman he can beguile with pleasant prattle, through the successive courses of a luxurious banquet—and when that *strain* of harmony, "Non Nobis Domine," has announced that the company have, one and all, gratified themselves to their appetites' content, he in his turn can listen with greedy ear to his worship's effusions of humorsome and magisterial wisdom; with

the teetotaller he can inveigh with the emphasis of a fury against the liberal use of the article *spirits*, and the noun *intemperance*; the solitaire he heartens with ejaculations of admiration and envy at his conquest over *sense*; and the "prig" is allowed to be familiar, and vent his small "saws," show his enamel, and cock his head, upon the simple condition of his paying the reckoning; the debtor he can frighten with an air of alarming firmness; and with the creditor, need we say, he invariably gains his point? His first impressions on a stranger are always favourable. Disciplined in his manners, he is enabled, by the assiduity of self-interest, and the geniality of his better nature, to gain the ear, and, through that best of thoroughfares, to reach the heart, and thence the pocket of a patron; and although he should not long maintain his ground, his shameless flexibility of mind never forsakes him,—down and up again, nil desperandum is his motto, unsteadiness takes the name of buoyancy, vanity is gratified where prudence should be shocked, his wits are sharpened for the next encounter, and the excitement of novelty is his ample substitute for the credit of success.

If the humbug were not, as he is, a bettermost scamp, he might make a serviceable member of society; and, but for his redeeming points, he would be a villain. As it is, he scruples not to desecrate the name of honour, and practise his wiles under the sacred pretext of friendship,—here he is an infidel; sensibility makes him a coward, hence he is a "humbug." He has not the boldness to disparage you to your face,—like a good fellow, he spares your feelings in your presence, and contents himself, when your back is turned, with an assault on your reputation. His actions and motives are mostly at variance, but both are changeful as the wind; good and bad chasing each other, if not mingling together, with rapid alternation; weeper and cock-fighter; sympathiser and tyrant; flatterer and detractor; nice companion and rancorous foe; a bad son if he has no patrimony, but a good father—for he aspires to found a name!

He raises expectations which he knows, rather than feels, will not be realized. Go and ask a favour of him, and, though he cannot immediately comply, he will not damp you with a point blank denial. He would like to do it, and can't; but the credit of good-will towards you does not satisfy him, without the reputation also of ability to serve you; so he defers it, and keeps you hanging on his hook, sick at heart and tortured with suspense, for his own present pleasure, and your imaginary profit. He leads you on by inuendo, exaggeration, and falsehood, involving you, at every delay, deeper in the mire of impending disappointment. He gladdens you to-day at the expense of your peace to-morrow and the six days, at least, that follow. He promises with a sincere wish, and perhaps some intention, to benefit you; but the wish survives the intention, and is itself lost in his blazing incapacity to keep his word. Hence he is stigmatized as a treacherous friend, as hollow as a drum, a summer bird—a humbug! Fearing no God, he fibs ad libitum, where he can do it with impunity; and, you may observe, his most interesting adventures are always related to have transpired under circumstances which leave investigation useless, and disproof impossible. Of a *fact*, advanced by the humbug, if it be

at all of a startling nature, you may set down half, at least, as misrepresentation, if not the whole as fiction. He may well be an adept, for he serves an apprenticeship to the art of indiscriminate gulling. Does he not tell you how he read three volumes at a sitting, and forgot to wind up his watch? or how he was awake with the sun after "a rouse" by moonlight, and, without the sedative of a wet napkin on his head, tackled to something particularly profound for four or five consecutive hours, and intends to do the same every day, whatever the sun may do, for four or five consecutive months yet to follow? how he gave a setting down to a professed wit, sophist, or mountebank, now dead and gone, in the presence of one witness, also dead and gone? Or, coming upon the stage of life, does he not give out that he has large expectations from his father, knowing that, as this is a delicate matter, no inquiries can be made till the old gentleman dies, and then, if the truth come out, he can fall back on the touching plea of disappointment? and furthermore, how he for love, and not for money, conducted a knotty business through a labyrinth of complexity, and, when the beneficiare had relinquished all hopes of elucidation, brought it to a happy termination? what deeds of wonder he has performed by the force of constitutional facility,—how events have verified his intuitive predictions,—and how great authorities have come round to his views, at the instigation of a greater, with whom he had been admitted to long and frequent conferences, without prejudice to the Court Circular? Only mention the name of a distinguished individual, and he has no hesitation in telling you he knows him intimately, although he is not prepared to describe his person. Is "the black ox" on his hoof—is he down in the world? he pleads poverty to extenuate delinquency, and anything but truth in excuse for his poverty, ventures on the deep sea of shifts and contrivances, keeps his head above water without showing his face—a graduate for limbo—till he drifts upon a quicksand, or till he comes to be *forty*, and after that he is seldom to be traced, unless, as will sometimes happen, capricious Fortune cast the sheep's eye at him, and make him a *gentleman*, when he marries a nondescript, and helps to people the isle with a race of hereditary HUMBUGS.

THE CODGER.

He is hard upon sixty—wears gaiters, and an unfashionable costume altogether—*ought* to wear powder and a pig-tail—is neither tall nor short, but high-shouldered—has a good phrenological head—complexion drab—no whiskers—quick eyes—pug nose—and a punchinello mouth, concave from loss of teeth, but genial as Mr. Wilberforce's. He belongs to no club, but has his favoured haunts, where he can depend on his company, and knows he is not misinterpreted. He seldom dines out—to him synonymous with out *of his element*. He is a bachelor; makes no noise in the world, nor in the parish, and submits to any penalty to exonerate himself from official responsibility. He never has a dispute, a serious one, with anybody—he can maintain his point, and prove all that he asserts, but he neither rushes in "where

angels fear to tread," nor is he quite so formal a moralist as to "quarrel with a straw," though reputation were somewhat involved in the issue. He has his line of politics—at least you know which newspaper to hand him when you have reached two and he has the choice—but he does not penetrate the depths, or enter into the controversies; he heeds the state of agriculture, and the tides, the births, &c., skims the "Omniana," evades the Police and the dismal suicides and accidents, goes through the Fashion if it is not too long, does not altogether neglect the commercial intelligence, once in a week may read a leading article through—and then he begins his dinner. Thrice happy, he never grumbles—and, if there were no other advantage in this peculiarity, it saves him time, and gets him his aliment while it's hot. He takes his quantum of "stout," refuses nothing from fear of consequences, falls then to his port, or his toddy, as the case may be. He wants no propitiation from without, no incitements beyond his native bonhommie, to chime and harmonize, to listen or applaud; and yet there's a rough-hewn caste and crudity, though tempered with courtesy, about the creature, which should scarcely heighten the *charm* of his eccentricity;—but he presents to your observant eye the spectacle of *a Codger*—realizing all the pleasant fiction that author, actor, or *pictor* must each fail in delineating—that embodiment of quaint amenity, striking but unaffected, cheerful but sober, independent in character but catholic in spirit, intelligent but not facetious, grotesque but respectable—the Codger! If you don't look at him *as a Codger* you will do him wrong, seeing nothing in him but a mere foguy—in all probability a grandfather, a cribbage player, not impossibly a teetotaller, a miller, or a wag—perhaps a cockney, an auctioneer—certainly not a schoolmaster, nor a clergyman, nor a sportsman. But, be apprized beforehand that he is a true and unfeigned Codger—seize the hint, grasp the idea, and "perpend." Watch him—he is the very incarnation of an ideal; there is a palpableness about him that transcends the impunity of fire-light, and makes darkness visible, like a rabbit on the wall. His head is gray, but cropt like Mungo's. Friendly, gladsome chap—though, by the by, he will chicane a bit, when his right is in jeopardy, for his *favourite corner*, where either he must sit or not sit at all—his factitious domicile, his locus sigilli, where no locum tenens were endurable, and where alone perhaps his soul palpitates within him. Here he "comes out," in his simplicity, and through disavowals, and coy deprecation, and mock assumptions of dignity, with some playful dogmatism, he entertains you, with a fluency which nothing, not deglutition, can impede, with that rarity in these days, the confessions of a genuine mind. Him you *may* believe; and however Mr. Buckram might turn the nose and mistake him for a butt, you may receive all that issues from his lips as so much truth—as far as sincerity can make it such—and therefore, if you be equal to your opportunity, as so much wisdom,—for he tells how he can cry "fig" to a witch, how he concedes to imperious conscience, how he's a stranger to excess, (and therefore not a teetotaller,) a fisher out and rewarder of merit, an avoider of vestries and literary societies and black silk stockings; but shows also how he's an oddity and looks like a genius,

and how he has survived the season of impetuosity, when, like you, he took oath, and aspired, and fell in love, and was therein somehow disappointed, and then Fate hooked him by the gullet, and he found himself at a new climacteric. But though decay has come upon him he has fallen into a second bloom, and in exchange for the devil of the boy he rejoices in the benignity of the Codger. He has learned to restrain himself, to deny himself, to yield to the boisterous and give them rope enough, to quell opposites with negatives, to tolerate, —and all with honour, for he has smoked the devil's jerkin and is not afraid of man. The fair know him scarcely but as the queer Mr. So-and so, whom they have heard spoken of by the squire as a nondescript, by the parson (said to say) as a non-attendant, by the tradesman, as a benefactor, and by the younger brother as a "Codger." He is never more than ceremonious in *their* company, and they have no certainty of seeing him but at an anniversary.

We have no means of guessing what he does with himself all day. He *must* sleep well, and so nothing should well come amiss to him. We are not going to pry into this. But, can he be always a *Codger?* At breakfast and in his study, or in his poultry-yard? And how is he furthermore endowed? Does he feel a musical truth? That he does. But, for the heroics—does virtue recognize him here?—does Slander rouse, does he writhe at injustice, can he weep with the seraphim—or does he "lack gall to make oppression bitter?" And how does he feel at sight of an undertaker?—But, this is beside our graphic province; we would not dissect him, nor trace him into such privacies, for fear of divesting our dear imaginary friend of what we proclaim as his seeming veritable characteristics—a perpetual sense of enjoyment—chaste but convivial—a chuckling glow—a blithe and garrulous honesty—a boundless philanthropy, a whimsical modesty, and, in fact, an individuality—indescribable, and peculiar to *none but* THE CODGER.

POETRY IN ABYSSINIA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Poets are in great esteem among the Negroes of Abyssinia, who suppose them to derive their peculiar gifts from a commerce with sorcerers and evil spirits. This causes them, during their lifetime, to be much respected and courted, but their bodies, after death, are far from being treated with this respect; on the contrary, they are regarded with so great a horror, that they deny them the rites of burial."
BOOK OF TREES.

How must the gifted ones of earth disdain
This dull cold clime, and love the ardent nation
Which gives to Poesy's enthralling strain
The tribute of unbounded adoration!

There, no stern critic clouds the minstrel's doom
By open censure or obscure suggestion;
None wound him by oppression, none presume
His inspiration mockingly to question.

No patron, in the pride of gold and lands,
Doles to him measured counsel and assistance;
Within enchantment's magic pale he stands,
And wondering crowds revere him at a distance.

Yet must such fame seem profitless and drear,
Love hath no share in this enforced submission;
'Tis born in ignorance, and nursed in fear,
And fed by dark and baleful superstition.

And when its idol from the world has past,
None gather round his grave, due rites bestowing;
They deem his lot is with the spirits cast,
To whose unholy aid his skill was owing.

O England! thou hast wrought much harm and wrong
On those who well deserved thy kind protection;
Oft hast thou chilled and spurned the son of song,
And shadowed his brief lifetime with dejection.

But at his death, thou ever hast been just,
Dwelling with reverence on his slighted pages,
And the proud monument and marble bust
Proclaim his genius to succeeding ages.

Yes, he may live in want—but when he dies,
Voices unnumbered of his powers are telling,
And all can trace his kindred with the skies,
Just as he quits for them his earthly dwelling.

O! it is better thus, than to receive
The servile duty Reason's sway defying,
That to the living can weak worship give,
And with dark defamation load the dying.

Ay, it is better far, through tedious days,
Vainly to woo in song the shade of glory,
And dying feel that those dishonoured days
Shall hold a dazzling place in future story.

Yet, England, deal more gently with the bard,
Who on thy gratitude his trust reposes,
Give him support, approval, and reward,
Ere the short space of his existence closes.

O! give him soothing words of peace and hope,
The birthright of quick feeling he inherits,
He cannot with the rude encounters cope
Which brace to energy more hardy spirits.

Still o'er his tomb let tender tears be shed,
To his loved memory due homage giving,
But while thus mourning for the honoured dead,
O! spare some praise, some kindness to the living!

LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.[1]

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"He follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered his frail shins: at last I left him
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chin." TEMPEST.

CHAPTER IX.

The Declaration.

WHEN the passengers ascended the poop, the sun was on the point of setting. Its disk, equally divided by the line of the horizon, seemed half sunk into the waves, whilst the other half that was still visible, illuminated the dark surface of the sea with a long track of ruddy flame. Every one was struck with admiration at the gorgeous spectacle, and placed himself, where caprice or convenience prompted, to enjoy it at his ease.

The two Smyrniotes installed themselves in the most dangerous position they could devise, taking their seat upon the bulwarks, with their backs to the ship, and their feet hanging over the side, whilst M. d'Argentières, whose cowardice contrasted strongly with the bravadoes of these swaggerers, took his place near the wheel, and overwhelmed the steersman with compliments and questions. M. d'Argentières was of opinion that it was inexcusable in a man of any merit or importance, to cross the sea without studying the scientific peculiarities of the art of navigation. In consequence, he asked questions by the hour, about every rope, spar, block and pin, on board the Magnificent.

His present instructor was, fortunately, as ready to communicate his nautical knowledge as his perpetual interrogator was to acquire it; otherwise M. d'Argentières might have found himself unceremoniously rebuffed, as he had already been by several of the sailors, until he fell in at last with this good-natured steersman.

Less curious in these matters than her husband, Madame d'Argentières, who sat near him, was satisfied with listening very carelessly to the information he retailed to her by degrees as he received it; moreover, she was employed in holding the frock of her little daughter, who was amusing herself by spitting into the sea, and watching the circles she made in the water.

Seated behind this interesting family, M. Champlein, in the execution of his usual routine, was heaping compliment after compliment upon the mother and her child, without gaining the attention of either, but not without exciting the spite of Mademoiselle Hyacinthe, who was pouting by herself at a little distance, and resolved on revenging herself the next morning, when her turn came round again.

[1] Continued from vol. XXXV. p. 408.

Meanwhile the captain, summoned forward by his mate, was absorbed in a careful examination of some part of the fore-rigging; and Madame Bergerac, under the impression that her husband would rejoin her immediately, remained alone at the extremity of the poop; the vacant seat that Bergerac had occupied was still by her side.

D'Harcourt now approached her, with the portfolio containing the portrait still under his arm.

As he drew near, he stopped for a moment in contemplation of her beauty.

She was reclining upon an easy chair, in an attitude of graceful negligence, rocked by the long and equal movements of the ship. At the first glance, she seemed entirely absorbed in watching the fleecy scud, as it sped onwards towards the west, and listening to the moaning sound of the waves, that followed one another in rapid and endless succession; but, as he observed her with more attention, he remarked that the same dreamy reverie, in which he had surprised and pourtrayed her, had isolated her soul from all material objects, and that between her eyes and those clouds, between her ear and the murmur of those waves, mysterious shadows were passing, and ideal voices heard.

Had Albert any share in those musings? Did his shadow glide amongst those shadows? was his voice heard amongst those voices?

He dared to hope it, and advanced with confidence to the side of the beautiful dreamer.

Madame Bergerac started, and blushed at the first glance of the painter, as though that glance had surprised her secret thoughts.

"Madame," said he, "it is strange to find you alone."

She was tempted to reply—"My husband will be here directly"—but an instinct, of which she became aware for the first time, made her feel that there was something ridiculous in a wife throwing the name of her husband in the face of another man. Madame Bergerac was astonished at the thousand trifling lessons she had learnt, as though by revelation, since that memorable promenade on the quay at Nantes; and, as she could not doubt that d'Harcourt was the author of the revolution that had taken place in her ideas, she was forced to confess, although she could not yet explain the reason for it, that he possessed a singular influence over her mind.

"Monsieur," she replied, "there are moments when solitude has attractions."

"When we suffer or when we muse," interrupted d'Harcourt, eager to entrap her into this dilemma, that he might have the advantage either of compassionating her sufferings, or sharing her dreams.

"When we dream!" replied Madame Bergerac, naïvely; but a moment after she felt alarmed at the construction such an answer might bear.

"Come," thought Albert, "I must try the melancholy vein."

He crossed his arms upon the back of the chair which the captain had vacated, and leant forward until his lowest whisper could be audible to the lady, to indicate that he was about to make some grave and mysterious communication.

Madame Bergerac trembled like the sensitive plant that shrinks

from the hand that would gather it. She had a vague consciousness that a decisive moment was at hand; and, drawn different ways by curiosity and alarm, was uncertain whether to fly or to face the danger. But the ice was broken, and the painter gave her no time to escape.

"Madame," he said in an under tone, and in an accent rather of entreaty than of reproach, "may I inquire what was the motive that induced you to refuse to sit to me for your portrait?"

"I really had no idea that you were so exact a copier of female beauty," replied Madame Bergerac, hoping to avoid giving a direct answer, by this allusion to the portrait of Madame d'Argentières,

But d'Harcourt was not so easily to be diverted from his object. He renewed his question under a different form, and the young lady, unable to confess her real motive, had no resource but to own that she had yielded to a caprice, and that she had no reasonable plea for rejecting the proposal he had made.

"In that case," he resumed, "my pardon is already secured for the indiscretion of which I have been guilty."

The lady was at a loss to understand his meaning, and raised her eyes to his face with a serious and bewildered look

He improved the slight pause that ensued by seating himself beside her on the chair on which he had hitherto leant. He placed the portfolio upon his knees and opened it, casting a furtive glance around as he did so.

Madame Bergerac felt a new light breaking in upon her; a deep blush overspread her cheeks, which became deeper still when the artist confronted her, so to say, with herself, in the portrait he had executed.

This portrait rendered the beauty of Madame Bergerac with the same fidelity as that of Madame d'Argentières had rendered her ugliness. It was her exact image, such as her mirror showed her to herself—or, rather, she had never seemed so lovely in her own eyes; for, in addition to those pure and regular traits of which she was conscious, there were in the picture a smile, an expression, a play of feature, of which no one can be conscious, since no one has them except for others, but which, when faithfully given, make portraits so speaking and so flattering.

In consequence, it would be difficult to define the emotion which that surprise excited in Madame Bergerac. There was—confusion at having allowed herself to be so entrapped; gratified vanity at seeing her beauty so fully appreciated and so admirably copied; alarm at the consciousness that a man should so completely have read her mind in her countenance, as to be enabled to write the thoughts of the one on the features of the other with a few strokes of a pencil; lastly, and above all, a sort of intuitive and trembling admiration for that unknown, who, from the day on which he had first remarked her in the crowd, had been enabled, hour after hour, to increase his influence, to make a new step towards her, to lead captive her inmost thoughts.

"What, monsieur!" she said, hesitatingly, "whilst that poor Madame d'Argentières was at the trouble of sitting to you—"

"It was you that I was painting—you, who had refused to sit; and this is perhaps the reason that I have been so successful in the likeness."

Madame Bergerac, uncertain in what light she ought to regard the matter, affected to smile at the mystification of the fat lady; but her position with respect to d'Harcourt had become too clear and precise to be avoided so easily; besides, she felt the necessity of recurring to the portrait, and of speaking clearly on the subject, since it was impossible to leave it in the possession of d'Harcourt without abandoning to him a sort of right over herself. She resumed, therefore, and in a very serious tone:

"Monsieur, as it was for my husband that this likeness was originally intended, may I request that you will allow him to share my surprise without delay, by delivering to him this portrait from me and yourself."

"Ah, madame," replied the painter warmly, "that cannot be. This sketch was made for myself, and I have all the better title to it, that I should have been incapable of making it so life-like had it been intended for another. Allow me, then, to keep it as a recompense, if I may not claim it on any dearer grounds."

The young lady felt her trouble increase in proportion to the fruitlessness of the efforts she made to conceal it, and the increased animation which her companion threw into his expressions; she looked round to see if no assistance was at hand—if the captain would not make a diversion in her favour.

But the captain, good sooth, had other business in hand. M. Ledru had just informed him that the stay of the foremast was so rotten as to be quite unserviceable. This must be remedied without delay, or the Magnificent might carry away her foremast in the first squall they met with.

"What right can you claim, monsieur," said the young lady, at last, arming herself with the severest look she could find in the armory of her bright eyes—"what right can you claim to the possession of my portrait—and what does all this mean?"

Albert advanced to the edge of his chair, until he almost touched Madame Bergerac, and was, in some sort, on his knee before her.

"It means, madame," he said, in a voice that grew more and more tender, "that it is time for both of us to drop a useless disguise, since you know how much I love you, and why I am here."

"This deck, monsieur, is surely the last place in the world where you should presume to make such a declaration."

"And why should my lips not utter it, when my heart is full of it? when you may read it in my eyes? when it is written on my forehead?"

"This is, indeed, taking an unfair advantage of the chance that has made us companions on this voyage."

Were these words merely intended as a reproach, or did they not likewise imply a question concerning all those mysterious circumstances upon which the lady longed to be enlightened?

The artist had the tact, or the boldness, to interpret them in the latter sense.

"Chance!" he exclaimed, with an emotion he could no longer restrain. "Ah! madame, learn, at last, the sacrifices to which I have been urged by my love for you, and the hope of making you share it!

Never should I have dreamt of crossing these seas, had I not met you on the quay at Nantes on that evening which has proved the most eventful epoch of my life, and learnt, on the following day, that you were about to depart for Smyrna. I then felt that my happiness, my existence, no more belonged to the land which you were deserting, and I hesitated not to quit my friends, my family, my pursuits, all the enjoyments assured to me by the name I bear and the fortune I possess, to follow you, to behold you, to breathe the same air that you breathe. And I acted wisely, madame; for, be the fate you reserve for my love what it may, the happiness that d'Harcourt the painter has already found in the contemplation of your loveliness, is worth a thousand-fold all the pleasures that the world could offer to the rich Albert Thorigny."

"Albert Thorigny!" repeated Madame Bergerac, in a low tone, to whom that name was familiar, famous as it was in the *salons* of Nantes.

As he spoke her husband approached, and she paused in confusion on that name, leaving her lover in a state of uncertainty that was no longer without hope.

Albert rose, and saluted Bergerac with a self-possession which gave his companion time to regain her composure.

"I beg pardon, captain," said he, offering him the chair—"I believe I have taken your place."

The unintentional irony of his civil speech made the artist smile internally, and brought a blush to Madame Bergerac's cheek that forced her to turn away her head.

"No one would believe all the care and attention that are necessary on board," said Bergerac gravely; "if my mate had not remarked that block, we might have met with an awkward accident, had it come on to blow."

So saying, he reseated himself beside his wife, and offered another chair to d'Harcourt; he, however, had too much tact to prolong the conversation; he found some excuse for moving away, and, after two or three turns upon the deck, retired to his own cabin.

CHAPTER X.

Fatality.

When either the ugliness, the ill-breeding, or the despotism of a husband, does not side with the seductions of a lover in attaching the virtue of a wife, you may be sure that fatality will take the matter in hand, and the devil will lose nothing by the exchange.

None of the three first cases applied to Bergerac; so he naturally became the victim of the last. His wife had but one means of resisting the impression Albert had made upon her, and to arrest within herself the fermentation of the passionate words she had listened to; this was, to banish from her thoughts the image of the one and the remembrance of the other. Well! on the evening in question, the captain did not utter a syllable, but it recalled Albert Thorigny to

her mind. The unlucky husband conspired against himself, with all the perseverance his worst enemy could have desired.

Two hours after the scene I have related, all the passengers had retired to rest, and Bergerac, after giving his orders for the night, and taking an examination of the weather, had rejoined his wife in their common cabin.

This small apartment was a charming epitome of the sumptuous curiosities that adorned the captain's house at Nantes. It was an oblong room, occupying one half of the after part of the poop; it was lighted by two narrow windows in the ship's stern, decorated, without, with handsome carved work, and hung within with curtains of Indian muslin, crossed under a valance of old damask. Every piece of furniture the most luxurious bed-room could boast, was there collected, reduced to its most diminutive, but at the same time to its most elegant form. The two beds, half hidden in their separate recesses, resembled two barks, and the curtains represented the sails hanging in the brails from the yards. By the side of each bed was an arm-chair, which formed a table or a writing-desk at will, of the captain's own invention. The remainder of the furniture was concealed in the panelling, and was only visible when drawn out for use. The whole was composed of ebony, encrusted with citron wood, of the finest grain and most brilliant shades.

On entering, Bergerac found his wife seated before a volume, on which, though her eyes were fixed, her thoughts were far away.

"Ah! it is you," she said, as she rose to meet him, with a pleased and eager expression.

She was happy to feel herself protected by the presence of her husband from the thousand thoughts that besieged her imagination, and assailed her heart.

A woman whose husband no longer is, or never has been, her lover, grows doubly beautiful from the moment any one has whispered in her ear these simple words—"I love you!" A new life seems to bloom upon her cheek, to animate her brow, to sparkle in her eye; she is like the lamp, whose flame a magic breath rekindles; she is as an angel, recalled to the presence of the Creator, and clothed again in her wings and her glory. Such power have the words, I love you! whatever be the lips that speak them, whatever the ears that listen to them! So truly is that second existence—love—the real existence of woman!

Bergerac, whilst he bore towards his wife, and received from her in return, a deep, tender, and sincere affection, the warmest of which either felt capable, not only no longer was, but never had been, what may properly be called her lover. Love, therefore, in its proper sense, had now, for the first time, revealed itself to her imagination.

Thus, Bergerac had never thought his wife so beautiful as at that moment, when in their solitary and silent chamber, by the soft pale light of an alabaster lamp, she stretched forth her arms to meet him, and rested that fair and radiant head upon his shoulder. He gazed upon her face with the inexpressible delight of a miser, who feasts his eyes upon a treasure, smiling upon the fullness of his happiness, and congratulating himself, in his secret soul, on having carried away

with him such a blessing, instead of the dark and cankering anxieties which he had created for himself, on the night preceding his departure.

"Juliette," he said at last, "do you know what is the happiest inspiration I ever in my life experienced? It was that which made you the companion of my voyage."

A cloud passed rapidly over the brow of the young wife; the image of Albert, which the arrival of her husband had put to flight, suddenly reappeared.

"Is it not so, Juliette?" asked the captain.

"Ah! yes," she answered, and her voice was low and soft.

The captain thought it tender, and seated himself by her side.

More than once, since the commencement of their voyage, Bergerac, feeling his jealousy give place to the most complete security, and almost reproaching himself for the fears he had entertained of the fidelity of a wife, who seemed happy to cross the sea in his society, had been on the point of yielding to the fatal temptation which urged him to avow the motive of his carrying her away with him from Nantes. This unlucky idea now recurred to his mind, when, feeling more confident than ever, he was more inclined to expiate, by a frank confession, the passing doubt with which he had secretly insulted the honour of Madame Bergerac.

He took her hand in his, simply and affectionately, and looking into her eyes, with the natural and kind smile that was habitual with him,

"Juliette," he resumed, "you have never asked me why I took you with me on this voyage rather than on any other occasion?"

The thought of Albert again assailed her, with the whole train of circumstances that had followed that walk on the Quai la Fosse.

"I thought, my dear," she replied absently, "that you had chosen this voyage, because you imagined it was more likely than any other to be agreeable to me."

"Certainly, that reason is excellent, and would alone have been sufficient to decide me . . . . but I had another."

"Ah! and what was it?"

And she drew nearer to him with impatient curiosity, hoping to find, in the confidence she was about to receive, a new diversion to the preoccupation of her thoughts, and to forget the lover in listening to the husband.

Poor girl!

"I was foolish enough to be jealous," said the captain; and the affectionate smile again shone in his glance.

"Jealous! you?" said Madame Bergerac, smiling in her turn, not without embarrassment."

"It was unjust as well as foolish; I am now sure of it, and I make the confession, that I may obtain forgiveness."

"And of whom were you jealous?" asked Juliette, whose fancy was now wandering back to Nantes, freed from the ever-recurring image of Albert.

„Do you remember," said Bergerac, "that stroll we took on the Quai la Fosse, two days before our departure?"

"Yes," she replied in a low voice, falling back under the fatal influence that dated precisely from the day he mentioned.

"Will you believe it," continued the husband, "I imagined that a young man had admired you more than he had any business to do on that evening, and that he was somewhat indiscreet in the expression of his admiration."

It was all in vain, the brilliant phantom of Albert reappeared before Madame Bergerac in all its fascinations.

"I was not mistaken," resumed the captain, pursuing his fatal career, with all the good faith in the world. "The next morning, as I returned from the ship, I perceived an individual at the gate, whom I thought I recognized as your admirer of the evening before."

"Had you, then, seen his face on the quay?" asked Madame Bergerac, at once alarmed and bewildered.

"Alas! no," replied her husband, upon whose memory the brown coat came back with a feeling akin to remorse. "Nor was I more fortunate on this occasion, for he had entrusted his note to the porter and disappeared, before I came up."

"A note!"

"Yes, for you! I took possession of it, as you may imagine."

"And you have it still?"

"Here it is."

As he spoke, he took the letter from his pocket-book, and placed it in his wife's hand, who read it with a thousand mixed and indefinable emotions.

Had this note been given to Madame Bergerac previously to the conversation she had just held with Albert, she might, perhaps, have discovered, in its free and arrogant phrases, the proof that his love was nothing more than the passing fancy of a libertine, accustomed to overcome all obstacles in the pursuit of his pleasures; but, as at that moment her head was filled with the passionate protestations of the artist, and she saw him only as the bold and adventurous lover who was crossing the ocean with the sole purpose of being near her, she remarked but one phrase in his letter: "I will prove my love by every means that the power of man can compass," and read in it the indisputable confirmation of all that she had listened to on the deck.

Thus, Albert gained in her opinion as much as he deserved to lose; and whilst the captain was reiterating his excuses for having been so unnecessarily alarmed on her account, at the same time congratulating himself on the circumstance, inasmuch as it had made her the companion of his voyage, she heard not a word he said, no more than if he had been a hundred leagues off; so completely was her mind absorbed by the idea of Albert, and so musically did his words still vibrate upon her ear.

The poor girl made many useless efforts to draw her husband into conversation on any other subject. He persisted in talking, during the whole evening, of his foolish jealousy, of the stranger on the quay, of the anonymous letter, of his feeling of security and happiness since his departure, &c. &c.; all which topics perpetually and forcibly recalled to Madame Bergerac the memory of Albert Thorigny—always Albert Thorigny—nothing but Albert Thorigny!

In vain she hoped to take refuge in sleep; worn out with the captain's interminable excuses, what could she do but dream of—Albert Thorigny?

CHAPTER XI.

The Contrast.

Nothing travels so far or so fast as imagination, in general, and as the imagination of woman in particular. Give her but a name, and she will build a romance upon it; an atom, and she will swell it into a world. But if you surround that creative and untiring faculty with circumstances calculated to develope its fruitfulness and activity to their full extent—isolation, solitude, silence, monotony—it will then absorb every other faculty of the mind into itself; its flight will know no bounds, its exaggeration no limits; everything will be ice or fire, hatred or love, folly or genius, weakness or heroism.

But what will it become if you place a woman in such circumstances, at a hundred leagues' distance from all the distractions that nature and society can furnish—in the middle of the ocean!

Such was the case with Madame Bergerac; and heaven only knows how her imagination worked. She could not have possessed a more lofty scope, nor a wider field; her position was clear, and fully defined. Shut up, night and day, for an unlimited period, and without any possibility of escape, in the same space of twenty feet square, in the same apartment, almost in the same room, with a man who adored her, who had left his country to prove his love, who had just told her so, who would have fifty opportunities every hour of repeating it, and that under the very eyes of her husband!—was ever heroine of romance placed in a more embarrassing, more dangerous, more dramatic position? I only ask you!

And Madame Bergerac sometimes asked herself the same question. Now, once launched into the sea of romance, there was nothing to stay her progress. Believing as she did in the depth and sincerity of Albert's love, she saw in him, through the medium of her fancy and her dreams, one of those Rolands who fought for ten years, in the lands she was about to visit, for the glorification of their ladye-love; one of those gallant knights who would not have hesitated to tear the glove of their mistress from the teeth of an angry lion, for the simple guerdon of a smile. Had d'Harcourt lived in those chivalrous days, would he not have done all this, and more, for one smile from her? or, rather, was he not one of those models of pure, devoted, unchanging love, revived expressly for her?

Thus did Juliette, given up to her forced and solitary meditations, attribute to d'Harcourt far greater merit than he had ever laid claim to, and innocently realize those hopes which even his presumption had scarcely dared to entertain.

Still, she was, as yet, merely dazzled by the pretended passion of Albert. There wanted, to complete her fascination, an opportunity of comparing him with her husband, under circumstances which should establish the inferiority of the latter. Until then, her case was not

desperate; for meantime, inexperienced as was Madame Bergerac, she was not without principle, and her affection for the captain was founded on the highest esteem, and the most sincere gratitude.

Up to this time the weather had been moderate, and Bergerac, who had confided the management of the ship almost entirely to M. Ledru, had merely substituted a pea-jacket for his usual costume. The change was very appropriate and very agreeable, no doubt, but in it the becoming already began to be sacrificed to the comfortable, and it was attended with this special inconvenience in the captain's case, who was a little given to *embonpoint*, that it did anything but display his figure to advantage.

At the same moment that he made his appearance at breakfast in this costume, d'Harcourt entered the cabin, attired in all the elegance a Parisian tailor could impart, and, after paying his compliments to Madame Bergerac, gave his hand, with a slight smile, to the captain, and managed to seat himself by his side, opposite to his wife, in order that the contrast might not escape her observation.

Some days afterwards, Bergerac, having been forced, by the rough weather they encountered, to replace his pea-jacket by some article of clothing still more substantial, and to cover his head with a cap that fitted close and was tied under his chin, Albert seized the opportunity to arm himself in the newest and most irresistible panoply of fashion.

Lastly, on another occasion, Madame Bergerac was seated alone on the poop; she was watching the clouds, as she now often did, since her natural gaiety had given place to more melancholy feelings, and ruminating on the new advances which Albert had made towards her during the few preceding days.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the sun, which had heated the atmosphere to excess, had just disappeared behind a bank of dark and threatening clouds; the sea, which was increasing at every moment, broke heavily, from time to time, against the ship, and everything foretold a storm.

Suddenly a clap of thunder was heard in the distance, and large drops of rain fell plashing on the deck. Madame Bergerac, roused from her contemplation, ran hastily to the ladder.

But at the moment she placed her foot upon the first step, some black and shining object, mounting rapidly towards where she stood, made her start back in astonishment and affright.

"Ah! it is you, Juliette! go below at once, for this is a squall that promises us no good," said a hoarse voice, that the lady was quite astonished to recognise as that of her husband.

It was, in fact, Bergerac himself.

Having foreseen the storm earlier than his wife had done, he had wrapped himself in a costume suited to the circumstances; his glazed hat, his cape of oil-skin, and his large fisherman's boots, might be very becoming to the captain, but were very uninviting in the husband.

The captain smiled at her emotion; he stooped to kiss her forehead, which he slightly scratched as he did so with the rim of his hat; and descending with one bound on the quarter-deck, he shouted,

through his speaking trumpet, a thundering order, accompanied by an oath that made the ship shake again.

Madame Bergerac hastened to get under cover; and, as she entered the little sitting-room, still shuddering at the sights and sounds she had just witnessed, what was the first object that met her eyes? Albert Thorigny, alone, half extended on a couch, and perfuming the whole cabin, with the rich essence he was inhaling from a smelling-bottle of Bohemian glass, mounted in gold!

Poor Bergerac!

CHAPTER XII.

Kissing hands.

A few days later, almost at the same hour, Bergerac was seated on the poop. The sky and the sea were calm and blue, and the Magnificent was running before the wind, with all sails set.

The captain was seated on the deck, with his legs carelessly crossed, holding in his left hand a pipe of *écume-de-mer*, and resting his right on the wheel.

It was pleasant to see him thus enjoying the double luxury of smoking his purest Havannah, and steering, himself, his beloved bark. At that moment, his countenance expressed the most perfect satisfaction; and any one who could have looked into his soul, would perhaps have found it overflowing with even more of thankfulness and content, than his countenance or his attitude expressed.

"I am, indeed," so ran his secret thoughts, "a spoilt child of fortune; I have no wish that heaven has left ungranted. I am the possessor of the finest vessel in one of the most important ports in France. It conveys me from one extremity of the globe to the other, not, as is the case with most of my comrades, to gain my livelihood, or to insure my old age against want, but for my amusement, and to gratify my taste for travel; whilst at the same time it enables me, on my return from every voyage I make, to pay into my banker's hands some thousands of good doubloons.

"In this beautiful bark, I am accompanied by a wife more beautiful still, who, day by day and hour by hour, would turn to delight the fatigues and ennui of a seaman's life, had a seaman's life such for me. All the way from Nantes to Smyrna, I have that wife in my sight, by my side, in my arms; I listen but to her voice when the tempest roars; I see but her smile when the heavens are overcast and threatening; I feel but her caresses when my bark is tossed by the raging billows; for that wife loves me so dearly, that she follows me across the ocean without fear and without regret.

"The momentary doubts that once assailed me, have left me only more secure in her fidelity, only more assured that her heart is mine entirely, that every thought of her soul is as devoted to me as is the faultless perfection of her beauty."

At this point in his musings, Bergerac happened to cast a glance upon a small glazed sky-light, placed on the deck of the poop to give

additional light to the cabin. He had just left her there, and whilst his mind was so occupied with her image, his eyes naturally turned towards the spot that contained so dear an object.

And there she still sat; but—a sudden cloud obscured his vision—she was no longer alone.

Some one was on his knees before her, and that *some one* was Henri d'Harcourt.

The young artist, going to paint portraits and costumes amongst the Turks, was at that moment occupied in kissing Madame Bergerac's hand . . . . . .

It is true she was defending herself to the utmost of her power, and repulsing him with virtuous indignation.

A man who should see a flash of lightning dart from a cloudless sky, and the electric fluid enter the earth at his very feet, could not be more surprised or horrified than was our captain.

He bounded to his feet with nervous precipitation, and whilst his pipe fell upon the deck, broken into a thousand pieces, the wheel, on which he had loosed his hold, made a half turn, and the ship fell off from her course, and lay in the trough of the sea.

"Hilloa!" cried the steersman, running aft, "you have fallen asleep, captain!"

"Not at all," muttered Bergerac, "I am at last awake.—Steersman," he added, aloud, "take the helm again."

The sailor obeyed, utterly confounded at having discovered the coolness and skill of his captain for once at fault.

As Bergerac bent his steps towards the entrance of the cabin, he seemed to be revolving in his mind a host of sinister and deadly thoughts.

Fortunately, some one met him at the foot of the ladder.

Had it been d'Harcourt . . . . it might perhaps have cost him his life! But it was Madame Bergerac. The captain restrained himself. His wife was evidently escaping from the importunities of the painter; and, finding in that conviction some power to allay his rage, he forced himself to speak to Juliette, as though he had not remarked how much she was moved; as though his own feelings were not tortured almost beyond endurance.

"Where are you going?" asked Madame Bergerac, in a trembling voice, which she vainly endeavoured to steady.

"I go to seek . . . . my lieutenant," replied the captain, in a tone so quiet that it perfectly reassured her; for she did not understand the terrible irony of his words.

TO HARMONY.

O Thou! whose voice a solemn comfort breathes,
  Mysterious Concord, echoing far around,
Blessed is he whose listening heart receives
  The holy influence of thy peace-wed sound.

Thou guardian power, beaming from above
  The heavenly radiance of light serene,
Earth's brighter children, fostered by Thy love,
  Bloom as fair plants in Wisdom's flowery green.

Well pleas'd they feel that, at thy mighty will,
  The Beautiful in all things doth appear;
Thine the glad smiles of meadow, grove, and hill;
  Thine that great Heart rejoicing everywhere!

With inward joy they greet each glimpse of light,
  Glassing the glory of thy presence nigh;
They woo thee in the stillness of the night,
  And when Day sheds his noon-tide majesty.

Stedfast in Faith, the transitory woe
  O'ershadowing Earth,—by Heaven's law decreed—
They view with calmness; well assur'd they know
  That to all Strife must Harmony succeed.

In vain for thee, the restless sons of Hate
  Discordant rend the unsettled realms of Time;
Thou, unsubjected to the storms of Fate,
  Smil'st from thy throne, o'er Chance, o'er Change, sublime!

As, when the will of the Incarnate Word
  Check'd the blind fury of the raging sea,
That will of Love both wind and water heard,
  Like music flow'd the lake of Galilee—

Hush'd at Thy breath, the anxious tides of Life
  Flow calm and gentle at the West-wind's breeze;
Do thou but whisper, and the brood of Strife
  Flies *far* the azure of the charmed seas.

Lo! when the tempest-winged hosts appear
  With warfare strange to vex the troubled sky,
O'er the wild storm thine advent voice we hear,—
  The storm, thy prophet loud, O Harmony!

So the sad Cares, that rend each mortal breast,
  Herald the Love that bids all Sorrow cease;
Our earthly toil foretells our heavenly rest,
  And brief Anxiety eternal Peace.

G. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER II.

"A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whispered as he passed,
'Wherefore thou dreamer, away so fast?'"

Hemans.

Our regiment had been ordered to furnish a detachment of two companies to go into Corsica, and on my arrival to rejoin it at Valence, I learned that my company had just embarked to repair thither. This change in my destination, which I had not at all expected, affected me at first a good deal, owing to the regret I felt at separating from my comrades, and leaving many cherished friends; but I consoled myself with the idea of a sea voyage, and of becoming acquainted with a new country, and especially an island differing so much from France, not only in its nature as a country, but still more in the character and manners of its inhabitants.

Besides this, I was in raptures at the thought of approaching so near to Italy! I could not suppress a hope that the hour might arrive when I could tread that shore of mighty remembrances; and the idea made me take more patiently a host of trifling perplexities and vexations, such as, among others, having to part with, at considerable loss, my horse and cabriolet, as I could not embark them, and should no longer want them in the garrison.

Arrived at Toulon, I purchased a camp-bed and other requisites of an officer, for the Corsican burghers with whom we should have to lodge were only likely to provide us with the four bare walls of their chambers, and embarked on the 27th of May, 1787,—a date I have never forgotten. We were scarcely on the open sea when the wind rose and hurried us along with a swiftness I could hardly have conceived; we made at least forty leagues in eight hours, and as we stood upon the deck of our small vessel, which was but what was then called a post-boat, the waves washed over us with such force that I saw no reason why we should not be submerged entirely; and I observed the young servant whom I had brought with me—a lad whom I had brought up, and who had been with me for four years—making the sign of the cross, while he regretted, I fancy more than once, that he had followed me, notwithstanding the amusement and surprise he shared with me in watching the flocks of porpoises which ploughed the waves around us. Our captain at length thought fit, in his wisdom, to take the precaution of sending us all down into the hold—for in that sort of vessels there were no cabins,—and there, heaped

[1] Continued from p. 112.

together pell-mell, with all sorts of merchandise, and without any order of precedence, we were left to our own reflections.

After staying two days off the Antibes, we were able to steer for Cape Corso, where we disembarked at the end of about three days.

An abode of four years in Corsica which followed, at an age when nothing restrains the ardour of a spirit of inquiry, enabled me to collect many observations of some interest, concerning a corner of the globe whose name was hardly known till it belonged to France, but which one of its islanders has since so widely celebrated; while it presents, in the character of its inhabitants, traits of sufficient originality to engage the attention of any who employ themselves in the study of the human mind. We read with eagerness sketches of far more distant regions, which yet deserve our interest less, from the striking difference of national character which these exhibit when compared with neighbouring people, as well as from their manners, usages, and varied costume.

History presents to us the island of Corsica as having been from immemorial time the object of ambition to different nations of the continent; and the asylum of many tribes who, vanquished and dispersed elsewhere, came at different periods and founded settlements there. Thus its population, though not consisting of more than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, is composed of men who strike the eye of the observer by the sensible differences in their dress, idioms, and usages; but whom the need of defending themselves against a common enemy has often drawn into union, and given to the Corsican nation a uniformity of which otherwise it would have been singularly destitute.

The Romans possessed flourishing colonies in the island; and among others that of Alesia, facing Italy, at a little distance from Porto Vecchio, one of the largest, safest, and most commodious harbours in the Mediterranean. They used it as a place of exile for their state prisoners, and of confinement for malefactors, who were probably employed in cultivating the stagnant and unhealthy plain which extends from Bastia to the straits of Bonifacio. But the isle owes much of its apart and peculiar character to the little attraction which its soil, bristled with mountains, has ever offered to the cupidity of foreign nations. Its aspect, at the first glance, is wild as that of an uninhabited shore, and its people have remained, like itself, rude and little civilized, contenting themselves with the chestnut and the wild olive for food, and for dress, a coarse stuff made of the wool of their goats and sheep; but they have thus preserved purer morals, and have become infected with fewer faults than the polished nations which lie beyond the purple seas that wash their coast. They are indeed possessed of some virtues which are remarkable;—of a sobriety which they carry to the extreme—a contempt for luxury—and a daring which nothing can intimidate, which has often made their strength, and which, well-directed, might have contributed to their welfare and renown. To these qualities we should add their hospitality, that virtue of all poorer peoples, in which, perhaps, the Corsican is seldom surpassed.

Their ruling passion is revenge, which is sought poniard in hand,

as too often repeated examples show. During my stay, there were many of these assassinations, and one more remarkable, perhaps, than the rest, was committed in the public square of Ajaccio by a man of some rank. A friend pointed out to him, in a group near, an ancient enemy of his family, who had not been seen for a long time. He instantly fetched a stiletto, and stabbed him, while the bystanders, far from appearing indignant, allowed him, on the contrary, to escape and pass into Sardinia, where he sheltered himself from the pursuit of the tribunals, abandoning his country, his family, and his estates, rather than pass for a coward in the eyes of his fellow-citizens.

The sentiment of revenge is a species of national prejudice, and looked upon among these people much as the point of honour, or the duel, is amongst us.

They have all natural genius and very vivid imagination, but an absolute distaste for work, and an inertness that is indescribable, arising, probably, from the long habit of bearing arms, and the distance at which a state of warfare has often kept them from their possessions. The women alone support all the burthen of labour; for, independently of that within their dwellings, they cultivate and sow the lands, and gather in the harvests, while the men follow the chase, or lie stretched under the trees at the entrance of the villages.

Poor and little cultivated, unpeopled and desolated by continual wars, their island has never been embellished by science or the arts; yet its immense plains are covered with rich wood, with the myrtle and the strawberry-tree; while, upon its hills and valleys, the vine, the chestnut, the citron, and its native olive, offer at every step the proofs of an abundant vegetation natural to its climate, and produced without labour.

It has riches too, equal to, or beyond all these, in its antique forests, which lie situated in extensive valleys scattered amongst the mountains, a great chain of which divides the whole island into two parts, subdivisions from which, forming a number of smaller chains, slope down on all sides to the sea, or to the broad plain which stretches on the Italian side; while, enclosed between these lines of hills, lie many smaller plains and valleys susceptible of culture, and of great fertility.

Corte, its ancient capital, stands on nearly its central point, which is, perhaps, more accurately the Mont-Rotondo, a mountain of considerable elevation which overlooks all the others, and on whose heights the snows never melt.

As we coasted the island towards Bastia, having re-embarked for that place, our ultimate destination, we observed on every promontory along the shore a little tower of stone, which appeared to me intended as posts for soldiers to hinder an enemy's landing, and we were told that they were found all round the isle, and in one of them, which was not far from us, Seneca had dwelt during his exile. I hastened to seek the spot, moved by that feeling of deep interest which is awoke by the remembrance of the great men of antiquity; a time may come when the ancients, who themselves were once modern, may be forsaken for the great ones of our day. Seneca is a fine subject of reflection and comparison for *our* age, with this small difference

that while, as it would have men to be, he was neither a prince nor a believer in Christianity, Seneca was a philosopher and a good citizen, showing that the two may be united sometimes.

The villages on this part of the coast are almost all situated on the sea-shore, or in its neighbourhood, and the land around them produces vines, oils, and lemons, which are carried into Italy; while the fortresses of Bastia and Saint Florent have long protected it from the attacks of foreign or internal warfare. All was an object of curiosity to me in this new country—its nature, its aspect, and the mien of its inhabitants, their language, and their costume. That of the women struck me the most; their coiffure consisting in a kerchief tied under the chin in a simple knot, like ladies leaving a ball, and being rather becoming to them.

Tired with waiting for a favourable wind, we took the resolution of endeavouring to reach Bastia by land, a journey seldom made except on foot; and accordingly, setting forth, we wound our way all day along a narrow path which never leaves the sea, doing nothing but alternately ascend and descend from rock to rock, and those often so steep that we considered them, at the first glance, impracticable for mules or horses; continually as we went, meeting the long line of these animals, stepping, climbing, and making the descent with address that was inconceivable, while their burden of wines was carried in a large skin upon their backs, still, as in ancient times, the only mode of transport in Corsica, where, in three quarters of the island, no vehicle could make its way. Often too you passed a woman with one of these skins upon her head, forming a singular picture, for the legs of the goats which furnished them being still left for handles upon the hide, which is only sewed up at each end that the wine may not escape, it has still the semblance of a living thing; while the thirsty driver often stops to refresh himself by a long draft from the cargo entrusted to him, and then blowing into the shrunken skin, trusts to the air that swells it out again to deceive his master. We gathered a singular idea of what the rest of the island must be, from being told that this road, on account of its serving for communication with the Cape, where vessels were often obliged to lie at anchor, was one of the most practicable and best kept in repair of any that they had.

As we passed through villages and hamlets, the people came out in crowds to look at us, and, if they had not seen we were bound for Bastia, to offer us what hospitality was in their power; and their curiosity gave me the opportunity of gratifying mine; but I was but too soon satisfied with such a picture of uncleanliness, homeliness, and misery.

The excessive heat which we felt along this progress made me begin to measure the difference between this climate and that of France; it would have been scarcely supportable, added to the thirst it caused, but for the fountains we came to every here and there upon our path, and where each of us hurried to refresh himself, filling for a drinking cup the rind of an enormous lemon, whose juice tempered the hardness of the water.

Arrived at Bastia, a horrid town, and badly situated, on the de-

clivity of a hill which joins the sea-shore—its streets dirty, narrow, and winding, my first task was to seek a lodging, my only ambition being to find one from which I could see the sea; and in this I completely succeeded, for the one I found was in the citadel, on an elevated point above the port, so that anything flung from my window fell into the water below, whose waves bathed the foot of the rock crowned by my chamber. There from my bed I could watch the barques and argosies that navigated the vast plain; they offered me a delicious picture, as they now approached, now disappeared in the distance, leaving the port or entering it, in the calm or in the tempest; while sometimes the scene grew alarming, as the angry sea came with a giant's force and broke against the mole as if it would carry it away before it, while the bell of distress was heard borne above the sound of the storm. I leave those emotions to be imagined which fill one's mind upon a coast so dangerous, while watching in the horizon a vessel tossed by the winds, as it is lost sight of and again appears, now as if close at hand, now at a great distance, now seen no more at all, as the clouds or the mountainous waters intervene to raise illusions before the eye; while still keener anxiety is awoke when the skiffs of the bold and generous pilots, whom no danger can stop from carrying help to those who are perishing, leave the harbour; and as they take their departure, the efforts of their oars to surmount the billows excite a thousand different thoughts, as they now appear to be beaten back again, now swallowed up in the deep hollow, till finally reaching the vessel, you see it enter the port, or perhaps sinking just as they approach it, barque, freight, and human souls go down in the immensity of waters.

Happily, this was not a spectacle of every day; and, on the other hand, when the weather was calm and serene, I could distinguish in the far horizon the distant shores of Italy; whilst almost always, in the vast interval, the islands of Elba, Caprara, and Monte Cristo, rose symmetrically from the bosom of the waters; forming, from my window, the background of the picture.

A scene of another kind, (one happily now no more to be seen in the harbours of the blue Mediterranean, but which I witnessed many times,) made too strange an impression on me not to be noticed here. The first time it occurred was shortly after my arrival. I was reading quietly in my chamber, when my attention was distracted by the report of a distant cannon, and turning to my window, I perceived in the open sea, at some distance from the harbour, a small vessel which was low and very long—much more so than any I had till then seen. It had three latine or triangular sails, and at its poop a crimson flag; and on each side of its deck a double range of men was visible, whose heads were all in file, while their oars rose all at once above the wave with striking regularity. It was not long before a thick smoke from the barque accompanied a second report of cannon; and then, before I could inquire what it meant, the name of the "Moor!" reached my ear.

"The blood-red banner of piracy" was approaching the port of Bastia, to ask supplies of food and water from the subjects of the most

Christian king, the only monarch with whose people they were not in open and deadly warfare.

I saw a crowd rush to the mole, while a sloop, displaying the white flag, left the port, bearing officers who made for the stranger bark, from which they kept, however, at a certain distance. After a short time they returned, followed by the corsair, which they conducted into a creek behind the town, where there was a fountain. Meantime a detachment of the garrison was sent to form a cordon round the place, to which I had already turned my steps.

The Africans were come to obtain refreshments, of which a long detention out at sea had placed them in need: the distance of their own shores, and the impossibility of their landing on any territories but those of France, bringing them often to the coasts of Corsica for the same object. The Chamber of Commerce at Marseilles, to whom our alliance with the Turks was of great importance, reimbursed these places in general for any expense which such visits might occasion them; for that place found in this alliance a secure guarantee against these pirates, and at the same time an advantage over other nations, who were thus unable to rival our commerce with the other ports of the Mediterranean and those of the Levant.

I had scarcely reached the spot assigned to these suspicious guests, when I saw about forty men of superb figure come on shore, all of tawny hues, but having very handsome features, while the muslin drawers or simple fold of linen cloth, which were their only covering, allowed the long scars to be observed which here and there marked their limbs, the stern seal of their calling of the sabre. Only five or six of them were in a Turkish dress, and wore the turban.

One, who was probably the chief, came and sat down near us on a large stone, in place of a divan, crossing his legs and smoking his long pipe very gravely, while his troop, commanded and directed by his subalterns, carried in rapidity and silence the barrels they were filling from the fountain to the barque, and emptied them into larger casks in the hold. We could not help being struck by the marked contrast between this Mussulman's imposing physiognomy, his long beard, and air of dignity, and the bearing and obedient toil of his slaves, who ate like famished creatures the portion he assigned them of some fruits and vegetables brought him from the town, the rest of which he ordered by a sign to be carried on board.

The interpreter belonging to the port now came, and held a short conference with one from the corsair, and after a little while the whole troop re-embarked in the same order and silence with which they had landed. Twenty oars in motion at once, and simultaneous as mechanical movement, in a moment gave to the vessel an impulse so swift and regular, that it might have been said to fly. Reaching a certain distance, they fired two shots, and we soon lost sight of them entirely.

These pirates at that time frequented the seas all the summer that lie between Sardinia, Corsica, and the Italian shore, lying in wait for the merchant vessels of all the smaller states of Italy; and we used sometimes to see them remain in ambush for a fortnight or three weeks in the environs of Bastia, so that no vessel dared leave the

port. They were, indeed, at no time safe from these ferocious pursuers, who often boarded them in the dead of night; and a strange thing which happened during my stay in Bastia deepened our feelings of indignation that such enemies should be tolerated, and that the interest and policy of nations should have so long concurred to hinder Europe from uniting to drive them from the Mediterranean. A large Genoese barque, which had but lately set out from the port of Bastia, was seen to re-appear again a few days after, towed by a corsair, which had the daring to come and cruise before the port, and sent a proposition to the merchant who was the agent of the Genoese to buy back the vessel, but without its cargo and its crew, who probably had been already despatched to Africa in a lighter craft—though what excited not only uneasiness but horror in our minds was a belief entertained by many persons that the Genoese sailors were on board the pirate—an idea more dreadful than the knowledge would have seemed that they had perished in the boarding. The vessel was actually bought back, and for, I believe, two thousand francs, though it was worth, probably, ten or twelve.

Established in my small abode, after having made myself acquainted with all the military duties which would devolve upon me, I gave myself up to the study of Italian, and to an examination into the character and tone of feeling of society in the place. My mind was more than ever full of the hope of visiting Italy, as my father had just forwarded me fifty louis d'ors in advance of my allowance, for this express purpose

M. de Marbœuf, the governor of Corsica, under the king of France, was just dead, and the Viscount de Barrin de la Gallissonière was about to replace him in an office which he had held with high consideration, and the influence derived from which he had employed, in concert with his young countess, in endeavouring to improve the habits and manners of the Corsicans, and introduce into society there a spirit of urbanity which at present it was far from possessing. They neglected nothing for this object; and at the little assemblies in which the countess frequently gathered round her in her house the Corsican ladies, she carried her attention to their tastes so far as to adopt their coiffure, which very much gratified them, and was not unbecoming to a face that was beautiful. It was in these reunions that M. de Marbœuf became acquainted, at the close of the war, with a lady of the name of Buonaparte, who spoke the French language a little, and who had all that *gentillesse* of mind which one remarks so much among the women of the south, the influence of which, perhaps, blended with her youth and loveliness, had some effect in occasioning her husband to be inscribed in the rank of the nobles, in a register which was established to put an end to the pretensions almost every family in the island had to this title. There were several, indeed, whose origin was not doubtful, as the Colonnas, the Grimaldis, the Buttafuocos, and others; but the little I know of that of the Buonapartes was what I heard in the country, at a time when it appeared never likely to start from obscurity. Her husband had exercised some legal function of small importance under the Genoese republic, in the town of Ajaccio, and was promoted to that of judge under the Bourbons, upon which his little boys no longer ran about with naked feet, as was the

usage of the country, nor did his little girls any longer fetch water upon their heads from the fountain, as was constantly done, even by the children of noble families, whose fathers and mothers had not the means of keeping servants. Through the influence of M. de Marbœuf, they obtained places, some in the military school, others at Saint Cyr; and the end saw them kings, princesses, queens, and one on an imperial throne.

There may be those who will be surprised at, and perhaps blame, the license with which I speak, in the course of these memoirs, of one who has made so many in Europe tremble, and at the tone of persiflage which forces itself into my style. I confess, it seems to myself in ill keeping with the grave and thoughtful cast I would rather throw into my work; but those will forgive me, perhaps, for thus uttering coldly a name which has resounded so far, who know that in early life he was my comrade, and that my residence in Corsica showed me much of the character and early circumstances in which the inner bent of such a man's mind could not fail to betray itself. Besides, was he not the usurper of the throne of the Bourbons?

There is no ingratitude in my saying what I have always thought of him, for it is well known that I always disdained and repulsed his protection, in times when it might have helped me to make my way rapidly under his government. I preferred remaining in obscurity, faithful to my exiled king, to taking engagements that must have obliged me to be silent concerning great crimes, and to appear dazzled with successes which certainly were astonishing, but which men of sense knew how to appreciate at their just value. The usurper of that throne of which I was the subject, this alone seems to authorize me to say to my children, that the Corsican was a man more to marvel at than to admire!

CHAPTER III.

"But on the misty height
Where the mountain people stood,
There was silence—as of night
When storms at distance brood"—ANON.

There reigned in the salons of Bastia, whether the assembled company played or danced, a disposition to the eccentric and often to the grotesque, arising from the union of two nations of such opposite habits and manners, and the almost *bizarre* contrasts often produced by the differences in their aspect and their language. The Corsican ladies, whom one met in the streets and the churches, with their hair in native fashion fastened back in a net, and their head wrapped in a cotton shawl, or enveloped in a blue robe that was turned back over the forehead, were so difficult to recognize in a drawing-room, dressed in French style, and with their hair arranged in curls, that it was often impossible to suppress a smile at the borrowed air they wore; and few of their faces pleased me at first; but I found in the end more to interest me in them than in many women of my own country, to whom a more general homage was paid; the Corsicans seemed to me their superiors in mental worth and mental power.

An air of melancholy, which I used to remark among the Corsi-

cans in general, struck me very much; and it was perceivable in their actions as well as in their words; while there always mingled with it a sort of national haughtiness that it was difficult to define the causes of, especially since their state had been so much ameliorated by their country becoming a province of France. They enjoyed many privileges, obtained many places, and there were many regiments in which every post was entirely in their hands, as the Royal-Italian, the Royal-Corsican, and the Provincial-Corsican; besides which they were admitted into all the other regiments in the army; and they paid scarcely any taxes.

A colony of Greeks was settled in the island more than a century and a half ago by the Genoese government, and these laborious people have always prospered, notwithstanding the crosses and annoyances they have had to support from the jealousy of the natives, who cannot endure to see strangers establish themselves among them; though they nevertheless often suffer it, and even invite their coming, when it is to perform the labour which they are unwilling to undertake themselves.

I have frequently seen the Luccese agriculturist come from his small and overpeopled republic, to seek in Corsica the employment his own state cauld not provide him; and these people will look on, and pay him fifty or sixty franks for two months' labour; thus sending enormous sums out of their island; for these foreigners come over annually to the number of three or four thousand. It is as extraordinary too, and showing as much the apathy of the Corsicans, to see a crowd of Neapolitan fishermen, leaving their own shores in the spring, risk themselves in little shallops without even a deck, to come and take from the islanders the profits of a sea abounding in produce, and of their valuable coral fisheries.

Meantime this people, who never smile,—who seek for no pleasure, or who take it with coldness and indifference, if it comes unsought,—are eager about nothing but their fire-arms and the decoration of their churches; while deprived, by the rules of the police, of the pleasure of carrying their fusils in their hands, they are obliged to keep them hidden. I was not long in perceiving, upon mingling more closely among them, that the feeling which preys upon their minds is the grief of having been subdued. They cannot bend their minds to the idea of not again becoming an independent nation, and often, on the eve of Saint Louis, they would say to us with evident and pointed meaning, "To-morrow then is the fête of *your* king!" while we answered, "And is it not of yours?"

They have cherished a peculiar affection for their ancient banner, which is a white ground, having in the centre a Moorish head; they preserve it on board all their ships as a relic, often hoisting it at festivals by the side of that of France, and sometimes displaying it alone when they are out in the open sea and far from any port,—careless of the danger that might arise to them if surprised on the high seas by a corsair, who, never stopping to argue, would not recognize them as French subjects.

These circumstances were the frequent subject of discourse with them and with my comrades, when, in the year 1788, Napoleon Buo-

naparte, lately nominated a lieutenant of artillery, arrived in Corsica to pass his furlough. He belonged to our corps, and presenting himself to us under this title, we one after another asked him to dinner, in order to become better acquainted. He was much younger than I, his entry into the corps dating two years after mine, and his tone of mind was so dry and sententious for so young a man, and a French officer, that I felt no inclination to seek his private friendship; my knowledge of ancient and modern forms of government being too limited to allow of my discussing with him this favourite subject of his conversation. The consequence was, that when it came round to my turn to ask him to dine, which happened three or four times, I quitted the table as soon as the coffee was over, leaving him engaged in deep discussion with one of our captains, who was much more capable than I of assailing so redoubtable a champion. My comrades saw in him, like me, only what was absurd and pedantic, and we attached little importance to the disputational tone he took, till one day he fell into such a vehement argument upon the rights of nations in general, going so far as to make *his own* figure among them, *stupite gentes!* that we were lost in astonishment; above all, when he went on to say, in speaking of the States General, which the islanders wanted to convoke, and which M. De Barrin, the governor, was endeavouring to retard, following in this respect the errors of his predecessor, "that it was surprising M. de Barrin should think of wishing to deprive them of the right to deliberate on their interests;"—adding in a menacing tone, "M. de Barrin does not know the Corsicans; he will see what they are capable of."—"What!" replied one of our comrades, "would you use your sword against the king's representative?" He made no answer; but the words which had just escaped him showed us his character, and we parted coldly. It was the last time that he was my guest. Two years later, we saw him return and bring with him, into his native country, not the vine of France, nor the art of cultivating the soil,—but that of fomenting revolutions.

A picture so naïve as this of the still almost boy-lieutenant, "so dry and sententious for his age," and especially "for a *French officer*,"—so little understood by the men around him,—so startling them into distance when a light did break in, a hasty flash from the iron of monarchical rule, as it tightened its links around his country, jarring against the flint of that spirit which was soon to tower like a rock amid the tumult of surrounding waves,—would have been a treasure to Scott when inditing his "last new novel," as they say one of the Buonapartes called a history which to people as innocent of politics and enlarged views of things, (things which it will need a mind giant as our Bacon's and with the foreshortening of a half century in the foreground, to grasp fully!) as the one who writes, and the few who will read this transcript, is full of stirring interest, as any

> "that the wandering tribes require
> Sketched in the desert round their evening fire,
> As any sung of old in hall or bower
> By minstrel harps at midnight's witching hour."

I never, I think, heard the mighty genius that threw its soul, like

a possession into the restless mass of France, then stirred hither and thither by a thousand uncertain impulses, and becoming its informing spirit, showed for a moment the thrilling frame what it was capable of, what slumbering and smothered energies it possessed, then departing, left it to stretch its hands in vain after the shadow,—more justly appreciated—(but *who* shall say yet what is "justice" to such a man? the flight of ages has not yet borne us far enough to take in the dimensions of the image!) more frankly, perhaps, I should say *admitted*, than by one of the children who were here told that the Corsican was to have their wonder, not their admiration. We were threading the "dangles and bosky dells," of those wild Angevine uplands that lead to where Bluebeard's ruined castle frowns from its ivied cliff above miles of the broad route royale, with its vaults, where you dig up human bones, and its dismantled walls that once glittered with jewels, and echoed to the richest music,—and between the intervals of turning over folio pages for his history, and debating whether it ever would be practicable to arrive at his dwelling, through the perils that beset every further step, our argument led us into the old chivalric days, till it left us involved in the mazes of a disputation as to which of our respective countries was guilty of the death, social and moral, of the once noble order of St. John of Jerusalem. My researches into its "decline and fall," which had extended as far as the graphic pages of my favourite authority, Mrs. Markham, with a dim remembrance added to what the historian assuming that cognomen had taught me, that an "old man" who blew bubbles at the Brunnen, had seen one of the last decayed elders of the race, sitting lonely on a bench in a German forest-walk, inspired me with full confidence in making the charge—"It was you French, you struck their death-blow!"—"We! no, it was you English, who would not give them back their island!"—This was a light I had never looked at the subject in. "But Napoleon, he came and put an end to them all!" —"No! Napoleon did not destroy the Knights of St. John; on the contrary, he took them with him to fight in Egypt." And as the name that thrills so potently through France threw its spell into our discourse, it soon bent the direction of our minds beneath its influence, till they had left all the legendary and distant to gaze for a moment at the strange yesterday which so confounds the thought, that it is in general a relief to look over it, into what space and time have, as Coleridge says, "dwarfed" a little, and brought them better within compass. Besides, there are people to tell one what to think, when pondering upon Solyman the Magnificent, or the Emperor Charles V.; but Napoleon! *who* knows yet what to think of him?

"It is not *yet* that his history can be written," said the royalist's son, as our glance passed from Egypt to the island rock where as, (is it not Victor Hugo says?) he paced, to the echo of whose tread two worlds were at a distance listening;—"but to see him come, as it were unknown, into Italy,—and in that short time he was leading the empires of Europe as one leads a child!"—Those who know how strong the love of "*those fair lilies*" is, in the breasts that have grown up in the Vendéen valleys, can measure the worth of admiration from

such, for the hand that bore down their banner. Napoleon, say even the legitimistes, with a conscious pride, showed France, showed Europe, showed the world, what could be done by Frenchmen.

IRISH SONG.

THE CHASE OF KILLARNEY.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

HARK the horn! hark the horn! on the merry hill side,
Brave knights and bright damsels sweep on in their pride,
Or are lost in the depth of the pine branches' shade,
While the blithe music rings over mountain and glade.
See the beautiful stag, with his wild eye so bright,
And his far-stretching antlers, is bounding away
From the glen of his rest, in the speed of his flight
Outstripping the winds that salute the young day.
Hark the horn! hark the horn!
On the breeze as it's borne!
All Killarney's sweet echoes respond to the sound,
And fling their wild measure of melody round!

Now panting he stops, and now onward he plies
Up, up to yon hill, where the morning mist lies;
In its mantle of silver the forest-king shrouds,
And looks down on the foe from his palace of clouds:
Hark that cry! they have track'd him! now forward he bounds,
Far far from the covert shall hide him no more;
In the bright lake he plunges, and echo resounds,
As they bind his proud antlers, and drag him on shore.
Hark the horn! hark the horn!
On the breeze as it's borne!
All Killarney's sweet echoes respond to the sound,
And fling their wild measure of melody round!

* The stag runs wild in the woods that skirt the mountain of Glenaa, the declivities of which slope down towards the far-famed lake of Killarney, and enrich it with their delightful verdure. A stag-hunt in this wild and romantic region is described by Miss Edgeworth and by some of our celebrated tourists as affording a singularly beautiful and animated spectacle. The eager crowds assemble on these occasions, some on the shore, and some in boats upon the silvery lake, on which latter element the chase generally terminates. The cry of the hounds and the mellow blasts of the horn are reverberated from the surrounding hills with peculiarly fine effect, and are answered by the exhilarating shouts of the motley groups, who either join in the pursuit, or witness it from the water. The king of the forest, the graceful and majestic stag, when driven from his covert, comes rushing forth, terrified and panting, from his leafy shelter; and when hard pressed, and unable any longer to elude his pursuers, frequently makes for the water, in the vain hope of escape. Here, however, the boatmen are prepared to continue the chase, and thus cut off this last chance of safety. They immediately pursue, and, on overtaking the noble creature, throw cords around his branching antlers, and drag him to shore.

THE TRIO OF TRAVELLERS.[1]

BY ABBOT LEE.

Poor Hester, no matter who, had thrown herself upon the old black leathern settle—her bonnet had fallen off, and she sat with her face buried in her hands, in the full indulgence of that feminine relief, the opening of the safety valve of the heart, tears, without which, there would be such sad burstings, and breakings, and explosions of the boilers, which act as the moving so-many horse-power of the machine called woman. It is an extraordinary thing that the manufacturer, Nature, should have combined a few drops of salt water and a few puffs of pumped-up air, with sorrow of soul; but as all her ways are ways of originality, we can only say, who would have thought it! Well, poor Hester was sighing and sobbing as if her heart were breaking, though all the while the process was saving it from fracture, and thus making a little noise herself, she did not hear the entrance of her fellow-traveller, Henry Cameron, Esq., the obnoxious; but there she still sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, with the tears oozing through her fingers, and looking like a Niobe. Dear lady reader, doth any piece of masculine humanity take the name of *Love* upon his lips, and do you wish to know whether he taketh that name in vain? Hath he seen you in tears, and fell not each drop like molten lead upon his soul? If he could behold your tears unmoved, no matter whether shed for feeling or for folly, the dead blight of indifference is upon him—he loves you not.

Harry Cameron, however, had a heart so full of internal warmth, that the distillation falling from the bright eyes before him upon it, made a particular hissing and fussing, just like water upon heated iron. Sitting down on the old black, rusty fusty comfortless couch, he began to blunder at comfort, hoping to find it. But why say we, "to blunder?" Nothing goes to the heart so unerringly as kindness—saving and excepting *un*kindness.

A few murmured words spoken in the softest tones in the world, a kind of low and dreaming aspiration, a sort of music on the lip and admiration in the eye, a sufficiency of gentleness seasoned with a little spicy ardour,—ay, this is a capital *recipe* in the hands of a polished man to make a very cordial comfort for most of the sorrowful maladies of woman.

This was what Mr Cameron administered, and it was surprising to see how soon it took effect upon the patient. She presently let slip the veil of hands which she had spread before her face, and lifting up those large oriental orbs that had first acted like a spell upon young Cameron, seemed to listen to him with them, rather than with her ears, and with an expression of face that entirely puzzled her would-be comforter, being quite new to him, and unparalleled in the whole course of his practice of gallantry. It was not pleasured vanity, it was not the flutter of satisfied womanliness, it was not that sort of

[1] Continued from p. 88.

receipt look which women who are accustomed to admiration give when they receive its all duly stamped upon the countenance; but it was a look of wonder, of surprise, of total forgetfulness of the well-beloved first person singular, *self*, and a kind of innocent admiration guilelessly manifested on her own countenance for the comforter.

Hester had not opened her lips, she had only looked unutterable wonderment, that anybody should think it worth while to be kind to her, when the old man entered the room. His first glance was towards Hester, but seeing that she had neither been struck by a a thunderbolt, nor swallowed up by an earthquake—being satisfied that she had neither been caught up in a whirlwind nor engulphed in a yawning chasm, his anxiety was followed by some feeling of unaccountable shame, which made him shrink from her eye, and instead of wishing most devoutly for the absence of their guest, he somewhat encouraged him to stay.

And so from that time, day after day, young Cameron found himself in that antiquated chamber. Ostensibly he came out of a sudden freak of friendship for the old man: but this pretence did but mask his true purpose. He came to admire the breathing statue of the girl, just as the old devotees of the arts gazed their souls away in adoration of some piece of sculptured marble. The newer fashion in women is that she should be a talking animal; this is well when her divinityship reaches the wrong side of twenty, but at eighteen, she has no business to do anything but to look beautiful, and would be excessively silly to be sensible. No powers of real talent can equal the imaginativeness of admiration. A man of brilliant fancy will endow his breathing idol with rarer gifts and graces crowding and trooping round her, than any matter of fact could manage; and a beautiful girl who has the sense to be silent, gives freedom to the admiration which shall be lavished in her service. The casket which is closed we may believe to be full of jewels—the open one we see to be empty.

Our heroine Hester, however, was as artlessly artful as could well be. Nature teaches her children a hundred innocent artifices, and this trick of modesty was one of them. Young Cameron scarcely heard more from her lips than a few silver-toned monosyllables; so he contented himself with talking to the father and looking at the daughter. Morning after morning he gazed upon her under the mellow light streaming in through the painted panes of the old cathedral, and as the liquid notes of prayer and praise swelled through the vaulted roof, fancied that he looked on some of the beautiful beatified saints whom it might be religion to worship; and night after night he sat in their lonely and time-fretted room, the deepening twilight gradually veiling her from his vision, until he could have fancied that she had ascended to her native skies.

Loneliness! where does the chill, the cold, the dreary torpor dwell? Not in the wide wastes of solitude, not in sepulchral dungeons, not in untracked prairies, not in deserted cities. All these may be the scenes of triumph to man's exulting spirit; loneliness dwells only in the heart where the affections are but as slighted weeds.

So then that solitary old chamber, with its poverty-stricken garniture, was not lonely, nay, it was a princely palace, where the heart as-

sumed its regal throne. What mattered the worm-eaten floor? the foot was light that trod upon it. What mattered the cracked and discoloured ceiling? the eye was bright that was raised towards it. What mattered the joyless without when all was bright within? What mattered all the bitterness of the cup of life, when the drop of honey was on the brim?

Well, we really are surprised at ourselves! We do believe that we have slipped into sentiment! The soft air and the roses of June might, perhaps, have excused such a tripping, but the cold wind and the evergreens of January—Oh, fie upon us!

A few of the fragments of sentiment, and then we will have done with it. They who say that hope is necessary to love are but vulgar utilitarians in the passions. In a generous heart the impulse is all unselfish. They who would bargain and traffic for joy, may make a sort of debtor and creditor account, and expect to be paid for goods received. Nay, an invoice might very well be made out—so many thoughts by day—so many dreams by night—so many unrequited hopes—so many soul-sickening fears—so many jealous pangs—so many torturing disappointments, with a great many six-and-eight pences for love letters—and a total that might leave the debtor insolvent, if not actually involving him in an act of bankruptcy. But unselfish love desires only to bestow, often exists where it knows that it cannot receive, and finds a secret joy in the hopeless lavishment of its affections.

It is all very fine for those who are surrounded by a thousand objects of interest, to fancy that they have involved their all in a love speculation. Nay, but it is the solitary, the unfortunate, the desolate; they who unlock their whole heart, and not a mere little package, a sort of trifling assortment and selection of its motions and aspirations, who are the wholesale dealers, and with whom it is their whole life's venture.

Well now, dear reader, apply all this to our heroine, and you will know the exact state of the case—much better than she did herself. Wiseheads say, that where there is smoke there must be fire. We say, that there is often a great deal of smoke—puffing and puffing—where there is no fire—only where there is flame, we suppose it will break out. So the fire had broken out, and something of the unutterableness of feeling had been put into words.

"And now, my own," said Harry Cameron, "let me thank you for a generosity which I may perhaps estimate, though your guileless worldlessness prevents you even from perceiving it. I thank you for the faith which you have reposed in me. I presented myself to you a perfect stranger, and you have confided in my honour. Innocent of all deceit yourself, you have trusted me with the precious faith of affection."

Hester lifted up her large swimming eyes, and then cast them down again. She was one of your pale sort of beauties, and yet her cheek flushed painfully.

"I might," continued Harry Cameron—"I might have been a mere adventurer, I might have been all unworthy of your thoughts—a spendthrift, a profligate, a deceiver."

"Oh, no, no, no!" murmured Hester.

"Nay, more," continued Harry Cameron, with a happy smile, "I might have been some ruined disinherited prodigal, absconding from my creditors. Nay, worse, I might have been some dishonest debtor, escaping from a prison. I might have been a swindler, running away from justice."

Hester hid her face within her hands.

"Such suppositions pain you. Well, then, no more of them. Let us turn from matters of fancy to matters of fact. You can hardly estimate the value of that compliment which you have paid me in your endearing trustfulness. Dear girl, your unsuspecting simplicity leaves you utterly ignorant of all the petty plottings and chafferings which are going on in the world so hotly for place and station, for power and money. Even I myself am thought to be one of the minor prizes in this lottery of life, and you would smile—nay, you would blush—to see the hand of your Harry Cameron played for as for the odd trick of the game. But, dearest, it is the rank of nature which I alone could prize. It is not a rosy cheek, or a sunny lip, but the charm and the grace of intellectual beauty, which could hold me in willing bondage—bondage which I seek rather than shun—though to do so would be impossible."

Hester's lip trembled, and her eye sought the ground.

Well but, dearest, in the happiness of the present I had well nigh forgotten the past. It seems to me that there is such an intoxication in happiness, that anticipation and retrospection are swallowed up in the absorbing *present*.

"Just so has it been with me! murmured Hester. "I had forgotten all the past and all the future!"

"Dear girl, the avarice of even a lover's heart is satisfied with that condescending avowal! But the things of the past are indelible—engraven—recorded—in the great ledger of the world, and we are responsible for the account."

A sigh broke from the prison-doors of Hester's pallid lips.

"With what confidence could I approach you, if in this great ledger of the world there stood against my name actions of discredit or dishonour? How could I ask you to entwine the thread of your future destiny with one already jagged and tangled in the crooked mazes of hypocrsy and deceit? Nay, dearest, I have an honest pride in offering to you an unsullied name; a name which I received unspotted from my ancestors, and on which, I trust, no breath of shame has ever rested."

"Nor shall rest—through me!" gasped, rather than articulated, our heroine.

"I know it will receive all honour from you," resumed young Cameron; but, dearest, there should assuredly be mutual confidence between us. Let me open to you all my heart—let me tell you my most secret thoughts. I feel that I speak to a far dearer than self—a far kinder than self—ask me of every action of my past life; bid me tell you of the path of the boy, that you may better know the man; and then, when this dear confidence and familiarity shall have grown up between us, talk to me of that past which your

own steps have trodden; bid me ask you the thousand questions of love—not curiosity. License me to unravel your inmost life's backward course. Every action, every incident, every circumstance in which you have been interested, becomes a treasure to my heart. I am not satisfied with the present, I covet all the past."

Poor Hester covered her face with her hands, and convulsive sobs broke successively from the depths of her heart.

"Ah! I grieve you! I have revived some painful memory. Nay, weep not, dearest; if the past has been sorrow, the future shall be gladness!"

"All dark! dark!" sobbed Hester.

"Dear girl, you wrong my affection by this dread! Foolish fellow that I am, thus to have disordered you! I would die to save you from pain, and yet I inflict it! Ah, what sad chords of memory have I touched? Dearest, the sorrows that are told are halved. I have a right to share your griefs. Come, now, admit me to my just privilege."

"I had forgotten that the past must embitter the future!" exclaimed Hester.

"Forgot the past," said Mr. Cameron.

"I *had* forgotten it for a brief while," said Hester. "Now I must remember it for ever!"

Now it happened that our heroine was one of those *rara avis* women who are beautiful in tears, though we protest, upon our literary conscience, that she never thought about the matter. We declare that she had not the least idea of looking interesting, though she cried a good hour by Shrewsbury clock; and we, if we tell the truth, are so far from admiring crying women, that we must needs own we would willingly walk with Barclay, or run with the winning horse at Newmarket, or go with Captain Allen, in his next river-hunting expedition, or any other little feat or excursion of a similar kind, rather than meet with a woman in tears. We declare we have a very hydrophobia upon us at the very mention of the thing, and must leave Harry Cameron to play the comforter.

"My dear sir," said Harry Cameron to his old fellow-traveller, "you make me the happiest of men!"

"My dear sir," replied the old man, I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the value of your preference; but believe me, though I am a father who say it, you will never repent your choice—Hester is a good girl—a good girl."

"She is an angel!" exclaimed the lover.

"You know not how I shall miss her," said the father; "but then to make her happy—to see her happy—"

"It shall be the endeavour of my life to make her so!" said the lover.

"Ay, she is a treasure—a treasure—" said the father; "you cannot know her value in a day—she will grow upon you. You don't know—you can't know—what a comfort she has always been to me—ay, from a child upwards, when she used to look me in the face and

say, 'Ah! never despair, father dear!'—And now how can I let her go! won't it be like parting with my own life? Ah! but then, to be sure, to get her out of the way of this troublous sort of life—never mind myself. Yes, indeed, my dear sir, I give her to you with all my heart, and wish you all the happiness that this hollow old world has left in it. Yes, yes, marry and be happy, and I sha'n't be any trouble to you—I shall go my own way, and you may go yours."

"My dear sir, Hester's father must be mine."

"Ay, ay, that's very pretty of you now, but I know what would be your thoughts after. No, no, I think of going into the country. Perhaps I may go to America—perhaps I may go to—to—I don't know where. But don't be afraid, I sha'n't stay to worry and disgrace you—I shall take myself off somewhere, at all events."

"My dear sir, you cannot think how you hurt me—wound me."

"Do I indeed! Ha! ha! ha! how odd! why I meant to comfort you. No doubt you will keep a tricksy house, and have it full of fine furniture, and dress your wife like a duchess, and have abundance of visitors,—and what should I do there among them all? Nay! nay! I give you my girl, and won't that content you? I tell you I should only be a blot upon your backgammon board! No! no! play your own game—yours may be a winning game, if mine be a losing one!"

"But, my dear sir—" expostulated Harry Cameron.

"Ay, ay, you're not so old as I am—not quite so wise in the world's ways. When you've lived as long as I have, you'll know that man's metal changes as he goes through the fiery ordeal of this world. What should I, with my grave looks, do in your brave house, annoying your mincing ladies and your knick-knackery gentlemen? But I tell you this, that your wife will be the choicest of them all—I will say that for her, though she should forget her old father!"

"Forget you! My Hester forget her father!"

"Forget me—*no!* yes, to be sure! Won't it be nature, sir, nature? Why, sir, it will be your fault, won't it? Won't you pamper her, and deck her out, and buy her trinkets, and dress her in silks and satins, and flatter her, and flummery her; and won't you make her fancy herself something made to be worshipped? and then, when you fill all her thoughts with herself and yourself, why what room will there be then for her old father in her heart? Tell me that, sir,—tell me that, sir! Ha! ha! ha!"

"My dear sir, we shall unite——"

"Unite! yes, in forgetting me! Do you think I don't know the world? Yes, sir, I do know the world, and a false, deceitful, unfeeling, ungrateful world it is! Oh! don't I know how it will all be? Don't I know that you will ruffle it bravely together for a time? Don't I know that you will amble and flutter along so daintily as if the earth were not good enough for you to tread upon? And can you think that I have learnt the lessons of the world for all these years—long enough to have blanched my hair, and wrinkled my brow, and stooped my gait, and enfeebled my tone,—and yet not long enough to know that a beautiful girl in wealth may forget an old father in poverty? Ha! ha! ha! I know the world!—I know the world!"

"You may know the world, but not our hearts. I beseech you to learn them better."

"Better! I know them already far better than ye know them yourselves. Hark you, young sir: I look a little further than the blind. Shall I tell you what will come after? They who have known the past may well prophecy of the future, since the future is only the past over again. Men have been fond of their pretty wives for a season, and then they have grown cold, careless, unloving—nay, sometimes they have treated them villanously ill! But if ever you grow careless of my child—my Hester—she is a rare girl, sir, and you know not her value—if ever you grow heedless of her happiness—if ever you abuse her innocent love, and requite her affection with neglect—or you may reproach her—insult her—I have known such things—they have happened, and may happen again—and, above all, if ever you revile her with her father's faults—I tell you, sir, I—I—I'll come from the farthest corner of the earth—I'll rise from my grave—I'll come from—from—*hell*, sir, to—to—to——"

The old man frothed at the mouth and staggered—Young Cameron caught him in his arms.

The old man sought the lonely chamber where poor Hester lay upon the old black couch, weeping her soul away.

Surely never did poor bridegroom elect look towards matrimony through more gloomy vistas.

"Well, dear, well, is it come out at last what this young gallant was after, pretending for such friendship to an old man, only to hoodwink the poor purblind creature."

"Nay, dear father, he is incapable of deceit."

"Oh, to be sure!—to be sure! The world was open to his choice, and yet he has chosen to rob me of my little ewe-lamb! There was plenty of flashy dames in the market, why could he not choose among them, and leave thee to me in my troubles? Have I not had sorrow enough, but he must come in the guise of a friend to rob me of all I hold dearest?"

"Dear father! I have something to say to you."

"I shall be left alone in the world! *Alone in the world!*"

"No! no!"

"I who have had no other comfort for many a year past but you! Ay, have we not been miserable together? and is not that more than being happy with another?"

"Oh, more! far more!"

"Ay, you may laugh with him, but you have wept with me! You may rejoice with him, but you have sorrowed with me! Ay, now we two shall part! Hester, my child, our way has been together till now, but here our paths divide! thou shalt go flauntingly and gaddingly to thy bridal, and I shall go sorrowfully to my grave."

"Father!" exclaimed Hester, throwing herself at the old man's feet. "Father, hear me! I will not leave you! I will not abandon your broken fortunes!—thy way is my way. There is no bridal for me!—there may be a coffin and a grave!"

"'Tis for the old to die—for the young to live and be happy!" said the old man, sorrowfully.

"The grave may yawn for the young, and hunger for them sooner than for the old," said Hester.

"But not for thee, my child, my Hester! Good girl! thou hast been like unto a heavenly comforter to me—the time for thy rewarding is come. My selfish grief at thought of losing thee hath surely affected my brain, else could I not have played so unfatherly a part as to grieve thee in thy joy. The youth is a good youth, this Harry Cameron. Dear Hester, thou shalt find as much of happiness with him as this cankered world can give. And thou shalt have thy father's blessing, dear, and be the happier and sleep the better o'nights for that."

"It may not be," said Hester. "Dear father, our sorrows have tied us too closely together for the cords to be ever broken. We must still travel this world's wilderness together!"

"Nay! nay! thou shalt marry him, and be happy."

"I could not be the one—I will not do the other!"

"Nay! nay! I have frightened thee. In the first burst of my selfish sorrow I forgot thy well-deserved gladness. But I am myself again. Dearest, I will never more reproach thee! Nay, why should I? Hast thou not been an angel of peace to me?—a very blessing to my soul?—my all on earth? And must I lose thee? Wilt thou leave my sorrowful dwelling, and go and be happy with another? Ay! ay! it is right, and fit, and natural!"

And with a powerful effort to conquer the sort of earthquake-emotion which was convulsing him, the old man sat down by the side of the young girl, and the two spent a few moments in silence, each striving to assume calmness, for the purpose of deceiving the other.

"Father," at length said our heroine, "I have been thinking this matter over, and——"

"And so have I, my child."

"And—and—don't interrupt me, father—let me speak out at once, and have done with the thing for ever——"

"Well, dear, well?"

"Father, I think I don't like him well enough——" The falsehood choked poor Hester's utterance.

"Well, dear, well!" replied the old man, with a flash of sudden joy, "you were always a child of wonderful discernment—and so you think you don't like him, dear?"

"That is—he is very well—you know he is nothing more—is he?"

"Oh, nothing more, Hester, darling."

"*Very well!* but *is* he nothing more? I thought you liked him. Where are his faults?"

"Dear, I do but echo you."

"It is his fault to prefer me to all the world. Father, what a taste is this! and what a crime!

"Nay, darling, nay. He fancies you perfection—and so you are."

"Well, I will none of him! Father, this Mr. Cameron must have a low taste, indeed, to select me from all the myriads of blooming women that begirt his path. Look at me; I am but a degree removed from the wayside beggar! He must think that he does me immeasurable honour."

"Hester, dear, we must say that it is a good match."

"Good! *good!* and by and by he would feel that he had condescended. He would wonder at the delusion of his fancy, and think me an incumbrance on his fortune."

"Men are men, dear. Perhaps he might."

"No, I could not bear it! And yet, father, what noble, what matchless, what condescending generosity has he not shown! Could ever man do more!"

"Do you mean that you will have him?"

"Have him! Would he have me?"

"Why, so he offers."

"No, father, I will none of him."

"Dear Hester, be composed."

"Composed! O yes! I am composed. Ha! ha! ha!—but I won't have him! I won't, I tell you, father!"

"Well, dear, well. Only be calm. Don't laugh in that unnatural way."

"Laugh! Should I cry when such a man prefers me to all the world?"

"But do you prefer him?"

"Did I say that I preferred him?"

"No, dear; but really I should be glad to understand you."

"Why, then, thus, to finish all—*I will not have him!*"

"But why not, dear?"

"O, for a hundred reasons—a woman's reason—I won't because I won't!"

"Dear Hester, dear girl, how you frighten me. You, my gentle, lamb-like, patient girl. What mean you by this violence?"

"Violence—I am not violent. Who says that I am violent?"

"Nobody says so, dear! nobody!"

"Tell him so, father, for I can never see him again! Tell him so!"

"Be calm, dear, be calm!"

"Go now this moment and tell him so! Tell him that I can never see him again."

"But why not, dear, why not?"

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"But you will re-consider all this. You are not yourself. My violence has overpowered you. After all, I was insane to grudge you to Mr. Cameron. He is generous, disinterested—and he loves you."

"Nevertheless, I have made up my mind."

"But you will change it, dear."

"Never! I will not!"

"And what are your objections?"

"Objections! my objections! Let me see what are my objections. I do not fancy the colour of his hair! Ha! ha! ha!"

"The colour of his hair!"

"Nor his eyes—I do not fancy the colour of his eyes!"

"The colour of his eyes!"

"I do not like his walk—his gait—his mien—his whole address—ha! ha! ha!"

"Are these your objections to him?"

"*Objections to him!* Where could objections rest against him? No; all my objections are *against myself.*"

"Hester, dear girl, some strange gush of new feeling has overpowered you. Be calm, be tranquillized."

"Yes, now I am very calm."

"Then let us talk rationally."

"Well! well!"

"You know, dear, how desolate we are."

"I know it."

"How poor!"

"Yes! yes!"

"Deserted by every body—left only to ourselves—you and I, dear."

"Yes, deserted—alone."

"And friendless."

"And friendless."

"And houseless."

"Yes, and houseless."

"Well, dear, 'tis a sad thing to be alone in the world—(*yet I shall be alone when she leaves me!*)—and by and by I must leave you, dear."

"I shall follow you—perhaps go before."

"And it would be a comfort to me to see you under an honourable protection."

"An honourable protection!"

"Yes, dear, yes, I know what you mean! You think your present protection is not honourable! Well, let it pass. But I repeat it, I should rejoice to see you under honourable protection. Mr. Cameron's whole demeanour, his habits of life, his tone of feeling, his sentiments, are all those of the perfect gentleman, the honourable man. He possesses, too, an independent income, and he, being a gentleman, could and would place you in the position of a lady. You are fit for that—you are fit for nothing else. This life that you are now leading—this hide-and-seek existence—this poverty-stricken life—is a degradation to you, if anything can be. See, dear, see—a word, it wants but the speaking of a word, and you are out of it. Here is a man who loves you. He offers you all those thousand benefits that attend on wealth. He is generous, even in the most romantic sense of the word, for he places himself at your disposal without asking us one hampering question. Hester, dear, starvation is on the one hand—a life of luxury on the other."

Hester sorrowfully and wildly shook her classical head.

"You are beautiful, my darling, as beautiful as the old pictures and the old statues. But, dear, look at these miserable and ungainly garments—think what you would be if you were robed and decked in those velvets and jewels that Mr. Cameron could bring you. If he admire you now in this beggarly garb, what would he do then—and how would the world admire you! Why, men would almost bow down and worship you. You would be painted, and fêted, and followed, and flattered. Why, Hester dear, you would be a reigning beauty and a toast."

Hester seemed to shudder with disgust.

"Well, my girl, well—shall we escape from this miserable beggary—these subterfuges—this acting—this shuffling, that I know you detest in your innermost soul? Come, dear, it needs but a word—nay, not a word—nod but your head, and I will go and tell Mr. Cameron that he shall have a wife will do him more honour than a queen!"

"Father!" exclaimed our poor heroine—"father, do you think I care for dress, for luxuries, for rank, for station, for splendid dwellings? Have I borne my share of our sorrows so poorly, that you think I miss the pamperings of happier days? Have I ever seemed to care whether I were dressed in rags or brocade? or whether the food which sustains this miserable life has been dry bread or a banquet? No! no! It is not hardship that crushes me down! it is not even beggary that quite subdues me!—it is—it is—"

"*Disgrace!*" said the old man.

"*Ay, it is disgrace,*" repeated the young girl.

The old man hid his face in his hands, and a sob that seemed to come from the depth of his heart broke from him.

"Father, I did not mean it!—I could not mean it!" vehemently exclaimed Hester, as she threw her arms around him. "Your sorrows are sacred things, and I will never leave you to them alone. I will stay and share them with you! I will have my full share! I am not to be lured away from your poverty by any luxury with another. Disgrace! I did not mean disgrace—I could not mean it! The word was not mine!"

"But the *thought was!*" said the old man bitterly.

"Forgive the thought!" said Hester. "Let us forget that we have ever seen Mr. Cameron; let us leave this place; let us resume our wanderings; let us wipe him away from our thoughts. He is but the acquaintance of yesterday—almost a stranger. Let us pursue our way, and think no more of him than of any other of the crowd we journey through!"

"But, dear, will you not hanker after him? grieve after him?"

"I! O, no! I shall rejoice to see him no more. I would rather never see him again than live hourly in his sight, and know that he despised us."

"O Hester!"

"Let us get away from this horrid place! I shall be suffocated if I stay! Father, let us go in the gloom of the evening! Only, only let us get far away from this place, and I shall be happy. You don't know how happy I shall be."

"Well, dear, well."

"How soon will it be dark? How soon can we go? I cannot live another night in this place, I cannot breathe here. Take me away or I shall die."

On that same evening, somewhere about an hour after, a certain young gentleman took his place in one of the first class carriages at the Winchester station, on his way to London, having just come to

the prudent determination of asking the consent of some very near and dear relatives to an affair in which he had already acted without them. As he hurried on, in a sort of needless haste, to throw himself into one of the railway carriages, he brushed against a couple of individuals who were just stepping into the third class cattle stalls, and with a slight expression of apology, which received no reply, he passed on to his own pillowed, and wadded, and stuffed, and carpeted couch. These three people were our "Trio of Travellers."

FATE IS JUST.

When I regard fair Virtue's common fate—
Wedded to Poverty—and contemplate
The Oppressor's triumph in his evil hour,
Through the blind reverence of Mankind for Power,—
The faint heart saddens; and the pilgrim soul
Forgets awhile the glories of her goal.

When I regard the fate to Power given—
Much care for Earth, and small respect for Heaven;
Self-will indulg'd from Childhood, all unknown
The mighty Spirit that can Self disown—
Seen with the angel Charity to rise
Above the clouds of earthly vanities;—
I justly own how much even Virtue owes
To lowliness of Lot, the parent of Repose,
And Thought Ethereal, and the Will to be
Wise not for Time, but for Eternity.

I own *that* Law by highest Wisdom made,
Which oft to Worth assigns the silent shade;
While Vice, exulting in the noon of day
Glares in the beam that glitters to decay.

O solemn discords of the birth of Time,
Trials for Faith, and holy Hope sublime!
Not without joy I view pale Sorrow spread
Her fostering wings o'er Virtue's lowly head:—
From Sorrow's deeps our chasten'd hearts arise
Serene, and temper'd for the heavenly skies.

Hail, sacred Grief! nurse of affections high,
Parent of Strength, and earnest Piety!
Through thee the soul first learns her heaven-born power,
First lights the lamp of Faith beneath Affliction's hour:
When Thoughts that raise us, Hopes that shall not fail,
Flow, like a mighty Flood, through Sorrow's sacred Vale.

What time the hush'd Mind of the inward sense
Hears the calm voice of Wisdom's eloquence—
For ever Wisdom from the fount of Good
Flows to the heart of pensive Solitude;—

"O Destiny! how far remote Thy laws
From those short visions, which the Primal Cause
See not entire, nor to their clouded view
Disclos'd the perfect Fate, holy, supreme, and true!" *

G. W.

* Dante, Paradiso—Canto 20.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

TABLEAUX IV.—THE MARTYR MOTHER.

CHILD of affluence and luxury! Thou who, surrounded by pleasure, hast no anxiety but to obtain fresh gauds and toys to garnish forth thy ceaseless round of decoration and display! hast thou ever thought how many live obscurely—many as naturally gifted, nay, perchance, born to as proud a station, that, by some casualty of life, have been hurled from wealth to want, and left to struggle with the world, through unaccustomed hardships and most weary toils?

O, chosen child of Fortune! thou that baskest in the sunshine of prosperity, and makest to thyself griefs from gladness—pause ere you cast aside the richly-embroidered robe; spare the costly wreath from the contemptuous spurnings of thy disdainful foot; pause, ere a new fancy please thee, to think upon the tears dropped from eyes as lovely as thine own, which may have bedewed and hallowed the creation of each mimic flower. Couldst thou but guess the anguished throes that rent the bosom of the *artiste*, or know the noble objects for which she laboured, surely pity would spare some offerings from Fashion's shrine, to ransom, by adequate remuneration, thy well-born countrywomen from some portion of their ill-paid employments.

Hapless European slaves! Born in a land of boasted freedom, yet toiling unpitied in dim chambers to create *cheap luxuries for the rich*—more happy is the Negro, for he riots upon his ease and his freedom, procured for him by the munificent bounty of those, whose sickly sensibility faints over legendary tales of African enormity, while it suffers the delicate daughters of England, to wither and drop by thousands into the grave, dug for them by their unremunerative labours!

Stroll with me, Fortune's favourite! and I will show thee scenes in thy gay and gilded metropolis, that were never pictured to thy glowing fancy—scenes that may make thee wise to understand the value of thy superior destiny!

Or, thou favoured of Heaven! thrice blest in the possession of the wealth, that is as the handmaid to thy kind and bounteous heart. Faithful steward of a heavenly Lord, who layest up daily precious stores for a blessed hereafter, wouldst thou seek new objects for thy benevolence? then come with me. Not into lanes and alleys will we go, where fever dwells, and crime stalks triumphantly, and gratitude dies;—not among the loathed and loathsome will we walk; for there, though we might find misery conspicuous, it is not there that her incursions are the most fatal.

In such, the people, indeed, may *want;* but they can *ask*, and *find* relief,—their poverty is their passport to their richer neighbours. But far different is the fate of the well-born poor; to them each day brings the painful task to conceal their dire necessity; theirs is a con-

tinual struggle to maintain the semblance of that competence, which is theirs no longer, and, under a show of decency, to conceal their actual sufferings.

These, indeed, are the *truly poor*,—*these* the real objects for well-chosen charity; for their resources are scanty in proportion to their former affluence. Would they seek help from former friends, the plague-spot is upon them; would they seek industrial occupation among strangers, their gentle habits are held to incapacitate them to all useful purposes! And so, thus doubly bereft of money, and the means to procure it, what resource have they but that, which alone is ready to receive them?—THE GRAVE!

Shall we follow yonder group of fragile girls, whose pallid looks indicate failing health?—See! how they cling together as they hurry through the crowd!—they have not been used to jostle their way through the highroads of busy life. They are sisters we may guess, from their strong family characteristics;—well-born, from the noble contour of their chiselled features;—young, too, but how care-worn and haggard! How wistfully their eyes rest on the glancing carriages!—And see! a cab dashes towards them—its occupant is a young man of fashionable exterior—he peers curiously under the bonnets of the sisters!—Ha!—a flush comes up into his face! he draws back! and the cab flies on the quicker, and one of the fair girls has drawn her faded form an inch higher, and a proud look has come up into her face, while her eyes have been as suddenly averted. But now the cab has turned into another street, and now the tears are gushing in torrents down her cheeks, and she is hanging more and more helplessly upon the support of her sympathising companions. Alas! here is a tale of blighted affection, of ruined hopes, of life welling itself to waste;—here is a tale of woe that may be all unriddled by the threadbare mourning of the lady sisters. Pass on thy way, poor sufferer! pass to thy garret and thine embroidery, thou hast many a sister of thine order in this city of wealth and palaces, but for thee the warmest home is provided by thy mother earth!

O, Poverty! hag of malice, why shouldest thou so relentlessly pursue talent and beauty? Alas! neither age, nor talent, nor beauty, nor goodness, can always shield from the evil eye of Poverty! she comes upon the many unawares, like "a thief in the night," and happy are they who when she comes have friends too firm to fly her presence; for too often, like the "witch of the threshold," she scares friends and happiness together.

The daughters of professional men, above all others, are liable to prove this truth in all its bitterness. Educated to adorn the circle of an elegant home, they are little fitted to encounter those struggles of ordinary life, which await them should mischance befal the parent whose position places them as magnets for adoring eyes, and whose ill-judging paternal love, expends upon their introduction to life that portion, which, wisely stored, had secured their permanent independence.

Mrs. Clarendale was left a widow, with several unmarried daughters, precisely under such circumstances; she had been accustomed to maintain an expensive establishment, and to see her home crowded

with fashionable guests; while her daughters, who were till now esteemed to be perfect arbiters in all matters of taste and elegance, were, like herself, ill prepared for the sudden withdrawal of their acquaintance. To comprehend at all their position, when explained to them by the single friend that remained to these novices in adversity, was a task of amazing difficulty, and though they deferred to much that he advised, yet there were many sacrifices to which they had still to learn the cruel necessity. Misfortune, however, is a stern teacher, who enforces her lessons with an iron rule; those lessons burn into the heart, searing out many a bright and lovely image, and often calling forth unsuspected energies, rousing the inert to superhuman activity—more often they blot out energy and life together, and leave all—but as—a tale that is told.

As they saw the remnant of their store diminishing, Mrs. Clarendale and her daughters roused themselves day by day, and gradually awakened. That which at first seemed no more than a horrid dream that would pass away, became hourly more distinct and real, until at last the past showed as the dream, and the present was actual,—tangible! Fact!!—And what was that fact! Poverty in the immediate hour—Destitution in that which was advancing. Yet could they surrender their station and *work for bread?* Station! alas!—what was their station *now?*—Station was lost, when wealth departed! But what would their friends think?—Friends! where are they?—Proud egotists, they knew not those friends had forgotten their existence. And there was one, the affianced lover of the elder girl, had *he* too forgotten?—No, he had not forgotten! but he wooed the beauty of the ball-room, his equal in station and fortune, not the sickly sempstress, whose labour must help to maintain the wants of her family—he adored the fashionable coquette, but he disdained the filial heroine; and who shall condemn him? for do not all the world do *likewise?*

Long and arduous were the struggles of the bereaved ones, to win by those arts which had once been amusements the meed for each day's necessity; but evening by evening, they might be seen gliding forth like spectres in the twilight, to find purchasers for some household comfort, painfully yielded to eke out the pittance of their hardworn toil—while their mother, in her brief respite from the needle, sat vacantly gazing from her window upon the bustling crowd below, or tried in vain to find solace by turning her thoughts into metrical form, as had been her wont in happier days. But, alas! the verse came feebly from her altered muse, and was withal so sadly inharmonious, that she was ever fain to close it with a flood of tears.

FRAGMENT.

When life was bright and youth was mine,
I reigned it like a queen,
Then lovers knelt before my feet
Of high and noble mien.
My looks, my thoughts, my actions all,
Were still the sweetest, best,
And trooping friends all welcomed me
A dear and honoured guest.

Envy concealed her arrows then
With Flattery's magic guile,
And plumed heads bowed lowly down
If then I *deigned* to smile.

* * * * *

But wealth passed by, and youth too fled,
And then came harrowing care,
And o'er the tablet of the past
I weep fond records there.
My cheek is wan, mine eyes are dim,
Mine hair is growing grey.
Young faults are all corrected now;
But friends—Ah where are they?

* * * * *

Poor am I now, and friendless too,
No pride sits on my brow:
And I am changed, I'm sadly changed,
Yes—yes, I'm chastened now.
Gone is ambition! passion! hope!
That flattered me erewhile,
And rich plebeins flout and frown
If I now *dare* to smile.

At last came the dreaded crisis,—her children's health was failing, her own energies were sinking, her former home had long been abandoned for one of meaner pretensions, and that was now in its turn dismantled, and about to pass from them. Want was present, in all its hideous deformity—for no food had passed their lips since the preceding day,—and the mother knew that she could rescue them from all! by a word—could reverse the decree of their destiny, and give them back to station and the world. O it was a strong temptation that tore her heart as they sat together in their cold hour,—wordless, but suffering, for the hearts had grown churlish in their misery, or perhaps each feared to increase the other's wretchedness by speaking of their own,—so they sat together, talking of all things but that which was in all their thoughts—the frightful present. And she could rescue them!—their mother!—and did she dare to hesitate? O, the fearful horror of the penalty—could she endure it?—No! she felt she could not—reason would break down, and life itself be lost in the vain struggle. But when at last a wild hysteric laugh burst from the lips of her youngest child—the mother turned a piercing glance upon her pallid children and burst into a passion of tears.

That sight brought a loving group around her, and then the floodgates of grief were broken down, and they were weeping together in the luxury of a common sorrow,—all but one—she, the eldest, had rushed from the chamber and none marked her absence.

Suddenly and mysteriously, for none had observed his entrance, a muffled stranger stood amidst the weeping family. Mrs. Clarendale started and a low shriek escaped her.

"Shall a mother's heart be closed to the claims of her children?" asked the stranger.

"Spare me, spare me—*Your*—"

"Remember!" interposed the stranger with admonitory emphasis.

"I would but say, Sir," replied the agitated lady, "that we can endure still"—and Mrs. Clarendale, hid her face, shuddering upon the bosom of her younger child.

"'Tis fit, madam," gravely responded the visitor, "that I apprize you that your decision must be made to-night,—to-morrow affairs of—of—moment demand that *another* be selected.

"To-night—so soon—stay"—for he had turned to depart. "Yet—no—go—go—now as ever—I refuse—I—I cannot!" and with grinding teeth and clenched hands she sank closer and closer to her trembling daughter.

"Then, madam, you condemn your children to penury when they might live in affluence—but I have done—'tis for your sake I—— farewell."

"Stay, stay!"—exclaimed the cruelly agitated woman. "Go not yet—my children—affluence—poor spectres, faded ghastly beings as ye are—how these dim eyes reproach me! And while she spoke, she put her daughters from her, and gazed on each wildly, then for the first time conscious of the absence of the eldest, "Julia," she gasped, "where is she? my own! my first-born"! and a frantic horror darted through her brain, and a piercing shriek burst from her lips. "My Julia!—my Julia! I shall see my child no more!" and she fell back fainting in the stranger's outstretched arms.

At that instant a pale girl rushed franticly into the chamber, and flung herself down before the feet of her mother.

"Here," she cried, "eat, mother! all of you—I have brought food in plenty;"—and she heaped rolls and cakes upon her mother's lap. For answer, the half-recovered parent fell upon her neck and covered her face with kisses. And then a motley crowd broke into the room, with oaths and imprecations, strange to the ears of the inmates. And a policeman's grasp was on the shoulder of the kneeling girl, and they called her 'thief,' and rude young tongues joined the cry; yet none comprehended the scene but the stranger, and the accused. She was pale and rigid as a marble figure, and a tear was on the stranger's cheek; but the pass-key to the human heart was in his hand, and presently gold was glittering in many palms, and the intruders were gone.

Then it was that Mrs. Clarendale understood the scene which had been acting around her. Her beautiful, accomplished Julia, driven to desperation, had *stolen* bread for her destitute relatives. The thought acted like magic—it nerved her to self-sacrifice, and a look of beaming gratitude rewarded the interference of the noble stranger.

"Henceforth," said she, "accept my services as the willing offering of one bound for life to demonstrate her gratitude."

"To-morrow, madam," said the stranger, "I will await your decision, which must be the result of reflection."

"It needs not, sir," said she impressively; "I *accept* your offers."

"If I did but dare—if I thought you could be *happy*—no effort should be spared——"

"Doubt it not—fear it not. To-morrow I devote myself to your service."

"To-morrow, then, and for ever, be your happiness my care."

And the stranger was gone;—and with him went humiliation and temptation, and all the fearful trials that lead to crime and punishment, for he left behind him a richly-filled purse. And on the morrow

all was changed—habitation—all. Friends found again their memory, and lovers their affection; and the inconstant sued again, but sued to be rejected; for the proud and loving girl could not forget past scorn, for the memory of it had eaten away her loving heart, that could never again be given as in early affiance. So, while her younger sisters married richly and happily, she alone remained the companion of her changed but still beautiful mother, who moved among society self-absorbed and abstracted, a shadow of her past self.

Worlds would Julia have given to have shared the secret cares that were scattering snow among her mother's ebon ringlets; but she dared not seek to penetrate the mysteries that were so sternly locked within the parental breast.

Once only she had unconsciously approached the sacred veil—it was when on the occasion of illness she had at a late hour entered her mother's apartment to seek a restorative, when the confused murmur as of voices caused her to pause—the hour was too late for the presence of a stranger—yet again incoherent mutterings caught her ear;—she listened—the sounds came from an adjoining chamber—and in a moment more her mother, pale and gasping, rushed through a concealed door, and sank breathless into a chair beside her.

Shocked and startled, Julia hastened to offer her aid, but was answered by a look of stern inquiry, and a command to retire. In vain would she have offered apologies for her presence, Mrs. Clarendale coldly waved her from the room. Yet, as Julia turned with deprecating looks, the maternal heart relented, and a word of tenderness escaped her.

"You are ill, agitated, dear mother," sighed Julia.

"No, no, my child! heed it not; it will pass away—'tis over now." And shudderingly she dashed away the cold dews that stood thickly on her brows. "I am often thus—very often."

"Thus, my poor mother!—but let me——"

"Julia," exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, "as you value my life!—nay, more, as you value my honour!—let this, let *all* my conduct pass unquestioned; be satisfied I have a duty to perform, which none may share—seek not to penetrate it, *dare* not to question it—I must pass on my path *alone*—haply, that path may be shortened."

"And can we not return to obscurity?"

"Return to temptation—to become criminal, Julia! Have you quite forgotten that poverty is crime?"

"No, mother, I remember all, but——"

"Go,—go, Julia,—sleep in peace; and while praying that we enter not into temptation, forget not to be thankful that *when* we are tempted, there is ever still a way left to escape the tempter."

And from that time Julia pondered no more on her mother's actions; for she knew her to be dedicated to a lofty purpose.

But at last came a period when the wasted frame of Mrs. Clarendale bowed before the fell Messenger of Eternity, and no sooner had the physician's fiat been made known to her, than the fevered patient scrawled a few hasty lines, which having carefully enveloped and sealed, she placed in her daughter's hand.

"Julia," she said, "to your honour I confide this; it must reach

its destination through your hands only—it contains the clue to my secret. But I am dying, and I must communicate with him to whom this is addressed. Time will not admit, or I could have wished another way—but you will be secret—will you not?"

"As the grave, mother!"

"Then haste; this token will bring you to his presence," and she took from her desk a small parcel; "and bid him come quickly—but his entrance must be secret——"

"I will provide for that."

"No, no,—not that way—this house—communicates—with—with—the river——"

"Ha—the pannel—yes, yes—mother, I comprehend,"—and as she spoke, Julia pressed the knob on which her hand was resting, the wainscoat flew back, and Julia glanced within and shuddered; it was but the glance of a single instant, yet the secret was partially revealed, and Julia's very heart sickened at what she saw.

"No, no,—not there," shrieked the dying woman, "there is nothing there; enter not there, I command you—yonder is the door I spoke of!" and she pointed impatiently to a distant corner.

"Blood! blood! blood!" gurgled an awful voice, and with superhuman strength Julia dashed to the pannel, shutting out eyes that gazed into her brain, and an object at sight of which her lifeblood seemed turning to ice.

"Girl—girl—have you seen it?" shrieked the mother.

"Be composed, dear mother, I entreat you——"

"Blood! blood! blood!" reiterated the voice; but the pannel was closed, and the excited invalid was crouching beneath her bedclothes, and urging in frenzied tones her daughter's departure.

Obedient to her mandate, the fear-winged girl sped upon her mysterious mission, and soon stood within a sumptuous chamber, where with pale lips she poured forth her tale of terror to an attentive and distinguished auditor. And soon that proud and noble personage was standing by the deathbed of the widow, whispering promises and consolations into her failing ears; nor left he that melancholy station until Julia had been borne fainting from the chamber of her departed mother.

That night, as the orphan sat alone in mournful vigil, the heavy tramp of footsteps, mingling with the murmur of "Blood! blood! blood!" rang heavily through the house, and then in a few moments all was still.

By the death of her mother, Julia found herself possessed of considerable personal property, and but few days elapsed before she received, through the post, a munificent donation from the same princely hand. "To the daughter of Mrs. Clarendale," he wrote, "it need not be said that she has at command the life-services of the writer, justly due to the unblemished integrity of her excellent parent; and to the daughter of *such* a mother, still less need it be said that it is advisable that an entire oblivion should fall upon the past. Silence and acceptance will ensure the writer's gratitude."

And it was in silence that Miss Clarendale obeyed, for she knew hat by so doing she should best carry out the commands of her lost

mother; and with excellent tact she immediately advertised her town residence, as preparatory to her departure to the continent—for which she received so ample a remuneration, that she could not but guess that the secret patron of her family had something to do with the transaction.

She is still a resident among our continental neighbours, where, with an ample fortune, she is enabled to indulge her love for the elegant arts; and though now merging to her autumnal quarter, still lives a personal refutation of all the slanderous jests, that are so maliciously and witlessly hazarded, upon those who have the courage to live in single blessedness.

And it is now many years since, upon a winter's morning, the early risers of a quiet seaport on the southern coast of Ireland were amazed by discovering on their pier a huge misshapen mass, which on examination proved to be a living creature, but of so hideous a conformation, and of so fearful an aspect, that but for the indefinite outline of a face, and an inarticulate attempt at speech, it could scarcely have been recognised as bearing the likeness of man.

That it had been deposited there by other volition than its own was evident, for locomotive power it possessed not; and if it had either intellect, or the powers of thought, it had no capacity for the conveyance of its ideas. Yet it seemed to be conscious of observation, for ever when it was approached, it kept up the incessant murmur of a single sound, that seemed to form its entire vocabulary. It was a word that scared the listeners, for its burden was *Blood! blood! blood!*

The authorities were hastily summoned to the spot, but only to add their quota to the wonder of the populace, among whom, as the utter helplessness of the creature became more manifest, astonishment increased, as to the motives and means which had conspired to cast it among them. That it had existed more than half the appointed term of man's days was apparent, both from its size and general appearance. Yet where could such a being have been nurtured? or wherefore, after so many years' care, had its guardians cast it forth upon the philanthropy of a world with which it had neither sympathies nor interest in common?

The probability that it had been landed during the night from a vessel in the offing obtained belief, owing to the impossibility of any strange land vehicle passing unremarked through so secluded and therefore so observant a community. Rewards to a large amount were offered for the discovery of the trespassers upon the charities of the place, and since, mishapen and abortive as it was, the unfortunate creature could not be left to perish, rewards also were liberally promised to those who would undertake to provide for its maintenance, at the charge of the town. But so dreadful was its appearance, and so revolting were the details that such an office would inflict upon its keeper, that the poorest inhabitants résolutely refused to admit it into their dwellings.

Within a short walk of the town stood a ruinous old castle, long abandoned by its owners to the use of those who chose to convert it into a shelter for their cattle. Its remote situation rendered it an

appropriate dwelling for an object so abhorred; and after infinite difficulty the monster was lodged there, in a dilapidated chamber, that had been prepared for its reception. A large bribe likewise tempted one man, more courageous than the rest, to become responsible for the act of daily placing in its nauseous mouth the allotted portion of food which its necessities craved, but which, without such help, it lacked the sense to appropriate. But even *he* bargained that he should never be required to visit it unaccompanied, nor upon any pretence after nightfall. Indeed, so thoroughly had the appearance of the creature aroused all the latent superstitions of the inhabitants, that none ventured to pass its dwelling after sunset, and even the cattle were withdrawn from the old walls, fearing their contamination by a contiguity with a thing so unnaturally dreadful.

Custom, that palliates the most trying situations, and often gives beauty to ugliness, failed to reconcile the attendant to the hideous duties which he had undertaken; and after some ten days' struggle between his cupidity and his disgust, he arrived at the conclusion that the endurance of his original wants was a task less irksome than those which now formed his daily care; and silently resolving to surrender both the office and the reward, he entered the castle, predetermined that it should be for the last time.

How often does resolution prove prophetic; his was truly so—for the wretched tenant of the chamber no longer required human compassion. He had been during the night most barbarously murdered; gouts of brains were spattered over the walls—blood was welling over the floor—the head and body were crushed and mangled into a formless heap; and the imperfect impression of humanity was entirely blotted out!

Dismayed and horror-struck, the men fled precipitately to the town, where, if the arrival of the monster had before spread consternation and curiosity, these were now raised to the highest pitch, to discover the perpetrator of so singular and mysterious a crime.

The most vigilant inquiries were, however, uselessly instituted. Conjecture wearied itself in vain; the single ray of light that fell upon the event, arose, when after some days it was recollected, that a middle-aged stranger, of grave appearance and demeanour, had arrived by sea, and put up for a single night at the principal hotel. It *was on the night of the murder!*—How or when he departed no one knew; in the general confusion it was supposed that he had returned on shipboard on the succeeding day; but that fact was never ascertained. As the popular tumult subsided, however, it was remembered that he had been very inquisitive respecting all the particulars of the town, its authorities, and the passing occurrences of the neighbourhood; and also that he had told an extraordinary tale of a man-monster whom he had encountered during his travels, which in reply had elicited a full, true, and particular account of the late mysterious arrival; to all of which he had lent an attentive ear, and had even taken so much interest in the narrative, that he was ascertained to have paid a gratuity to a lad for pointing out to him the exact place where the unfortunate lay hidden. These points, which had passed at the time as purely accidental curiosity, remembered now conjointly with the

dark deed of crime, seemed to have resulted from a system of deliberate artifice, and portentously pointed him out as the agent, if not the original contriver of the murder.

A corroboration of this opinion was furnished in the testimony of some market-people, who, passing at early dawn on the opposite side of the river, which washed the walls of the old castle, had observed a gentleman, in all respects answering to the description of the stranger, stooping from the bank, to lave, as it appeared, his hands in the water, which he afterwards dried on a white handkerchief, but who, on perceiving that he was remarked, had made an instant and hasty retreat.

Upon examination of the spot referred to, a white handkerchief and a clasp knife were found, both clotted with gore, and, as it would seem, accidentally left there in the hurry of departure.

He who had so left them was never more heard of—and these were all the circumstances that could be gathered respecting the transaction; and to this hour all that further appertains to the history of the monster, and to the cause of its dreadful fate, remain shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

SONNET UPON A PASSAGE IN THE "DE OFFICIIS" OF CICERO. LIB. III, CAP. 28.

"Num iratum timemus Jovem? At hoc quidem
Commune est omnium philosophorum,
Nunquam nec irasci Deum, nec nocere."

High were thy thoughts, O Tully, and sublime
O'er mortal fears, from Wisdom's height supreme
Look'd forth thy Soul unclouded, when a beam
Won from the Crystal of the heavenly clime,—
That pure serene unknown to Change or Time,—
A ray direct from the ethereal stream
Dispers'd all vapours of Earth's nightmare dream
Of Superstition, feeding thought with crime.
Then saw'st thou visibly the perfect state
Of heavenly natures, whose whole life is love;
Love undefil'd or by revenge, or hate,
Life far the fury waves of Ire above!
Then was thy vision rais'd to contemplate
The harmonious hosts on high, that in calm glory move.

G. W.

SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RIVAL QUEENS.

First impressions being half the battle, Kempé had prepared himself for his interview with the Begum with all possible care and attention, and had devoted to his toilet more than usual time and assiduity. His handsome person was accordingly set off to the best advantage, by the most splendid and becoming attire; but though blazing with jewels, and redolent of perfume, he stood a few moments silent and abashed, before the incomparable being who, notwithstanding her helpless and captive state, still maintained unlimited control over his heart and his destiny.

At length he broke the painful silence, and with a most elaborate bow, exclaimed in soft and almost feminine accents,

"In obedience to the orders of the Begum, I have waited on my heart's most sovereign mistress."

With a start of surprise the Begum uncovered her face and gazed on the handsome Bheel, whose voice appeared not altogether strange to her ear, though she could not at the moment recollect where she had heard it. His features and person were, however, altogether unknown to her, and with a degree of dignity bordering on hauteur she exclaimed:

"Circumstances led me to suppose that I had some knowledge of the person in whose power I am; but I find myself mistaken, and therefore desire an explanation of this strange and to me most dreadful mystery."

"Beautiful maid!" replied Kempé, "you have merely to cast your eye at yonder mirror to read at once the explanation you demand."

"I shall not affect an ignorance of your meaning," said the Begum calmly, "but I desire that our conference may be short, and free from all superfluous remarks. In few words, therefore, let me know to whom I am indebted for this unprecedented outrage."

"If to love you," said Kempé, "to distraction be an outrage——"

"Stop, sir," cried the Begum, with as stern an air as she was capable of assuming, "and cease to insult me with language that can excite no other feeling than disgust. Say at once who and what you are that have dared to commit this outrage on the Majesty of Mysore."

"Nay," said the Bheel, whose pride was piqued at the reception his compliments had met with, "if your highness vaunt so high the Majesty of Mysore, as a thing beyond the accidents to which all earthly dignities are subject, know that he who stands before you is, at least, the equal of your royal sire."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Begum, with an incredulous smile.

"Like him, a sovereign and absolute prince," said Kempé.

"And his title?" asked the princess.

[1] Continued from p. 131.

"Whose territories," continued Kempé, evading the question, "are extensive, fruitful and wealthy."

"Their position and denomination?" demanded the Begum.

"And who is sprung," hastily continued Kempé, "from as long and as valiant a line of ancestors, as the boasted descendant of the god Crishna."

"Be your lineage what it may," said the Begum, "to me it is a matter of indifference; but your assumed equality with the Rajah of Mysore is gross and contemptible."

"How!" exclaimed Kempé with a frown, which his love could not altogether suppress: "is this the language your highness permits yourself to use towards one with whose rank and power you are as yet unacquainted."

"If the character of princes," said the Begum, "depended on the virtues of their ancestors, the force of their arms, and the extent of their territories, you may possibly be right; but my judgment is formed on a more unerring standard."

"In Doorga's name, then," cried the Bheel with evident surprise, "what else can you found an opinion upon?"

"On that virtue inherent in the heart of my sire," said the Begum, with laudable pride, "which yields an equal measure of justice to all!"

"Bah! Bah!" replied the impatient Kempé.

"On that love of truth which guides his actions," continued the Begum, "and leads him to disdain all plot, disguise, and base conspiracy!"

"Romantic nonsense!" cried the Bheel.

"On that sterling honour and undeviating honesty," resumed the princess, "which make him the terror of all midnight plunderers and lurking assassins."

"How!" cried the chafed Bheel in a voice of thunder.

"And which place him," concluded the princess, "as much above your false pretensions, as yon glorious luminary is superior to the base earth on which you stand!"

Kempé strode across the apartment twice or thrice, with a vehemence that showed how powerfully his feelings had been wrought upon; for, accustomed to witness the grovelling of other captives, he did not anticipate from one who was so totally in his power language so bold, and reproof at once so bitter and so just. With a powerful effort, however, he controlled his rage, and approaching the Begum again, he said with a forced smile:

"The lips of beauty may utter unpleasant words with impunity, in consideration of the bliss they can bestow, to heal the wounds they have inflicted. But the moments which should be more profitably employed are flying fast, and the romantic petulance displayed by your highness only tends to prolong the period of your captivity."

"Alas!" exclaimed the Begum, with a heavy sigh, "anything is welcome that tends to shorten my captivity; for, in a few brief hours I have already suffered ages of misery."

"Then all shall yet be well," said Kempé, "your freedom is entirely within your own grasp, and to gain that boon divine you will not surely grudge the trifling penalty."

"Name it," cried the Begum, eagerly, "name your ransom, and it shall be paid, even were it half the wealth of Mysore."

"Listen then," said Kempé, drawing closer to the captive maid, and throwing into his voice and manner all the tenderness of which he was capable: "for years your divine image has reigned paramount in my breast."

"Well," said the Begum, with a chilling coldness of manner.

"Circumstances," said Kempé, "which it is now unnecessary to mention, have prevented me from openly declaring my passion."

"Indeed!" responded the Begum.

"And, though fully entitled by birth, rank, and possessions to cope with the proudest of your royal suitors, I rather preferred owing to your unbiassed affection that hand which might otherwise have been yielded to my dignity and wealth."

"That was generous!" said the princess.

"I therefore chose my opportunity," continued the Bheel, "and removed you from amidst those temptations that might have hoodwinked your judgment in a matter of such paramount importance both to you and me."

"And then," said the Begum, with a peculiarity of voice and manner not altogether pleasing to the Bheel.

"And then!" reiterated Kempé, "why then, on my bended knee" (and here he knelt) "I offer you my hand, my crown, my heart's most fervent, pure and undivided affections."

"Base and treacherous deceiver!" cried a voice in thrilling accents, as the folding doors were flung open with violence, and Lillah entered in a state bordering on frenzy. "Base and treacherous deceiver!" she cried in a voice trembling with passion, "is it thus you repay my services, and forfeit your promise, so often and so sacredly pledged, even upon the altar of your god?"

The Bheel hastily sprang upon his feet, and turning to the Cashmerian with a frown exclaimed, "What means this rashness, Lillah? Have you no more respect for your sovereign than thus to intrude upon his privacy?"

"Talk not to me of respect," cried the furious woman, tearing her hair and stamping with rage, "have I not caught you on your knees, offering up those vows to another which you knew were mine; and lavishing on an ungrateful creature that hand and heart which I have earned with many an hour of faithful and important services?"

Here the boundless passion of the Cashmerian overcame her physical strength, and she fell in violent hysterics on the floor.

Kempé, in a state of distraction at this terrible exposé, ran backwards and forwards, calling for assistance, and not knowing what to do in such an emergency. No assistance, however, came; for the attendants were all in a remote part of the Haram; and the Begum herself, in spite of the disgust she naturally felt towards her betrayer, was so moved by pity at her hapless condition, that she did not hesitate to render her every assistance in her power. Her kind attentions at length restored the unfortunate, but criminal Lillah; who, instead of evincing any gratitude for services so perfectly unmerited on her part, broke into a violent paroxysm of rage and vituperation.

"Stand off!" she cried, "or I'll tear out those false and treacherous eyes that stole his affections from me, when I fondly hoped I had won him for ever. Yes, smile at the misery you have caused, but I will yet have a terrible revenge."

"Come, come, Lillah," said Kempé, endeavouring to sooth the anger he could not control, "be pacified, and believe me there was nothing calculated to hurt your feelings in my conversation with the Begum: I appeal to her highness for a confirmation of what I say."

"Appeal not to me, Sir," said the princess in a tone of indignant contempt, "for any testimony in your favour: the wretch who could basely steal one female from her father's roof, is quite capable of committing any atrocity towards another."

"There!" said Lillah, with a triumphant scream, "there is a confirmation of your treachery, even from the lips of her you adore. Fool! fool that I was to help you to my own undoing."

"Nay, good Lillah," said the Chief in a soothing voice, "you are labouring under some strange mistake."

"Is this my reward," cried the implacable Cashmerian, "for preventing that marriage on which your destiny depended?"

"For heaven's sake, Lillah!" remonstrated the Chief.

"And am I thus repaid," she continued, "for rescuing you from a dungeon?"

"Lillah I entreat!" cried Kempé between fright and passion.

"And saving you from a shameful death upon the scaffold?" persisted the incensed Cashmerian.

"Woman, I command!" exclaimed the Chief in a voice of thunder.

"Base! treacherous! ungrateful man!" cried Lillah, while a plentiful shower of tears fell from her bright eyes, and she sobbed convulsively as if her heart would burst.

Kempé found he was in a false position, and never before was so puzzled how to act. To direct a battle, or to lead a party to the breach, would have been an easy matter; but it was a different thing to play his cards discreetly between two angry and incensed females; one of whom was influenced by the most outrageous jealousy, and the other by the most just and well grounded indignation. He dreaded above all things that, in the confusion, his real name and character should transpire; for he was anxious to maintain as long as possible his assumed royalty, in the hope that time and importunity might induce the Begum to bestow her hand upon him. He therefore tried to prevail on Lillah to retire and compose herself, assuring her that every thing should be done to gratify her wishes. This, however, had a contrary effect, and more furious than ever, she exclaimed:

"Your wheedling is all in vain; for, once deceived, my confidence is lost for ever, nor will I quit your sight until you do me justice. Day and night I'll haunt you like your shadow: my tears shall fall in torrents at your feet, and my cries shall ring in your ears until you pray to your god for deafness as a blessing."

"What would you have, wretched maniac?" demanded Kempé, in a voice of ill suppressed anger.

"Yes. call me maniac, driveller, idiot," cried Lillah; I deserve it

all and more, for bringing hither one who now conspires with you to rob me of my just reward."

"How!" said the Begum with indignant surprise, "what mean you by implicating me in this base transaction?"

"Oh!" said the Cashmerian, in the blindness of her passion, "your highness may affect innocence, but can you deny that you sent Nelleeny to summon him to your presence?"

"I certainly did send her," said the Begum, "but ——"

"And can you deny that you listened to his declaration of love?" demanded Lillah.

"I do not deny it," said the princess, "but ——"

"And did he not kneel at your feet," asked Lillah, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, "and offer you his hand, and heart, and crown?"

"He certainly did," replied the Begum, "but ——"

"But me no buts," cried the Cashmerian in a frenzy, "you're a sorceress! a witch! a fiend! and I'll tear those smiling eyes out of that plotting head, that you may never betray another fool like me."

Suiting the action to the word she drew a dagger from beneath her vest, and sprang upon the Begum, determined to carry her threat into execution: but Kempé happily caught her in his arms, and wrenched the deadly weapon from her grasp, before she could inflict any injury on the shrinking Lachema; who could no longer recognize in the tigress before her the mild, the gentle and the sensitive being that had won her esteem and affection, by a long and patient exercise of the most consummate art and hypocrisy.

Baffled in her attempt on the princess, the venom of the Cashmerian now turned into another channel; and fixing her nails in the face of her lord and master, she tore his beloved features with the most unrelenting fury, screaming at the same time with all her might, as if she herself was really the suffering party.

The screams of Lillah soon brought a crowd of dancing girls and female attendants to the door: and great was their horror, though they very soon divined the cause, when they beheld the Begum almost fainting, and Lillah struggling with Kempé, whose face was streaming with blood and presented a most ghastly and rueful object. They immediately crowded round the half frantic Cashmerian, who finding some one at length likely to condole with her wrongs, threw herself into their arms, and gave free vent to her tears and reproaches; alternately abusing the treachery of the Begum, the cruelty and infidelity of the Maha Rajah, and her own unheard-of folly in bringing them together.

"Alas! poor girl!" said one, "she is very much to be pitied, if, as she says, they have used her so between them."

"They did," said Lillah; "I call Doorga to witness the truth of what I say."

"Shame! shame!" cried another, "who could have thought the Maha Rajah would be guilty of such an act?"

"What act, you hussy?" cried Kempé, smarting with the pain of his wounds. "I did nothing but prevent the maniac from tearing the Begum to pieces."

" You're a base, ungrateful, treacherous and false-hearted man," cried Lillah, sobbing on the shoulders of her companions; who, influenced by a laudable *esprit de corps*, aided, comforted and abetted her in her accusations, especially against the Begum: for, though none of them liked Lillah herself, yet a stranger of such pre-eminent beauty was an object of paramount jealousy to all.

" Who could imagine," said one, " that she would act so treacherously; looking so demure and innocent too, as if sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth."

" Mary come up," said another, " brass can glitter as well as gold, but the shine won't last so long!"

" Then only think of her confidence," said a third, " to send Nelleeny for the Maha Rajah, and not even wait for the handkerchief!"

" And her presumption," said a fourth, " to keep his highness on his knees, as if he was praying to a goddess!"

" And her breach of friendship," cried a fifth, " towards Lillah, who has been so kind and protecting to her!"

" Good people!" said the Begum, rising with that air of modest dignity and grace so natural to her, " I scarcely know the purport of your strange expressions; but, if they have any reference to what passed between me and your Prince, ——."

" Prince!" screamed Lillah, in a violent fit of hysterical laughter: " Ha! ha! ha! Prince indeed!"

" Yes," said the Begum, much surprised at the interruption, " your Maha Rajah ——."

" Maha Rajah!" roared the Cashmerian, almost suffocated with forced laughter: " better and better! Maha Rajah, forsooth!"

" Silence, Lillah!" cried Kempé, stamping with rage, " silence or dread my anger."

" In heaven's name!" exclaimed the Begum, more than ever astonished, " if he is neither Prince nor Maha Rajah, what is he?"

" Kempé Goud, the robber of the Jungle!" cried the Cashmerian, in a wild terrific voice.

The hapless Lachema sank upon her couch, as if an arrow had pierced her heart, and screened her eyes from an object so habitually dreadful to her mind.

" Nay, look upon him," said the Cashmerian, reckless of all consequences, " and behold his princely mien and royal bearing."

" Wretch!" cried the Chief in ungovernable passion.

" And felicitate yourself," continued Lillah " on being queen of the Jungle, and sovereign of Savindroog!"

" Fury of a woman;" cried Kempé, rushing from the room, " may the fiends of Patala seize and torture you for ever!"

A wild hysterical laugh shook the frame of the Cashmerian, at this happy accomplishment of her revenge: this was succeeded by strong convulsions, in the midst of which she was carried off by her sympathising friends; and the almost fainting Lachema was left alone to the care of Nelleeny, her young and affectionate attendant.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PRIEST OF DOORGA.

Time speeds away with the flight of an eagle from those whose measure of joy is full to the brim; but lingers with all who drain, in captivity and tears, the cup of sorrow. Three dull and heavy days had passed since the occurrence related in the last chapter, each succeeding one more wretched than the former, and apparently more devoid of hope to the unhappy Lachema; who, pining in her splendid prison, counted every stroke of the Ghurry as an age, and looked upon each lingering day as eternity. The conviction that she had fallen into the hands of a monster who had made so ruthless an attempt on the life of her gallant lover, was an assurance that she had nothing to expect from his mercy or compassion; and the hopes she built upon his fears were indeed but trifling; knowing, as she did from description, the impregnable nature of the fortress in which she was now a captive, even should the suspicions of her friends, which was unlikely, point to the Jungle Chief as the ravisher.

The splendor of her abode, and the fastidious ceremony with which she was attended, served but little to console the unhappy mind of the Begum; for she knew that all was hollow and treacherous, and depended solely on the caprice of a ruthless tyrant. Nor did she permit herself to derive any solace from those objects of intellectual enjoyment with which her apartment was abundantly stored. Every thing in the robber's den partook of a taint which was revolting to her delicate mind; and she could not help regarding with disgust every object around her, however ingenious, costly or elegant it might be; convinced, as she was, that it must have been torn from its owner by fraud or violence. The rich food and delicious beverage with which her table was abundantly supplied, she viewed with equal abhorrence; and nothing, she resolved, should pass her lips, while in that hateful place, but the purest water and the simplest preparation of rice, merely sufficient to satisfy the most moderate demands of nature.

In the midst of her sorrows, however, she felt some relief from the continued absence of her tyrant; who, since the last extraordinary scene had never once appeared in her presence, whether deterred by shame or remorse she could not say. She was also happily free from the impertinent intrusion of Lillah; whose profound hypocrisy, and cold-hearted treachery, she could not think of without a shudder of astonishment and horror. The absence of both these worthies, however, was occasioned by private reasons of their own, and not by any feeling or commiseration for their unhappy victim. The former was endeavouring to eradicate from his countenance the marks of Lillah's vindictive nails; being ashamed to appear in public, and especially in the presence of the Begum, with such dishonourable scars: while the latter was endeavouring to repair the error she had committed in her passion, and laying down a plan of future operations.

Having had time for cool reflection, Lillah took herself to task very

severely, for allowing the angry ebullition of the moment to betray her into such unprofitable madness, as she had evinced on the occasion before related, and which had placed in the most imminent jeopardy the glorious fruits of all her forbearance and ingenuity. She turned over in her prolific mind the present state of affairs, and its fruitful consequences, pregnant with good or ill to herself, exactly in proportion to the rashness or discretion of her own conduct. She acknowledged that she had committed a capital error, in directing the open venom of her attack against her lord and master, from whom alone she looked for her coveted recompence; instead of employing the never failing efforts of private sap against the being who alone stood in the way of her advancement, and who at any moment could be disposed of by a summary process common enough in the Harams of the East The result of Lillah's cogitations was a confidential message to the Chief, in which she humbled herself to the dust for her outrageous conduct towards him. This she solely attributed to the ardent and unquenchable affection she bore to his person; and Kempé, whose weak point she perfectly well knew, accepted her apology. Indeed he was not altogether disinterested in doing so, as he anticipated some further occasion for her services, from the information he had received since his return: from this he was led to look forward, ere long, to some active personal exertions in the field; which would require the employment of a confidential agent to superintend the transactions at the Droog, and to look to the security of the Begum.

During this peaceful interval Lachema was, therefore, left to the uninterrupted enjoyment (if it could be so called) of her own thoughts; having no other associate than her young attendant Nelleeny, whose respect towards the lovely captive was wonderfully enhanced by some expressions which had occurred during the late fracas. One evening, when Lachema was more than usually kind to her, she ventured to say:

"Will the Beebee pardon the curiosity of her slave, and condescend to answer a harmless question?"

"Speak boldly," said Lachema, "and rely on my compliance with all your proper wishes."

"In the late unhappy disturbance," said Nelleeny, "the Maha Rajah applied to you the terms Begum and Highness, and I would fain know if he applied them correctly."

"Doubtless," replied the Begum, "your Chief spoke truth on that occasion, at least for once in his life; and if you have ever heard of so unhappy a person as the Begum of Mysore, she is now before you."

Nelleeny threw herself at the feet of her royal mistress, and kissing the hem of her garment, she looked inquiringly into her face, and with much simplicity exclaimed:

"Am I then so happy as to see before I die the Fawn-eyed Begum of Mysore, of whom I have heard so much, and have so often prayed for an opportunity to gaze upon? Ah! yes, there are the eyes of splendor, and the features of unequalled loveliness! I now no longer wonder at the mystery your highness's presence has spread around

the Droog, and the eager inquiries that beset me on every side when I venture down to see my parents in the Pettah."

Lachema smiled complacently at the enthusiasm of her young attendant, and asked her if she loved her parents.

"Ah yes, dearly," said Nelleeny, "they are so kind and affectionate to me, for I am their only child."

"Then," said Lachema, "you will doubtless feel for me, who am also an only child, torn from my unhappy and doting parents."

"Doorga is my witness," cried Nelleeny, "that I pity you sincerely, especially as I now perceive that you do not in reality love the Maha Rajah."

"And would you not," demanded Lachema, "gladly see me restored to my unhappy parents, who are now suffering all the agonies that yours would experience if you were lost to them?"

"Gladly I would," replied Nelleeny, "if such a thing were possible."

"And can you not assist me to escape," cried the Begum, her beautiful eyes brightening with a glow of hope; "can you not aid me in quitting this fatal rock, and thus earn for yourself and your parents a reward far beyond the power of Kempé Goud to bestow upon them?"

The young Bheel started and turned deadly pale at the bare idea of so terrific an undertaking; then with a trembling voice she cried:

"Alas! your highness little dreams of the difficulties that lie in the way of such an attempt, even if a due regard for the safety of my parents allowed me to think of it for a moment."

"To hearts determined as ours would be," said the Begum encouragingly, "all difficulties would yield: the safety of your parents would be insured by their flight with us; and rewards would await you more splendid than your warmest imagination can form any idea of."

"'Tis impossible, utterly impossible," said Nelleeny in a ruminating mood. "The outer gates of the Haram, which occupies the entire summit of the rock, are constantly locked, and closely guarded. A single pathway leads down the Droog to the Pettah, beset with a thousand difficulties and dangers. To pass the Pettah gate undiscovered is out of the question: even then, we should be only half way down the mountain; and if we finally succeeded in reaching the bottom, we should still have the jungle before us, and all its terrific inhabitants to encounter. Alas! alas! the bare idea of such an undertaking drives me almost to distraction."

The Begum saw, with an acute feeling of disappointment, that it was actually too much for the imagination of the poor girl: and though ready and anxious herself to encounter every peril in the hope of escaping from so dreadful a prison, she could scarcely expect equal zeal and hardihood from another, particularly from one so young, and who was not influenced by the same all-absorbing motives of action.

"But," said Nelleeny, "a thought strikes me that may be of service to your Highness."

"Mention it for heaven's sake!" said the Begum, gladly catching at any shadow in her deplorable situation.

"The venerable Rungapa," said Nelleeny, "is my mother's maternal uncle, and frequently visits her in the Pettah."

"And who may the venerable Rungapa be?" demanded the Begum.

"Oh! I forgot," said Nelleeny, "that your Highness could not be aware that Rungapa is the Chieftain's Bhaut, and the Priest of Doorga and Mahadeo; and that he officiates at the shrine of the Deities, in a deep glen at the foot of the Droog."

"Of that I was not aware," said the Begum, somewhat disappointed, "but what do you propose by mentioning him?"

"Why," said Nelleeny, "he is a holy and a wise man; and our Bheels always consult him in their difficulties and dangers."

"And, therefore," said the Begum, "you suppose he may give me wholesome counsel and godly advice in my unhappy situation."

"Exactly so," said Nelleeny, "he is a man of uncommon knowledge and wisdom, and has performed many extraordinary cures."

"But I am not afflicted with any malady, thank heaven!" said the Begum.

"And he can command all evil spirits," continued Nelleeny with simplicity.

"But I am not possessed of an evil spirit," replied the Begum.

"And then," said Nelleeny, "he possesses the most extraordinary influence over the Maha Rajah, and has frequently prevented him from doing evil when all interference was hopeless from others."

"There indeed," said the Begum, "he may be of service to me, for I know not the moment I may again be subject to the insults of your Chief."

"He is an awful man," said Nelleeny, "and I'm sometimes afraid to look at him myself; especially when he is inspired, as he calls it, and looks cross, and ugly and frowning. But if your highness would like to see him, I make no doubt he will attend your summons; for he takes a pleasure in visiting the afflicted, and giving them advice and consolation."

The Begum expressed an anxious wish to see the venerable Bhaut, who, she faintly hoped, might, in some way or other, prove instrumental in her deliverance; and Nelleeny promised to descend to his abode on the following morning.

Deep in a savage glen that lay at the foot of the Droog, by which it was so completely overshadowed that the sun but rarely visited the secluded spot, dwelt the venerable Rungapa, solitary and alone. His food principally consisted of the wild fruits and berries that he gathered in the jungle; and a crystal stream that gurgled by his hermitage supplied his only drink. Embosomed in the green-wood shade, beneath a wide spreading Banyan tree, the sacred Minstrel had built a rude temple to the destroying member of the mystic Triad, and his sanguinary consort, Doorga; the only Deities worshipped by the warlike and predatory race to which he belonged. There he officiated as *Pontifex Maximus*, performing the ceremonies, and administering the consolations of religion, to his ignorant and superstitious flock. This he did in so masterly a manner that, in the course of time, he became invested with an almost superhuman character; and was consulted on

all occasions, as an unerring oracle, by the hardy Bheels, who frequently repaired to his temple with some trophy of a well-fought day, a welcome offering to the sanguinary goddess.

Nor was Kempé himself, in matters of religion, less bigoted or superstitious than the most ignorant of his followers. The learning of the times was superficial at the best; and the Chieftain of a tribe seldom troubled himself with knowledge of a higher class than the science of woodcraft, or a competent acquaintance with military tactics, necessary to carry on a predatory warfare of the simplest and rudest description. Learning was, therefore, confined to the Brahmins, principally, and the Bhauts; and even with them it was generally limited to a slight acquaintance with medicine and surgery, and a very inadequate knowledge of geometry and astronomy. But they made up for the deficiency of useful learning by an intimate acquaintance with the multifarious ceremonies and observances of religion, the traditions and legends of gods and heroes, and the genealogies of the royal and noble families to which they were attached. Their power over their respective lords was, therefore, great in proportion to the cunning and discretion with which they used their superior intelligence; and no one, perhaps, knew so well the weak points in the character of his Chief, or turned that knowledge to such good account, as the venerable Rungapa.

The request of Nelleeny, who was a favourite with the old man, was immediately complied with, and, in the cool of the morning, he bent his feeble steps up the rough ascent; to administer ghostly comfort (such was the summons he received) to a fair inhabitant of the Haram, with whose name and rank, to avoid exciting suspicion, he was not made acquainted. But when he arrived at his destination, his astonishment and grief were both extreme, (for the community of freebooters had by no means hardened the heart of the Bhaut,) when he found that his patient was no other than the Begum of Mysore! In hours of festivity, when the people were admitted to share the hospitality of the prince; and when, urged by curiosity, the Bhaut had mingled with the throng, he had seen the Fawn-eyed maid at the palace of her sire, with radiant smiles of innocence and bliss; where, like a lovely rose, she bloomed in her native paradise. But now despair's corroding blight was consuming every vernal tint; for joy was a stranger to her breast, and silent tears wasted her unequalled beauty.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the Bhaut, "great princess dare I trust my sight? And is it then the flower of proud Mysore the Chief has brought to pine upon the summit of his Droog?"

"Venerable man," said the princess, "whose language indicates some knowledge of my person, and sympathy for my unutterable woe, you are right in your conjecture. 'Tis the hapless Lachema who has been suffered by her protecting goddess, for some wise purpose, to incur this dreadful fate."

"Maiden," said the Bhaut, "think not thy guardian Power betrayed thee to the snare, for the gods are ever just; and sure some hidden fault has called upon thy head this instance of divine wrath."

"Your reproof is not unmerited," said the Begum, "for my vanity was made the instrument of my destruction."

"And yet," exclaimed the Bhaut, "I have heard it said, of many, that beauty never sat more humbly on a human form than on that of the Begum of Mysore."

"Ah!" said the princess, "mine was the vanity of a proud unbridled imagination; which led me to suppose I was the chosen favourite of a deity, and singled out from all human kind as the object of a wondrous miracle."

The Bhaut expressed an anxious wish for an explanation, and the princess gratified his curiosity, by relating the artifice of Lillah, and the fearful results of her unlimited confidence in that treacherous hypocrite.

Never was astonishment greater than that of the venerable Rungapa at the strange relation; for, though he knew that Kempé and the Cashmerian had been long absent from the Droog, he had been kept in ignorance of the object of their expedition; and learned now, for the first time, the nature of the plot, and its complete success. "It is," he said, "a stratagem worthy of the genius of the Chief, and commensurate with the stake he has to play for."

"That stake," said the Begum, "is I presume the amassing of wealth. Go then to your Chief, and let him name my ransom; and, ere the sun shall thrice relume this fortress, my generous sire will gratify his cupidity, that I may bless once more the longing arms of my hapless parents."

"Alas!" exclaimed the venerable Rungapa, "you know not then that Kempé has brought the peerless Fawn of Mysore hither, not to gratify his love of gold, but to fulfil a mysterious decree of fate, which links your destiny with his."

"Detested wretch!" cried Lachema, with all a royal maiden's pride, "what fiat of God or man can ever bind his fate with mine? What compact can there be between the ravenous wolf and the timid fawn?"

"It is so written," said the Bhaut, "in the unerring book of fate; as declared by the position of the stars at the birth of the Maha Rajah: and thus the legend runs, for I myself read his horoscope:

The Rock of Death shall proudly shine
The bulwark of thy gallant line!
And glory crown thy gleaming sword,
And conquest hail thee for her lord!
Till virtue change the molten lead
To cold pellucid water,
And Kistna, by thy wish, shall wed
The Rajah's fawn-ey'd daughter!

"This then," said the Begum, after musing for a moment, "is the explication of the motto chosen by the treacherous Kempé, when he made that base attempt upon the life of my lord. But 'tis all jugglery and trick, bootless fraud and mystery. Without further delay, then, despatch me hence, and let the robber take his fee, or let him dread the vengeance of my sire."

"He dreads it not," said Rungapa, with a solemnity of voice, and a look wherein was mingled the pride of his clan, with sorrow for the hopeless condition of the Begum.

"What!" cried the incensed and highly excited maiden, "does he then hope never to feel again the conquering arms of Mysore? Or does he think the noble Kistna can no longer wield that sword from which he has so often fled to hide his shame in the recesses of the Jungle? If so let him despair, for too soon he will find how utterly vain are his presumptuous hopes."

"Ah, princess!" said the aged Bhaut, "who can scan the thoughts, or baffle the deeds of Kempé? His path is like a bird's in the trackless air; his speed outvies the lightning; and doubtless he has taken his measures so well, in a matter of such paramount importance, that none but those he trusts can tell where now the fawn-eyed Begum lies, concealed from all but pitying heaven."

"Ah! therein lies the villain's hope," said the Begum, "but bid me not despair, for the fatal secret must transpire ere long, and reach the ears of my avenging friends."

"Nay, fancy not," replied the venerable man, "that potent gold can turn aside that matchless faith which is the brightest virtue of the Bheel. But suppose the secret were known, and the mighty powers of the Rajah were led hither, even by the acknowledged gallantry and skill of the noble Kistna, they would meet with certain death; either in the pestilent jungle, or in a vain attempt to scale the ponderous towers of this heaven-aspiring rock, whose hoary summit defended by its own rude tribe, bids proud defiance to the genius and the force of man."

"Is it, alas! so impregnable?" demanded the Begum with a look of despair.

"Judge for yourself," said the Bhaut, as he drew her gently but shudderingly towards the edge of the precipice. "Judge for yourself when you cast your eye from this terrific height, and view the massy walls and towers that embrace on every side this naturally impregnable rock. See where midway yon eagles cleave the air, and look like atoms in the vast expanse. Those ancient forests which encircle the base of this stupendous Droog, look like a level heath; and yet beneath their lofty shade, wild troops of elephants roam at large, treading under foot the peaceful hamlêt, and scattering abroad the fragments of the sylvan war. There in the bosky thicket the tiger crouches for his prey; and the gigantic boa wraps the nilgaw in his mortal folds, crushing his ribs to atoms for one monstrous meal. Those mighty lakes that feed the thirsty earth and ease the peasant's toil, now, dwindled to a span, shine like little mirrors in the sun. The broad majestic rivers shrink from their banks, and wind like silvery threads through the variegated carpet. Mountains are like anthills, rocks like grains of sand; and even the lofty towers and proud pagodas of Maugree, our royal capital, which glisten yonder in the sun, look like a shapeless mass of pebbles."

"Alas!" replied the hapless Begum, "I feel upon this deadly Droog too far indeed from human aid; but heaven still beholds me with a pitying eye, and hope even now suggests a guardian angel in

thee, O venerable sage! Thine eyes fill with tears of compassion, and thine age and creed point thee out as a fitting instrument of the divine mercy. Then thus upon my knees I implore thine aid and counsel, to shorten my captivity; and doubt not but my grateful sire will amply recompense thy services with princely honors and uncounted wealth."

"Most fair, but most unfortunate!" the Bhaut replied in trembling accents, "your fearful lot I pity from my soul; but wealth and honors avail nought to one whom nature's purest springs regale with endless banquet. Amid these wilds, possest of health and peace beneath the greenwood shade, contentment is my ample treasure, and my proudest boast is fidelity. I would not therefore, if I could, guide from this rock whoever my Chieftain chooses to bring hither: but, even were I to betray my trust, and thus incur the hatred of all future ages, how could I, bent as I am with age and care, conduct you to the woods below: through all those frowning towers and embattled walls, which are manned with Kempé's faithful Bheels. And even could we conquer these insurmountable difficulties, how could I hope to guide your feeble steps through yonder wild and trackless waste?"

"Alas! alas!" cried the Begum, sobbing with convulsive agony, "nothing then is left for me but hopeless misery and despair."

"Beautiful princess!" said the Bhaut, "trust me that none can feel more truly for your fate than I do; but vain are all your attempts to fly, and equally vain is all hope of relief from foreign aid. Put your faith, therefore, in the just and merciful gods, who in their own good time will accept your prayers, humbly and sincerely offered. Meanwhile what I can do, consistently with my duty to the Maha Rajah, to smooth the pillow of your adversity, you may securely reckon upon. Whatever influence I have shall be exerted in your behalf: and prayers and entreaties shall not be spared to turn the mind of my Chief from all further persecution of his unhappy captive."

The venerable man then bade adieu to the princess, and descended the rough bosom of the Droog, to seek the peaceful retirement of his Banyan Tree.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SHRINE OF THE PILLAR.

Pilgrims were flocking by hundreds to the sacred isle of Ramisseram, to present their offerings at the Shrine of the Pillar, renowned throughout the East for its divine origin and wondrous sanctity, and Ramnad was full to overflowing of anxious devotees; while the narrow channel which separates it from the holy island was crowded with boats and vessels of all descriptions, laden with pious passengers, either going to or returning from the object of their adoration. Ramisseram itself, a low sandy island in the gulf of Manar, between Ceylon and the continent, partly covered with a thin baubool jungle, displayed nothing but objects of devotion, and breathed an air

of superlative sanctity throughout its whole extent. In the centre stood a pagoda of extraordinary magnitude and splendor, said to owe its origin to Rama, a well known incarnation of Vishnu. On his return from the conquest of Singala,* and the destruction of Ravan, the ten-headed King of the Racshasas, who had carried Sita into captivity; the god reflected that during his wars many Racshasas, who were Brahmins, had been also destroyed, by which he had incurred the heaviest guilt. To expiate these crimes, therefore, he set up an image of the Lingham at Ramisseram, which he ordered to be worshipped: and it thenceforward became a place of pilgrimage, and peculiar sanctity; the offerings of innumerable devotees affording, in process of time, abundant means to erect a magnificent temple over the mystic Pillar of the deity.

The architectural splendor of the Pagoda was of the highest description, and its ornamental sculpture was rich, elaborate and beautifully finished. The entrance to an immense square in which the temple stood was by a lofty tower, covered to the summit with *bassi relievi*, delicately sculptured, of the wars undertaken by Rama and his friend Hanoomaun for the recovery of Sita; amongst which the construction of the wondrous bridge, built by the sylvan followers of the demigod, to join Serindib to the main, was conspicuously delineated. The gateway of the tower was of enormous magnitude, the frame being composed of two gigantic pillars of granite, also beautifully sculptured, supporting a granite slab of enormous dimensions; the massy workmanship resembling that Cyclopean style of architecture pecular to the early ages of Misr and the eastern parts of Feringisthaun. At a little distance from the principal pagoda stood a small and elegant temple, occupying the summit of a lofty rock; whence Rama is said to have directed the operations while the bridge was constructing by the followers of Hanoomaun. This temple commanded a view of the ocean, with an interminable black line of rocks; the remains, as is supposed, of the wondrous edifice, stretching across the gulf of Manar to that lovely and fruitful island which constituted the ancient territories of the guilty Ravan.

Before the gate of the temple lay a broad level space, covered with verdant sod, and surrounded by granite Choultries, of the most elegant construction, appropriated to the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims who were constantly flocking thither. The level space in the midst was partly occupied by a magnificent suite of royal tents, displaying all those symptoms of luxury peculiar to such temporary habitations in the East. A richly ornamented silken pavilion occupied the centre, decorated with flags and streamers, and surrounded by an extensive line of Kanauts,† which completely screened its inmates from the public view; while at some little distance around were pitched numerous other tents, appropriated to the guards and attendants of the royal personage who occupied the centre pavilion. This was the encampment of the Rajah of Serindib; who, on his return from Srirungaputtun, being prevented by unfavourable winds from proceeding directly home, availed himself of the delay to pay his

* Serindib or Ceylon. † The Cotton walls of a tent.

devotions at the Shrine of the Pillar, which lay immediately in the route to his own dominions.

It was mid-day, and although many hundred pilgrims were prostrated within and around the temple in earnest devotion, the silence of the scene was profound and undisturbed. Not a sound was heard save the occasional stroke of a gong, or the tinkling of a veena, touched by some listless idler, as he lay in the shadow of a lofty cocoa-nut, the only tree that sprang from the sterile soil; with which, indeed, it scarcely seemed to be connected by its innumerable small but, apparently, very feeble roots. The royal encampment displayed an equal appearance of peaceful repose. The prince was reclining in his pavilion in a sombre mood, which seemed to indicate that his thoughts were busy with images of disappointed love and mortified vanity: his guards and attendants, equally unoccupied, were silently enjoying their hookahs in the surrounding tents; while the elephants, horses and camels of the party were drowsily chewing their grain at their respective pickets. Every angry passion seemed quelled, every human pursuit suspended under the sacred influence of the place; when the shrill blast of a Clarion suddenly woke the echoes of the lofty buildings, and effectually startled their half drowsy occupants.

Again and again the loud clangor of the trumpet rent the heavens, with a force and energy that bespoke a mission of the highest importance; and before the astonished listeners could express their wonder at so unwonted a summons within that hallowed precinct, a troop of mounted cavaliers, clothed in plate armour from head to heel, with glittering lances and pennons flapping in the breeze, galloped with the speed of light into the sacred enclosure.

The Rajah of Serindib, roused also from his meditations by the martial blast, started from his couch, in equal astonishment with the rest: standing at the door of his pavilion, he beheld, to his utter surprise, the warlike band of newcomers drawn up in menacing array before his encampment; while the leader, advancing to the front ordered his trumpeter to sound a hostile summons.

The summons was thrice repeated before an answer was returned, so great was the astonishment excited by the sudden incursion. But the guards of Serindib at length crowded round the pavilion of their prince, where, though on foot and imperfectly armed, they gallantly bade defiance to the challengers; while the pilgrims to the Shrine, quitting their devotions, flocked in a tumultuous crowd round the opposing bands, in momentary expectation of some dreadful onslaught.

The Rajah of Serindib, however, having commanded silence and forbearance to his followers, advanced to the front, and desired to be made acquainted with the name and title of his unknown opponent, and the object of his apparent hostility. Thus invoked, the leader of the band raised the vizor of his helmet, and the Rajah, starting with unfeigned astonishment, exclaimed in a voice of great and obvious emotion:

"Kistna Bahauder!"

"Your Majesty is right," said the noble youth, in a voice that betrayed the deep working of his soul, "and my presence appears to excite your royal astonishment in no slight degree."

"My astonishment!" repeated the prince, apparently at a loss for words to express the surprise that really took possession of his breast.

"Nay," exclaimed the Mysorean, "and, from appearances, I may also add your Majesty's consternation."

"How!" cried the prince, in a voice of anger, "language like this to me? Verily, Sir Knight, if I had not previously formed a favourable opinion of your discretion, your present words and actions would not lead to so happy a result."

"Sir King!" replied Kistna, chafed at the air of sarcasm adopted by his opponent, whose apparent confusion he thought a sufficient indication of guilt: "Sir King, it matters little to the Yuva Rajah of Mysore what may be the opinions of a person who, in his estimation, has been guilty of one of the most disloyal actions that have ever disgraced the history of civilized man!"

More than ever astonished at an accusation of so foul a nature, the Rajah of Serindib could scarcely help thinking that the singular good fortune of his rival had touched his brain; but unfortunately his own pride was hurt, and he did not permit his better judgment to dictate his answer, which was replete with bitter irony.

"May it please your infant Majestyship," he said, "for I think the Yuva Rajah is scarcely yet of the moon's age, though, in my opinion, very much of its consistency, to set forth my high crimes and misdemeanors before this your most impartial Court of Chancery; although your myrmidons do, in truth, look more like executioners than judges."

"Your Majesty's language," replied Kistna, curbing his indignation, "is only calculated to confirm my suspicions of your criminality."

"Your suspicions!" cried the King with a look of disdain, "They are, doubtless, quite as reasonable as your conduct, which I feel disposed to look upon as a masquerading frolic, equally devoid of good sense and good manners."

"When the actions of princes," said Kistna, with calm dignity, "are of a treasonable nature, they gladly seize upon any pretext, however weak and futile, to screen themselves from the consequences of their disloyalty."

"Extremely moral and sententious," said the king with a sneer.

"And though your Majesty may think that a charge of so heinous a nature may be parried by a tone of idle badinage, I shall quickly undeceive you on that point."

"As how, pray?" demanded the Rajah in the same sarcastic tone.

"With the instrument I hold in my hand," replied Kistna, shaking his ponderous lance, which quivered like a reed in his grasp: but before I resort to its use I call upon your Majesty for a brief and explicit reply to my demand."

"Whether I vouchsafe any reply at all," said the Rajah with stubborn pride, "shall depend more on my own good will than on your idle menaces."

"Of that we shall judge," said Kistna. "Meanwhile, armed with the power and authority of Mysore, I call upon you, in the midst of this vast assemblage of spectators, and before the temple of that

deity whom you have so highly offended, to restore that which you have so basely and disloyally purloined from your hospitable entertainer."

"How!" exclaimed the Rajah, almost beside himself with passion, "is language like this to be borne? Am I to be branded with impunity as a base purloiner of some golden wassail cup or jewelled trinket, for that I suppose is the nature of the charge?"

"Your Majesty," said Kistna, "may attempt to evade a charge of such magnitude by a subterfuge unworthy of a royal mind: but the jewel you have stolen is one that all the crowns of the earth cannot purchase, and the offence can only be expiated by the warmest blood that circles round your heart."

"In the name of the angry deity who listens to your madness," cried the Rajah, "what is the jewel you say I have stolen?"

"For your own information," replied Kistna, "more than I have said is unnecessary: but, that all who hear my voice may acknowledge the justice of my cause, I demand immediate restitution of my royal and affianced bride, the Begum of Mysore."

An exclamation of astonishment burst from the assembled multitude at a charge of so grave a nature; and many present, who were aware of the imperious and amorous disposition of the Rajah, seemed disposed to think that he had actually committed the interesting theft, and would defend it to the utmost. The Rajah, on the contrary, felt, if any thing, his indignation increase at a charge which only served to renew the mortified feelings of his rejection; and to place him, as it were, in a humiliating posture, in the public eye, before his too successful rival. He therefore treated the matter with injudicious levity, and indulged in a fit of forced laughter, in which he was joined by all his followers,

"Unworthy scion of a royal race!" exclaimed the indignant Kistna, "who thus presume to add insult to outrage, you shall now feel the vengeance of Mysore, and your scattered tents shall speedily reveal the object of my search!"

"What! ho! my guards!" cried the Rajah in a commanding voice, "stand by your prince and save your tents from the threatened pollution! though on foot and unarmed, we can yet withstand the ferocious ravishers."

"I never draw my sword upon the unarmed," said Kistna with calm dignity; "therefore don your armour, and mount your horses and your elephants: we wait your leisure here, and God defend the right!"

The clangour of the trumpets now rent the air on both sides, and speedy preparations were made for the last appeal to arms. The Bodyguard of Mysore, secure in the justice of their cause, and the skill and courage of their leader, laid their lances in rest, and took sufficient space on the plain to give impetus to their onset. On the other hand, the guards and followers of the Rajah were not slow in availing themselves of the delay so generously afforded them: rapidly equipping themselves, they mounted their steeds, and drew up in front of their encampment; while the surrounding spectators, scared at the prospect of a sanguinary battle, fled in all directions, and left the field unincumbered to the rage of the combatants.

Such was the threatening posture of affairs when the great gong of the temple was struck with rapid and heavy blows; and the massy gates rolling back on their grating hinges, gave egress to a procession of venerable Brahmins: with flowing robes, and snow-white beards descending to their girdles, they advanced with majestic pace towards the scene of action; chanting, in solemn and affecting tones, a hymn to Dhurma, god of justice, the stern avenger of perjury and broken faith.

Between the opposing troops now marshalled in hostile array, and ready for the onslaught, the priests of the temple took their fearless stand; whilst every eye was fixed with reverence and awe upon the sacred procession. Then one more venerable than the rest, whose tall majestic mien, and high wrinkled forehead, imparted to his appearance an intellectual superiority perfectly consonant with his rank of Chief Brahmin, elevating his hands to heaven, exclaimed in deep sepulchral tones:

"Men of blood and enemies of God! what mean these sanguinary preparations, in a spot consecrated, by the hand of the deity himself, to the sacred purposes of peace, charity and religion?"

No answer was returned to the appeal of the Brahmin, who thus continued:

"Know ye not, men of sacrilege! that ye tread on holy ground; and that every drop of blood ye shed on this chosen soil of the deity will cry to avenging heaven for tenfold vengeance on your guilty heads?"

But still the leaders of the opposing bands were silent; though they suspended, as if by mutual consent, their sanguinary proceedings.

"Kings and princes!" cried the Brahmin, elevating his powerful voice to the highest pitch, "ye are appointed by heaven as examples of justice and piety to your respective subjects: how comes it then that, as the guardians of religion, ye are the first who have dared to insult the gods, in this their earthly abode; and that, as anointed judges of the land, ye are so eager to submit your cause of difference to the blind and erring arbitrement of the sword?"

This last appeal seemed to produce some effect; for the Rajah of Serindib sullenly said he merely stood up in his own defence against a wanton and unprovoked aggression; and the Mysorean leader, on his part, declared that he only claimed what of right belonged to him, and which he was entitled to do even at the horns of the altar.

"Royal antagonists!" said the Brahmin, "ye are both right and both wrong: for, while I admit that one is entitled to claim his own, and the other to defend himself from aggression, it is equally certain that, ere a remedy is sought by a recurrence to brute force, the wrongs of both should be clearly ascertained by the light of reason."

This being an axiom altogether undeniable, both antagonists declared in a breath their willingness to abide by such a test; and the Brahmin having expressed his readiness to act as umpire on the occasion, the Rajah of Serindib and the gallant Kistna advanced from their respective troops, and drew up their war steeds on either side of the venerable man.

"I will not conceal from your highnesses," said the Brahmin, 'that I am in a great measure acquainted with the origin of your quarrel; for the royal contention for the Fawn-eyed Begum of Mysore was of a character too interesting and important not to reach even this our secluded sanctuary. I therefore only require to know the particular charge the noble Kistna brings against the Rajah of Serindib."

"I charge his highness," said Kistna, "with the secret abduction of the Begum of Mysore, even on the night of her nuptials."

"This," said the Brahmin, "is an accusation of the deepest dye, demanding, if substantiated, the highest order of punishment. But in proportion to the heinousness of the charge should be the clearness of the evidence on which it is founded: I pause, therefore, for the proof with which, doubtless, the noble Kistna is furnished."

But Kistna, now that the matter had come to a fair scrutiny, was forced to confess to himself that his accusation rested on very slight grounds indeed. He hesitated, therefore, in his reply; and at length was obliged to acknowledge that his proof was by no means of a direct and positive character. He stated, in a voice interrupted by heavy sighs, the unaccountable loss of the Begum; his unsuccessful search; his own and the Rajah's suspicions pointing equally to the Rajah of Serindib; and the mysterious scroll found in the temple. He even related, though with some reluctance, the notable dream of the sage Oodiaver; concluding with the very strange reception he had experienced from the Rajah of Serindib, which, he said, was sufficient of itself to confirm his worst suspicions.

The Brahmin shook his head and declared that, with all the attention he could possibly devote to a subject of such paramount importance, he must confess that he had yet heard nothing which could incriminate the Rajah of Serindib, as the perpetrator of so foul an outrage. The mutual suspicions of Kistna and the unhappy father of the Begum, might, he said, with equal propriety, attach to any other of the Royal suitors. The mysterious scroll, he was inclined to look upon as a stratagem on the part of the real criminal, to mislead pursuit; for he could not imagine that, if the Rajah of Serindib had been so wickedly ingenious as to steal away the Begum in the manner related, he would have been, at the same time, so stupidly foolish as to give a certain clue to his pursuit and capture. As for the Brahmin's dream, he said, its absurdity carried its own refutation: it was, in short, one of those wayward flights of the imagination, which, even under the fetters of sleep, will occasionally derive strange colour and consistency from previous studies or pursuits.

"On a mature consideration, therefore," said the Brahmin, "of all the circumstances of this unhappy case, I am of opinion that the criminality is not by any means brought home, by a satisfactory chain of evidence, to the Rajah of Serindib: and if his highness will purge himself of the imputation, by a solemn oath at the altar of the deity, I feel assured that the noble Kistna will and ought to be satisfied therewith."

"Venerable father!" said the Rajah, "that man does not exist who feels more truly for the affliction of the Royal family of My-

sore, and of the gallant Kistna, than I do; for I know the value of the treasure they have lost: and had I been asked with calmness if I were privy to the transaction, though I should have been indignant at the imputation, I would have at once declared, aye and proved, my innocence. The roughness of the interrogatory I underwent must, however, be my excuse for the impatience I have displayed: but as I am willing to make every allowance for the high state of excitement into which the noble Kistna was naturally thrown by so irreparable a loss, I look for an equal indulgence towards my own hasty proceedings. I have now only to declare, in the presence of the gods who punish perfidy and bad faith, that I am totally innocent, and was, until within this hour, utterly unconscious of, the atrocious proceeding which has led to this painful extremity: and this declaration I am willing to repeat, according to the suggestion of the Brahmin, in any terms that may be considered most solemn and binding, at the altar of the deity."

"It is enough," said Kistna, with a heavy sigh, "your declaration, thus solemnly made in the face of heaven, is sufficient proof that you are innocent of any participation in this base transaction. I therefore apologize for the unfounded suspicions I have entertained of your highness; and I have now only to pray the pitying gods to lead me within arm's length of the real destroyer of my happiness."

"Nay, further," said the Rajah, "if the noble Kistna will grace my humble lodging as a friend, and accept of the refreshment his toils have rendered necessary, I will there convince his own eyes of the groundless nature of his suspicions. I will also despatch with him, to aid his further search, a tried and faithful friend, with such portion of my retinue as he may think proper to accept; and they shall be empowered to add the full weight of my authority to such arguments, or even menaces, as he may think necessary to make use of in the course of his inquiry: for I hold it to be the bounden duty of all who aspired to the honour of the Begum's hand to aid in her rescue from captivity."

Responding to these noble sentiments with equal generosity, the gallant Kistna accepted the invitation of his Royal rival, with whom he retired into the pavilion, after they had mutually thanked the Brahmin for his seasonable and judicious interposition. The martial bands of both princes also, finding that their respective masters had unexpectedly become very good friends, followed their example and laid by their animosity; the Mysoreans accepting the invitations of the Singalese to refresh themselves in their tents, preparatory to a renewal of their search.

THE WRECKS OF HOPE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Where are the rosebuds Hope bestow'd
In early infancy?
Have they not in joy's sunshine glow'd,
Or did they fade and die?
O! did they not expand beneath
The Summer's genial kiss,
'Twin'd by Love's hand to form the wreath
Of thy youth's happiness?
O no! the canker in their core
Lurk'd like an unseen foe,
Blighting the lovely things before,
Alas! they'd time to blow.—
Hope's next gift was a trustful girl,
With dreamy violet eyes;
And cheeks flush'd like the orient pearl
The gulf of Persia dyes;
I strung her to my heart, and *there*
All radiant she shone,
Transparent as a jewel rare,
To light that heart alone!
And year by year, another gem
I added to the chain,
Until a monarch's diadem
Might rival it in vain.
But Death hath changed each glowing pearl
To icicles most chill,
As he the fear-fraught dart did hurl
That bow'd them to his will,—
Until, what was so light to wear
Has now become a weight
Too heavy for my soul to bear
Oppress'd with adverse fate,
Fettering it alone to grief—
To agony and woe.—
O man! that thou should'st yield belief
In happiness below!
No fairer sun than mine arose,
To gild youth's vivid dreams,—
Nor darker clouds could interpose,
To sheath its radiant beams.—
And *now*, without one ray of light,
I'm left my way to grope,
Unto the grave's unshadow'd night,
But *then*, beyond is Hope!
Yes! yes! beyond the grave, indeed,
Is man's sole hope of bliss;
And miserable he whose creed
Doth not assure him this!

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"TELL me a tale, my dear Mr. ——, to pass away this hour of 'parlour twilight,' as Cowper calls it, and let it be something as unhackneyed as possible; do not let it be a story of clubs, and billiard-tables, and Melton Mowbray, for my brothers talk of nothing else; nor an historical tale, for my sister had four historical novels from the circulating library last week; nor a nautical yarn, for my uncle, the admiral, quite deluges me with inexplicable sea phrases; nor a sentimental narrative, for my favourite school friend has not answered my five last letters; nor a fairy tale, for I gave away all my gilt books to my little cousin the day I was twelve years old; nor a ghost story, for I am troubled with weak nerves, and sleep at the end of a long corridor."

"Now having told me what the story is not to be, will you be so kind as to tell me what it is to be? I am afraid you have proscribed every description of taste, and that I must follow the example of the furrier, who when a lady complained to him indignantly, that he had 'no new furs in his collection,' replied, 'that if any new sort of animals came up, he would certainly give her ladyship the earliest information of it.'"

"Nay, I have fixed on a subject already; tell me a tale of one of the four elements, only not of the earth, for it is a very dull and heavy subject."

"Shall I tell you a tale of the water?"

"Do so, by all means, and make it as like Undine as you can."

"Now you have effectually silenced me! Undine—that delightful exquisite creation of German genius—who can presume to think of copying you? Any tale of the water that I could invent, would be as poor in the comparison, as the square portion of the New River in the aquatic piece at Sadler's Wells, is to the boundless sparkling waves of the 'deep deep sea."

"Well, then, give me a tale of the fire: do you not admire Charles Mackay's Salamandrine?"

"Admire it? yes, so much that I shall be very careful not to try to imitate it; high-minded noble Amethysta, how touching is your devotion, how beautifully depicted is your grief! I have exchanged Scylla for Charybdis; a few young readers may not have met with Undine, and she may have faded from the remembrance of a few old ones, but the heroine of the Salamandrine, the 'bright maiden of the flame,' is in all the glow and radiance of novelty!"

"Nothing is left to you then but the air."

"Nothing else, and in my youth I was prone to build so many castles there, that I may be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with its localities. I am not going, however, to tell you a tale of sylphs and birds of paradise, but a plain true story of danger, diffi-

culty, and groundless accusation, where the innocence of the accused person was satisfactorily cleared up by the agency not of a spirit of the air, but of the air itself!"

"Delightful! pray begin."

"Many years ago a weary sentinel was keeping watch at Windsor Castle; he was to be relieved at midnight, but it was little more at present than eleven o'clock; he felt completely worn out in mind and body, and would gladly have given a week's pay to have enjoyed the immediate privilege of making over to another his monotonous duty. I have always pitied sentinels, and wished that modern science would invent automata to perform their office; such figures might easily be wound up to sound an alarum-bell on the approach of an invader, or even upon occasion to fire a musquet. The soldier in question, however, had nothing of the automaton about him; he was warm-hearted, imaginative, in short, he was in love; and although his body was confined to a scene of dull restraint, his mind was far away; he was retracing a little rustic cottage in Cumberland, where dwelt a beautiful and artless village-girl to whom he had plighted his troth; gradually the objects around him seemed to fade, and he gazed on the waving hawthorn tree, the throng of merry peasants, and the garland of snowy flowers placed on the golden ringlets of his beloved; his eyes grew dim, and he became unequivocally drowsy."

"I should have thought all these tender reflections would have kept him awake."

"Then you understand little of the modern view of the mechanism of the human frame. I dare say you have never read the 'Anatomy of Sleep,' nor the 'Philosophy of Sleep,' nor in short any work that had sleep for its groundwork."

"Not one, since I gave the 'Sleeping Beauty,' with my other gilt books, to my little cousin."

"I thought so: if you had studied the matter, you would have been aware that nothing makes any one go to sleep so effectually as fixing the mind on an individual subject; the great secret of going to sleep at will, which produced a golden harvest to the inventor, in small instalments of two guineas per patient, has at length been made known to be nothing more than fancying you are looking at a column of smoke! Now probably the soldier was fancying the very same thing, for as he was gazing in his 'mind's eye' at the cottage of his loved one, it was most likely that he imaged the smoke which so gracefullo curled around it; at all events, he depicted the cottage till he ceased to think about the castle: a mist came over his senses."

"And he fell asleep, I suppose!"

"Again you show your ignorance of science; there are several intermediate stages between sleeping and waking; there is somnambulism, in which a person has been known to do all the work of the house as handily as Robin Goodfellow himself; and there is Mesmerism, in which the inspired dozer predicts future events as fluently as a gipsy or an almanack maker; the soldier was perfectly immoveable, and his eyes were closed; but he was the reverse of Lady Macbeth, whose eyes were open while 'their sense was shut;' his senses, although not vividly active, were still in such a state as to make him

thoroughly conscious of all that was passing around him; appearances, however, were certainly against him, and when twelve o'clock came, and he was relieved, the alarm was instantly given that he had been found slumbering at his post, and he was put under arrest."

"I suppose it is necessary to be severe on such occasions, but I cannot see anything so very criminal in going to sleep."

"Pardon me, it is under any circumstances a heinous action; if you doubt me, just try if you cannot recollect a number of people of unimpeachable veracity in other respects, who have shown themselves indignant beyond measure at the accusation of having fallen asleep, and have denied the fact with the most unblushing pertinacity, although those around them have been long convinced, not only by sight but by hearing, that they were undergoing an unquestionable visitation from 'tried Nature's sweet restorer.' Going to sleep, however, may, under most circumstances, be got over by making a proper reparation. If a lover drop into a doze while his lady is singing 'Up in the morning early,' he may be received into favour the next day, provided he bring a turquoise ring or an ivory card-case as a peace-offering; if a poet fall asleep while his patron is telling a story

'Long dull and old,
As great lords' stories often are,'

he must mix up a double portion of flattery in his next tributary stanzas, and his lapse will be forgotten; if a visitor to the House of Commons fall asleep, the person appointed to preserve order will rouse and reprove him, but exact from him no other penalty than the child's promise, 'never to do so any more.'"

"Surely you mistake; you mean that it is the members who must not fall asleep."

"How often, my dear, have I to correct your inexperience? the members are the only persons who are allowed to sleep. I accompanied a friend to the house a few months ago, the debate was unusually dry, the atmosphere uncommonly heavy, and after a time my friend's head was thrown back and his mouth opened in perfect unconsciousness; but although 'the world forgetting,' he was not 'by the world forgot,' he was aroused in the way I told you of. 'Why do you not awaken *that* gentleman?' he sharply inquired, looking at a fat rosy man with closed eyes and a placid smile on his lips, which betokened that his dreams were of a very agreeable nature. 'That gentleman is a member, sir,' replied the attendant, 'none but members are allowed to sleep in the house!'"

"Now that appears very contradictory to me; surely members who transact the business of the house are the people who ought to be awake, and alive to everything that passes there: if visitors go to sleep, and lose the debate, their ignorance of it cannot injure any one, and they can read it all in the next day's paper."

"Quite wrong, my dear; members go to the house with their minds already made up; no arguments that they could hear on the opposite side would have any effect in altering their preconceived opinions; why then should they not enjoy a short season of oblivion from the cares of legislation? They have only to rouse up and give the neces-

sary 'Aye' or 'No,' expected from them by their party, and they have fulfilled their duty just as well as if they had listened to every 'winding bout of linked (dulness) long drawn out!' assailing them. Besides, who would undergo the fatigue of so many tedious dreary nights in the house, if denied the solace of a doze? The people might legislate for themselves, as they would very much like to do, or the ladies might take the affairs of the nation into their own hands, and verify the prediction of an old epilogue—

'Oh! order, order—Kates and Susans rise,
And Margaret moves, and Tabitha replies!'

Visitors, however, are not obliged to go to the house unless they like, and they should arm themselves with patience and resolution to bear all possible details of prosiness. They are in a company of strangers, where it would be manifest ill breeding to convert the reception-room into a dormitory. Members, on the contrary, are in their own domestic circle, where, (unless the lady of the house be a desperate shrew and tartar) an occasional nap is always overlooked."

"For so eloquent a defence of the slumber of members, you deserve the privilege of going to sleep in the house as often and as long as you like. But now pray return to the soldier."

"The soldier was under fearful circumstances; for although, as I have told you, many people may sleep, get blamed, and make reparation, the slumbers of a sentinel on his post are held perfectly flagrant and inexcusable. The soldier, as I told you, was placed under arrest, and at the dawn of day his mother and sister were roused from their bed, before they had enjoyed half enough sleep, to be told that their unhappy relative had partaken of too much of the aforesaid balm of nature. The bearer of the intelligence was an officious neighbour, who, having predicted the probable consequences of Irwin's misdemeanour in the most gloomy colours and desponding terms, chided her friends for crying, assured them that it was their duty to keep up their spirits, that everything, very likely, would turn out much better than they expected, and, finally, volunteered her services to accompany them on a visit to the prisoner."

"After some difficulty, they obtained the desired interview. The neighbour, as in duty bound, held her blue spotted handkerchief to her eyes, but Irwin was cheerful and composed, and, in reply to his mother's sobbing inquiry, 'how he could possibly go to sleep,' calmly gave her his honour that it was all a mistake, and that he had not gone to sleep even for a moment. His mother knew sufficient of the ways of the world to be aware that nobody pleads guilty to having fallen asleep, even when sleep does not involve such terrible consequences as on the present occasion; she therefore did not attempt to deny his assertion.

"'But, my dear son,' said she, 'how can you prove you were awake?'"

"'My dear mother,' he replied, I can easily prove it. Although my eyes were closed, my sense of hearing was more than usually sharpened and acute, the night was particularly still, and I distinctly heard the clock of St. Paul's strike.'"

"'But did you hear it strike twelve?' asked Margaret his sister, wisely thinking that it would be very little to the purpose if he had heard it strike eleven.

"'No, Margaret, I did not,' he replied; 'happily for me, it did not strike twelve to-night, otherwise the fact of my having heard it must have rested simply on my own asseveration; I heard it strike thirteen!'

"This speech had a striking effect on Irwin's three auditors. His sister deeply sighed, thinking that his misfortunes had turned his brain; his mother heavily groaned, imagining that he had taken refuge in a daring falsehood; and the neighbour with the utmost difficulty controlled a violent inclination to laugh. She was a person of very lax morality, and would have been quite ready to have joined with the philanthropist who held lying merely to proceed from the redundancies of a brilliant imagination. The lie in question struck her as being an intensely comic one, and it was with much difficulty that she brought her features into a state of decent gravity, and contrived to ejaculate,

"'But who, my dear boy, will believe you?'

"'Do not, dearest George,' said his mother, 'persist in this assertion. Had such a thing really happened, the papers would be full of it, every voice would repeat it. How soon must your subterfuge be discovered!'

"'I am aware of all you say, mother,' replied Irwin, 'and the conviction gives me strength to endure the unpleasantness of my present position. The newspapers *will* teem with it, every voice *will* repeat it, and my fame will be satisfactorily cleared.'

"'Persuade him to relinquish this unfortunate line of defence,' whispered Mrs. Irwin to her neighbour.

"But the person in question could by no means overcome her excessive diversion at the notion of St. Paul's clock striking thirteen. The inimitable 'Boz' had not then lived to write down his exquisitely fantastic idea of the 'statue at Charing Cross walking arm-in-arm with the pump from Aldgate in a riding habit!' but if the description in question had then existed, it could not have inspired this 'merry wife of Windsor' with greater delight than did Irwin's present statement. She said with truth, that 'she was so overcome she could not venture to speak to Irwin,' and had again recourse to her blue spotted handkerchief.

"'Margaret,' said Irwin, who, notwithstanding his sister's questionable opinion of his own rationality, evidently considered her as the most rational person of the party, 'do not be in any uneasiness respecting the fate of your brother; a few hours will decide that the tale which I have told to the proper authorities as well as to yourselves is a true one. I confess that I was not last night in the state of active energy which every soldier on guard ought to be. I take censure to myself for having allowed languor to steal over me, but I never slept for a moment, and at midnight I counted the chimes of St. Paul's clock, and am ready to stake my existence that I counted thirteen!'

"Irwin's visitors departed, his mother and sister overwhelmed with

grief, and the neighbour expressing her sympathy with them, but avowing, with an hysterical giggle, that 'she really could not imagine how George could ever think of such a fancy as the clock of St. Paul's striking thirteen!'

"Irwin, meanwhile, was composed and quiet. 'My disgrace,' he soliloquized, 'cannot continue very long. I am certain of what I have asserted, it is not a thing to be overlooked by the world, and I am quite assured that, at the present moment, London is in a perfect fever at her far-famed cathedral clock having, with gratuitous and unwished-for prodigality, bestowed upon her thirteen strokes to the dozen!'

"Irwin was right in his prediction; and as I am telling a tale of the air, I will take the permission of flying through it, and transporting you to Ludgate Hill on the eventful night to which I have alluded. There lay, in a handsomely furnished bed-room, a substantial tradesman—substantial in his trade, but not, alas! in his constitution. He was suffering under a severe illness; a regular sick nurse was added to his domestic staff, and every table in his room was illustrated with phials and pill-boxes. The household of the invalid in question kept very early hours, and at half-past ten he was left, not 'alone with his glory,' but alone with his sick nurse. She administered to him the last of the six draughts which constituted his daily allowance, then settled herself in her easy chair, and, in less than five minutes, was in what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls 'the arms of Orpheus!' Her poor patient vainly attempted to secure the good graces of the same kind god; his bed was exquisitely soft, and his pillow freshly beat up, but still they were, to use the words of Hood,

> 'So restless for body and head,
> That the bed seemed borrowed from Nettlebed,
> And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!'

"The clock of St. Paul's struck eleven; he counted the chimes. 'It is a comfort,' he said to himself, 'to hear the cathedral clock, but I hope I shall not hear it strike again to-night.' Still, however, his eyes refused to close. He shut them resolutely, and repeated snatches of old verses, and fragments of the multiplication table; he opened them again, counted the phials on his table, considered that it would be very agreeable if the rushlight did not burn quite so dim, criticised the plaits in the sleeping nurse's nightcap, investigated the shells and sea-weed on the pattern of his bed curtains, and thought how agreeable it would be to be walking on the beach with a vigorous step, and picking up these 'treasures of the deep' with a firm hand. Still, however, sleep would not come. He took his watch from the case behind his head; it wanted five minutes of twelve. 'Well,' he thought, 'in a few minutes St. Paul's will strike again; it is certainly a very great consolation to have to look for it.' And St. Paul's *did* strike, but it did not strike twelve—to the horror and amazement of the sick man, it struck thirteen! He could interpret this prodigy into nothing less than a prognostication of his own approaching death.

"His first thought was to awaken the nurse, his second (for he knew the soundness of her slumbers from experience) was to devise some

way of doing it, and he speedily decided on the happy expedient of tying up his handkerchief into something resembling a true lover's knot, and levelling it in the direction of her nightcap; and so true was his aim, that the handkerchief soon enjoyed the happiness predicted by Romeo to Juliet's glove, and 'touched her cheek.' She awakened in high displeasure;—sick nurses, more than any other description of people, are indignant at being caught napping, for they would fain have it believed that, in virtue of their calling, they are endowed, like the sleepless woman in Jerdan's pretty tale, with the gift of perpetual wakefulness. She approached the bedside of her patient, reproachfully demanded 'what he meant by such conduct?' and furthermore ventured on the bold assertion, which she would have found it difficult to substantiate, that 'he could have gone to sleep if he had only had a mind to do so!'

"The invalid paid little attention to the censure passed on him for not being asleep; he was all anxiety to tell what he had heard while he was awake, and speedily communicated the fact to his drowsy auditor that the clock of St. Paul's had struck thirteen. The nurse looked at him with a countenance in which pity superseded indignation.

"'Ah! poor gentleman,' she said, 'light-headed! I thought it would be so: there is no use in sitting up to contradict and argue with him; I suppose he'll lay awake, fancying all sorts of impossible things, till morning.' And with this comfortable prophecy, the ancient matron readjusted her nightcap, walked back to her easy chair, and composed herself for a second edition of her interrupted slumbers. The invalid thought for a minute of again rousing her, and repeated his assertions; but visions of probable strait waistcoats came across his mind, and he determined on remaining quiet, and listening for the chimes of the next hour, sometimes thinking that the clock would not strike at all, sometimes that it would strike fourteen, and sometimes that it would peal a countless number of strokes, and rouse up all the sleeping city to listen to it. The clock, however, struck one with great propriety and composure; and the invalid, convinced that now it had come to a sense of its irregularity, no new outbreak would be likely to take place that night, followed the example of his nurse, and was speedily wrapped in repose.

"On that same night, a young married man was walking with a friend through St. Paul's Churchyard; this young married man had been dining with a party of his bachelor associates, and was returning home to his wife with a clear conscience, having been moderate in his conviviality, and having left at least two-thirds of the party behind him. He and his friend were to separate at the turning into Cheapside, their road lying different ways; but before they reached that point, the clock began to strike; the husband, who flattered himself that it might possibly not be more than eleven, counted it; his friend did the same, thinking, perhaps, that after a dinner-party, two people keep better count than one, and they both agreed in the astounding fact, that they had counted thirteen strokes! The married man hastened to his home in Cheapside; his wife, who had been sitting up for him, and indulged in a doze, was aroused by his knock, and opened the door to him: wives, of course, never allow that they have

dozed while sitting up for their husbands, and she greeted him with her customary assurance, that she was 'ready to drop for want of sleep.'

"'My dear Mary,' cried her husband, 'the most astonishing thing has happened to-night; do you know that the clock of St. Paul's has struck thirteen?'

"'Indeed!' said Mary, gazing on him with an expression of mingled incredulity and contempt.

"'You have no occasion to look resentful, my dear,' observed her husband, 'we have not been at all convivial to-night.'

"'So it seems,' said Mary, sarcastically; 'the circumstance of your having heard the clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen is a decided proof of your sobriety and collectedness.'

"'My dear girl,' replied her disconcerted partner, 'there is not a doubt about it: Tom Willis heard it as well as myself.'

"Now this was an unfortunate observation; Tom Willis being the favourite friend of the husband, was of course the 'pet aversion' of the wife.

"'I cannot in the least doubt,' said Mary, 'that Mr. Willis heard it as clearly as you did yourself. I believed you quite as much before you quoted his authority, as I do at present.'

"'I see Mary,' said the husband, 'that you do not believe me at all.'

"'Pardon me,' said Mary, with provoking meekness, 'I do not pretend to contradict you: I am convinced that the clock struck thirteen to-night for the especial benefit of yourself and Mr. Willis; to-morrow I hope you will condescend to spend the evening quietly at home with me, and I think I can undertake to say that the clock will then strike the hours precisely as it ought to do.'

"The unhappy man wisely preserved silence, feeling, like the invalid and the soldier, that the next morning would clear his character for veracity. Many persons heard the clock on that eventful night, who were more fortunate in the credence they met with from their auditors than those whom I have enumerated; in fact, many heard it in company; in some places the family circle had not yet broken up; in others a party of guests were assembled; and such of the guardians of the night as happened to be awake, were paralysed to find that the 'past twelve o'clock' which they were holding themselves ready to proclaim, would be, as far as related to their grand metropolitan clock, a decided misrepresentation, and that the twelve ought to be translated into thirteen.

"Groups were assembled in the streets early the following morning, talking over the mysterious event; the superstitious thought it an indication of some terrible misfortune impending over the nation; and all were greatly hurt and mortified at finding that it was possible for their highly-valued cathedral clock to err, and that for the time being it had actually put itself on a degrading level with the cheap clocks of the various Browns and Jacksons in the vicinity, which continually deranged the plans and mystified the appointments of the household, by striking the wrong hour. The communication between London and Windsor was not then so rapid as it is at present; however, in

reasonable time, the news was conveyed thither, and Irwin set at liberty. His mother and sister were full of surprise and gratitude, and the busy neighbour was compelled, as many wiser people have been, to acknowledge that 'truth' is sometimes 'stranger than fiction,' and that burlesque and extravagant as was the idea of St. Paul's clock striking thirteen, it would henceforth be chronicled in history as a plain matter of fact. Irwin was just as calm when his innocence was proved, as he had been when it was suspected. 'Although certainly not asleep at midnight,' he said, 'I blame myself for having appeared to be so; had I resolutely endeavoured to shake off my dreamy indolence, I could have done it; my apathy was reprehensible; it is not enough to avoid evil, but we should shun the semblance of it; and having been once, through deceptious circumstances, accused without cause, it shall be my endeavour in future so to act as never to be accused at all.'

"I must now draw a moral to my story."

"O! pray do not; I always skipped the morals in Æsop's fables."

"Æsop could not reproach you for so doing; a book may be treated as you please, but a living narrator must sometimes be allowed to please himself; and if you ask an old man for a story, you may be sure he will always affix a moral to it; for my own part, I am going to give you two."

"How very merciless; but if your morals always hunt in couples, I hope you will make one of them somewhat sprightly and entertaining."

"I would do that, or much more, to oblige you; listen then to the first, which I will make as entertaining as I can.

"Let me recommend to you, and to all my other friends, to shun too great an addiction to sleep; do not suppose I am going to read homilies to you about the advantages of early rising, or to make ingenious calculations as to the variety of supernumerary accomplishments you might acquire, and the number of calendar months you might add to your life, if you stole every morning two or three hours from your pillow. No; take as much sleep as you please, but never take it except in your dormitory; you may then have the downiest of beds, and the highest of pillows; figures of Somnus and Morpheus on the mantel-shelf, and a print of the Seven Sleepers over your toilette; you may wind up a musical box to play 'Lullaby,' and 'Slumber my Darling;' and you may finally seek your couch, and there lie

> 'As if you had supped on dormouse pie,
> With a sauce of syrup of poppy!'

But when you are once fairly out of your sleeping-room, do not indulge in so much as a passing doze, till you are fairly in it again. It is a sharp, designing, manœuvring world we live in, where one is ever ready to take advantage of another; our wits should be perpetually polished up to their utmost capacity of brightness, even to qualify us to stand on the defensive; and if 'we're a noddin,' how easy will it be for our invaders to take us at a disadvantage. There are some pieces of instruction only appropriate to peculiar grades of society;

but that which I am about to give will apply as well to the fashionable beauty as to the unpolished rustic. In all your intercourse with the world, whether in the court, the camp, the cottage, or the city, let it be your invariable rule to *keep wide awake!*

"The next inference that I shall draw from my tale is of a grave, but still of a soothing and consoling nature. Although the innocent may awhile lie under false accusation, let them feel assured that Providence still keeps a watchful eye over them, and will, sooner or later, do justice to their injured character. Few, indeed, can hope to be cleared so quickly as the soldier; cathedral clocks will rarely be found to strike thirteen instead of twelve; and a few hours will seldom suffice to dispel the whole specious illusion of outward appearances, brought in array against the victim of misrepresentation; but let him wait in patience for the issue of his trial, remembering the words of our great moralist, that 'no evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied by the consciousness of wrong;' and resting with implicit reliance on the power and will of God to clear his injured fame at a fitting time, and to restore him to the place among the ranks of 'good men and true,' from which prejudice and credulity had for a time banished him."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

FIRST SERIES.

SONG I.

"MY MOTHER HAD A MAID."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she loved, proved false,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'Willow,'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it."—OTHELLO.

"My mother had a maid" when I was young,
A pretty slave! She'd wake the echoes round
With the soft music of her silvery tongue,
Till silence died enamoured of the sound!
"She had a song of—Willow:" 'twas a lay
To break the hearts of those who chanced to hear;
When I am sad, and that I am to-day,
That song comes back upon my fancy's ear;—
"O willow, weeping willow tree!
The willow shall my garland be."

She was a Moslem maiden, and she pined,
Like captive bird shut out from summer skies:
She loved a youth, but he had proved unkind,
And lightly threw away the golden prize.
She sang her song of "Willow" to the last:
Swan-like it floated round her bed of death,
Till bloom and beauty from her cheek had passed,
And silence fell on that melodious breath:—
"O willow, weeping willow tree!
The willow shall my garland be."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."—*Childe Harolde.*

My curiosity respecting Corsica was still in some measure unsatisfied. I had yet to penetrate into the more unvisited parts of the island, and judge for myself of the simple manners and the picturesque scenes of which I used to hear so many romantic descriptions.

An opportunity of making this pilgrimage came unsought. Our inspecting officer was about to embark at Bastia on a voyage of inspection round a portion of the island, and invited me to accompany him as far as Ajaccio. I persuaded one of my comrades to join me in the excursion, and we went on board with our General. Our passage was very pleasant, a fresh wind carrying us to Bonifacio, and through the rocky and dangerous strait which separates Corsica from Sardinia, without any incident except that of coming upon a corsair, which lay concealed in a little cove just within the coast, as if intentionally hiding itself. As soon as it saw us it approached, and coming near enough not to give us the plague, but to hold a conversation, her interpreter began to question us very closely, in order to find out if we had not met a Sardinian or Genoese man-of-war, which it had imagined it saw round a point we had passed. We guessed that fear of this vessel was keeping them in their lurking place, which they confessed to be the case, and on our certifying them very loyally that we had neither met nor seen any foreign line of battle-ship, they sailed in company with us for some time, and we parted the best friends in the world. I had such another meeting in an after passage to Naples, and each time felt, while enjoying the benefit that some minor political tie thus procures a nation, how slight was the bond which held us, and how, like some small fibre in the human frame, upon which hangs the life of man, it might break when we least thought of it.

Bonifacio is a little town, situated on the platform of a lofty sandstone rock, which rises from the sea, and running parallel with the land, leaves a narrow basin between the town and shore, which forms its port. It is not always easy to enter it, but vessels are very well sheltered there when once within it, only that it is not capable of receiving ships of any size. The site of the town is very picturesque, but I longed impatiently to cross the narrow strait, and find myself in Sardinia!—not that there was much more to see there, but at the age I was then, one longs to have been every where, wandered over every shore, seen every thing the eye can see.

[1] Continued from p. 202.

Ajaccio, for which we set sail from Bonifacio after two days' stay, is a pretty little town situated in the extremity of a large gulf, and is the second in the island, and the best in point of society, which there possesses more union and more ease than at Bastia, although it is not the governor's residence. The arrival of our commanding officer was the occasion of many festivities, in the enjoyment of which we participated; and I could have forgotten all but the world around me for some time longer there, had my leave of absence allowed. I saw there the mother of our comrade Lieutenant Buonaparte, as well as several of his little sisters, who were too young yet for us to dance with them, but we thought it incumbent upon us, my companion and I, to pay a visit to the mother of our comrade, who was himself just set out again for France. That politeness which was the order of the day shortened our visit, and I have forgotten the subject of our conversation; but if I had been better informed as to the future, I might have said to this mother of kings, "Au revoir, in the palace of the Tuileries!"

At Ajaccio we took leave of our General, to make our way back by an inland route to Bastia; and providing ourselves with letters of recommendation to the principal people of the neighbourhoods we were to pass through, though at the same time assured they were perfectly needless, as everywhere we should meet with the greatest kindness, we turned our steps towards Cargèse, the colony of the Greek settlers—a place I had set my heart upon visiting, to enjoy the contrast of their laborious and peaceful life with that of a people the most impetuous and the most indolent on earth, as well as to see the management of a Greek household, so different to that of the Corsicans in the neatness and cleanliness which reign in it—the Greek costume, and the Catholic worship, according to the rites of the Greek church—and, moreover, to hear Greek spoken, whether I could comprehend a word of it or not!

It was a hundred and fifty years since the tyranny of the Turks had driven this little population to seek an asylum in foreign lands; and a Greek transplanted into the midst of Corsica might still, among their hamlets, fancy himself in one of the isles of the Archipelago. Embarking with all they possessed, and headed by an aged priest, they moored beneath its shores, (like the pilgrim-fathers of New England seeking the western solitudes,) and disembarking, built themselves bowers in the greenwood, constructing lodges and cabins of the boughs of trees on the spot of ground that was assigned them, and cultivating industriously its soil, till it yielded them abundant harvests, to the great astonishment of the Corsicans. As time passed on, they raised more habitable dwellings, and built a chapel, and their prosperity went on increasing, and they had begun to forget their ancient misfortunes, when the wars of the Corsicans of the interior, with the republic of Genoa, drove the little colony to take refuge under the protection of the Genoese guns within the walls of Ajaccio, leaving once more their homes and land, which the brigands of the mountain warfare no longer allowed them to cultivate.

Shut up within the walls of Ajaccio, they applied themselves to other branches of industry, to earn a subsistence by their labour till

happier times should permit them to return to their favourite agricultural life; remaining meantime isolated amidst the people they dwelt among, marrying only among themselves, preserving their ancient vestments and their ancient language, and following in all things their early habits in the midst of a foreign people; as the Bas-breton yet speaks his Celtic tongue, and the Alsacians are Germans still.

To seek them we put to sea once more, and for the last time, during our expedition; and the felucca, on which we were passengers, transported us into the hollow of a little gulf, on the heights beyond which was built the village of Cargèse, the dwelling of the Greek exiles.

It struck us with surprise to see its lines of houses, (each standing by itself, so that every family had a space of ground round its dwelling,) its pretty little church at the extremity of the village, and, further on, a small château, while at the doors of the cottages stood peasants in the Armenian dress, and peasant girls in the costume of Grecian women. We heard them speaking, and the words were Greek; but their generous hospitality soon found a way to make itself plain to us, and an elderly inhabitant of the higher class coming forward, invited us to enter his dwelling, offering us, in Italian, every thing he could think of to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. We bowed to his wife and children, who only answered by signs to the best possible "Good evening" I could address to them, and while they set themselves to prepare our supper, we went to walk in the village and see the church, as well as to admire the rich harvests that were waving in their well-cultivated fields.

Our stroll over, we were entertained in the midst of this family in a style as liberal as it was simple; and the sound of the church-bell woke us from sleep the next morning. It was Sunday, and the Greeks were going, in all their holiday dresses, to mass. Mingling amongst them, and hearing their service so like, yet so different to ours, made me feel as if I were in a dream, though, in any other place, the pronunciation, so strange to *our* ear, of the old pastor, might have provoked more than a smile.

M. de R.'s remark upon the old priest's reading, reminds me of a summer morning's voyage down the Loire, in company with a crowd of young gownsmen from the college at Angers, who gathered round my brother, and making him read to them in some of their mass books, found quite as much amusement in the "barbarism" of Cambridge Latin. A lovely day that was! with the wild vine festooning the green banks we sailed under!—*Mais revenons.*

It was from the patriarch who so kindly became our host, (he continues,) that I heard again the tale already told me of this colony; and there was a tone of deep and grateful feeling in his voice when he came to the rebuilding of their village, which they owed to the compassion of M. de Marbœuf for their misfortunes. Anxious to introduce the arts of peace and its virtues into his government, he had early occupied himself in soliciting from the king of France the means of restoring this colony, which had been overthrown so many years; hoping that the example of these Greek cultivators would raise some emulation in the minds of the natives, and that, a first success ob-

tained, Corsica might one day astonish Europe, as Jean-Jacques says and supposes in another sense.

Much was to be hoped, when, unhappily for this little tribe of wanderers, the French revolution came, and filled with its cry of liberty the ear of the Corsicans, whose endless dream had been that they *could*, and they *ought to*, govern themselves. Their first fury was directed against the Greeks; and the first use they made of their earliest levy of forces, was to go and destroy the harvests of this peaceable people, alleging that the lands they held belonged to *them*, and that neither the king of France, nor the Genoese, had had any right to dispose of them.

What has become of them now I do not know; but I fear it has been little of repose and safety that they can have enjoyed. We parted from them with regret, having tried in vain by every means to make their children accept anything from us.

From Cargèse we went to Vico, whose beautiful spire is seen from far rising from its fertile and solitary valley; and from Vico to Niolo, an isolated canton found in the midst of Corsica, near the summit of its highest mountains, approached by paths that wind in long circuits among mountain torrents, which make their way among gigantic rocks. Niolo passes for the most curious district of the whole island, and we were anxious to see it, not only on this account, but that we might judge for ourselves of a people still more unknown to us than any we had yet seen, separated entirely from all the other inhabitants of the island, and only to be approached by ways so inaccessible, that they seem as if they could lead to no human habitation, while, at the same time, their grandeur and beauty produces a deep impression upon the soul,—a people said to be the descendants of a Moorish race, who had sheltered here at the epoch when those Africans were attacked by the Vandals, or, in the later age, when they were driven from Spain, and the Moor looked his last upon the red towers of Granada.

Once arrived in this lonely nook, shut in by almost impassable deserts and mountains, they must have at last found rest and safety. Their canton is composed of five villages, scattered in a little fertile plain watered by brooks and rivers, which take their source in the surrounding hills. Many times before we reached the spot, we thought our guide had lost his way among the wild precipices, and that we should never arrive at our journey's end. Every here and there we passed vast woods, or looked down upon them in the valleys below us; and continually our curiosity was led astray by our coming to beaten roads larger than those we were pursuing, but which, when we had followed them a little way, we lost sight of all at once. Our guide said they had been made purposely to mislead strangers, and belonged to very remote times, and begged us not to turn out of our way into any more woods, as we must soon cross in its whole length the vast forest of Aitone, the most ancient and beautiful in Corsica—one in which human arm has never felled a stem.

It was indeed a spectacle of enchantment which awaited us on entering a place, which Nature seems to have preserved, to give an idea

of her primeval beauty. What lofty summits, what gigantic stems, met our eyes wherever they turned into the depths of the forest! while athwart these living trees, a multitude that the stroke of Time had felled lay strewn upon the ground. Stretched upon earth they seem to demand a tribute of larger wonder than if they still stood in their pride; so much does their horizontal position serve to show the full breadth of their surpassing proportions!

We rested for a short time in the middle of the forest, the foliage of whose roof of interlaced boughs shut out the light, and left us in an obscurity which cast an awe over our minds, augmented by the utter silence which reigned in this retired haunt. We did not perceive the smallest bird there; we did not hear the slightest sound beside the sighing of the boughs and the distant noise of waters, which, coming down in falls from the higher mountains, wind hither and thither among the rocks, around and upon which rise pines, oaks, and beeches, the sole tenants of the solitude. Lost in our own thoughts we stood, my comrade and I, without uttering a word; while our minds wandered back to those unhappy people who, condemned through so many ages to all the horrors of war with the Arab, the Roman, the Carthaginian, and later the Italian and the rival lance of France, had left these aged trees to stand the witnesses of so many a bloody combat.

Before continuing our route, we shared the refreshment of a repast from our knapsacks, in which our guide took much more part than in our frequent exclamations.

We were no sooner out of the forest than we encountered several considerable flocks of sheep, goats, and sometimes cows, which form the riches of the country. The men charged with the care of them leave their habitations, and wander with them in all directions, to find spots convenient for pasturage; the life of a shepherd being one very common in Corsica, on account of these islanders wearing no other stuffs than those made from the wool of their goats and sheep, while cheeses procured from their milk are a chief article of food.

We stopped to talk with many of these shepherds, who begged us to accept some of the milk of their flocks, offering to warm us some if we preferred it, according to their custom, by throwing some red-hot pebbles into the earthen dish into which the animals are milked. Their costume is rude and simple, but the men of their profession are much esteemed, on account of their simplicity and gentleness of character.

At length we approached the conclusion of our enterprise; we entered the plain of Niolo, and the inhabitants of its first village gathered eagerly about us. The heads of the village tried hard to persuade us that we had better go no further,—that it was *there* we should stop and recruit our strength. To tempt us, they detailed what they had to offer; some promised us trouts, others game; and they took our hands to lead us with them, the crowd continually increasing, and these kind people appearing delighted to welcome us; while we, on the other hand, were full of emotion, but at the same time anxious to make our way to a village further on, where we had been directed to seek M. Grimaldi, the commissary of the police of the country.

Arrived there at length, we had to sustain a similar assault; every one disputed who should lodge us, and our arrival seemed a sort of

fête; but on our mentioning M. Grimaldi, they gave way, as if out of deference to his name, and conducted us to his door, where we were received with the most cordial expressions of joy, uttered with a frankness of manner which seemed to come at once from the heart.

As in the East, the females of the household did not sit down with us at table, but merely appeared to bring in the dishes, sitting down after supper to their spinning in a distant corner of the chamber. They appeared to be pleasing in appearance, as far as any glimpse could be obtained, but their headdress was fantastic, and their figures were hermetically sealed in a sort of long brown tunic, which reached from the chin to the feet. Our excellent hosts, the father of the family and his eldest son, who sate with us at table, ate scarcely anything themselves, while they kept pressing us to partake of everything; and in the meantime allowed me to gather from their conversation all the information I desired respecting the country, and to learn many interesting facts to which they had been witnesses, at different periods of the war, and during their intestine commotions.

The men of this race are robust and well made, and their complexions are less tawny than those of the other inhabitants.

But it was not enough to have made our way *into* Niolo,—we must now make our way *out* of it; and we were told that we could only do so by means of a ladder. To quiet the anxiety, however, of any future traveller, who may be doomed to tread the same steps, it is in stone, and is called the ladder di Santa Regina, being the *grande route* from Niolo to Corté, but never was this epithet of ladder better merited.

Mounted on the small and sagacious horses of the country, we followed for five or six leagues this terrible road, stepping from rock to rock, sometimes upon airy steeps, sometimes at their base in the beds of rivers, fearing at every step to be crushed by the enormous masses of stone which, as was evident from the soil strewn over with them, were frequently detaching themselves from the giddy heights above. Here and there the path became a literal staircase, formed of pieces of rock hewn slightly into shape to serve as steps; while through the whole of the narrow valley, down which escapes, with a violent noise, the current of the Golo, to make its way to the sea, the two mountains that flank it so interlace one another, that at every step they seem to present, by their sinuosities, impenetrable barriers in the way; while at every short distance a sheet of calm and limpid water, escaping over the precipice, dashes in foam among the opposing rocks below. A melancholy feeling, which is inspired by these grand images of Nature, gives way to higher thoughts among the emerald nooks which you enter at the mouth of every gorge that furrows these mountain chains. Their aspect is the more refreshing, from their so unexpectedly saluting the eye. Such a feeling of pleasure stole over us, as we approached the sweet village of Castiola, near which we stopped to take the quiet repast of mid-day; preferring the verdant shade of some old chesnuts, among which ran a little brook, to the eagerly-proffered kindness of its good inhabitants.

We took leave there of our guide, and the animals which had conveyed us, to continue alone and on foot our road to Corté, charging the worthy Corsican who had conducted us with a thousand benedic-

tions for our generous hosts; and with little more difficulty reached the once capital of Corsica, the residence of the famous General Paoli.

Corté is ancient, ill-built, and thinly inhabited; it stands upon an eminence above the mountains which form the commencement of the two great chains, and lies between two rivers. Its territory appears fertile, and its environs are covered with gardens; the first of which were planted, it is said, by our soldiers, whose example was gradually followed by the native residents, till the whole neighbourhood was embellished with them, and a charm spread over the scene quite unknown in the rest of the island.

From Corté we returned to Bastia, by a small *route royale* which has been manufactured by the French, and is a sort of marvel in Corsica, being the only road in the island upon which carriages can travel; it reaches to Ajaccio, and divides the island. Our brief tour had traced many recollections upon our minds, and some of the deep impressions it produced will never depart from mine.

But the time for my furlough was now at hand. I had obtained leave to cross into Italy, and no longer thought anything of Corsica. I shall, however, have occasion to return to it, in order to describe the events which passed there, after my return from Italy, and at the commencement of the Revolution. They were the effervescence caused by that single word, "Liberty;" a word so fatal to France, and which Napoleon Buonaparte came to proclaim one of the first on his native soil.

CHAPTER V.

"But now 'tis passed,
That turbulent chaos; and the promised land
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark
Singing aloud for joy,—to him is not
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel
At the first glimpses of fair Italy."—Rogers.

From the first moment of my arrival in Corsica, I had been resolved to visit Italy; my father had sent me money for this purpose, and at length the day of my departure thither drew on. "O Italy, Italy, I shall then see thee!" I repeated without ceasing, to myself, to all who could hear me, and even to the walls of my chamber. My little trunk was packed, my sword-belt ready to buckle on, my letters of introduction in my portfolio, and I waited only the summons to embark. On the ninth of September it came, and at seven in the evening we set sail, before a fresh breeze, which carried us as far as the island of Elba, where the wind fell, and we retired to rest in the roads of Porto Ferraio, where I was surprised to find myself still, on awaking. We entered the port at eight in the morning, and, to my great delight, I found myself about to set foot on the distant isle I had so long watched from the window of my chamber, and which I knew to be rich in objects of curiosity to the naturalist; the captain

informing us that it was necessary to lie to till the wind, which had now become contrary, should change.

The strong fortifications of Porto Ferraio stretch along the rocky heights which defend the entrance of the roads; ships of war can come to an anchor there, among the encircling hills which shelter the harbour; and sentinels, posted along the lines, ring, nearly every quarter of an hour through the night, a bell which is hung in their sentry-box. As soon as one begins, the others follow in succession, till the sound dies away along the shore, producing an effect that strikes the mind as singular, while it is an effectual means of showing that no one is absent, or sleeps at his post.

The little isle of Elba, which may be about seven or eight leagues in circumference, belonged at that time to three sovereigns. The Grand Duke of Tuscany held the town and territory of Porto Ferraio; the King of Naples possessed the town and harbour of Longone; and the iron mine and bourg of Rio, which lay near the centre of the island, belonged to the Prince of Piombino; thus making three little principalities or independent seignories, each fitting to have sustained the dream of some noble of the old régime, whose fantasy should dwell on a baron's state; but I little fancied then, in 1788, that this small islet, with its three church towers, would become a kingdom before the end of my days; and much would have been my wonder to have been told that its first monarch would be the comrade I had just quitted in his narrow birthplace; more still, had it been added that he would find himself so straightened for room there, that he would be unwilling to remain within its confines.

We set sail again next day, directing ourselves towards the coast of Italy, but the wind, again rising, drove us back to Elba, and we sheltered in the port of Longone. Our former delay had allowed of my exploring the iron mine for which the island is celebrated, but I now repeated my visit. The specimens of crystals and pieces of loadstone which I obtained were very curious, and, joined to some bits of shell and rock covered with branches of coral, made quite a little collection of mineralogical treasures. Thus enriched, we quitted at last the isle of Elba, as did Napoleon in later days, never to return, and bent our course towards Naples, across the Italian seas.

My children must not expect a full description of a journey through Italy; it is a shore of which too many of higher gifts have written; I but confine myself to sketching what most vividly impressed me, thinking that those I write for may love the story for the teller's sake, and may perhaps be led by it one day to visit the same spots themselves. A melancholy recollection, however, dashes the pleasure with which I trace these notices of Italy—it is, that much which was in being when I trod those shores exists no longer. What little I have to pourtray relates as much to the character of its different peoples, and the forms of their governments, as to the antiquities and natural phenomena of this beautiful clime.

Italy seemed at that time to be a depôt of all kinds and orders of administration, from the rule of fear and blind submission in the Venetian republic, to the paternal sway of Leopold over the fair city of Florence. That prince had abolished the punishment of death, had

lightened and impartially divided the burdens of taxation, and was chargeable with the one only fault of having, in concert with the Bishop of Pistoia, ventured to introduce some reforms into the convents and churches of his states, and even gone so far as to have the daily service recited in the vulgar tongue, without the authorization of the holy see.

Many smaller governments, sheltered by their very feebleness, and the little influence they could any of them have in the cabinets of the great European powers, slept in peace, while great events were passing elsewhere. The French revolution has since shaken them to their very foundations, and I have seen the bronze horses of St. Mark in the Place du Carrousel! and the Belvidere Apollo in the Louvre!

They have returned again to Venice, those indefatigable horses! but they did not find the Doge in his palace. Celebrated once at Athens, they travelled thence to Rome, where they met the public eye on the triumphal arches successively of Augustus, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. The last emperor transferred them to Constantinople, that they might ornament his new seat of empire, and thence the Venetian brought them to the Place of St. Mark, in his city of the sea. Many things they might have said to us, could they but have spoken!

The Italians, though more occupied with mosaics and cameos than with cannons and cartridges, yet could not dispense with the subject of war and politics in their conversation, so eager was their restless spirit to know what was passing elsewhere. Even the women, in summer, added themselves to the throng of idlers who turned the coffee-houses into a sort of political clubs; and it was there I learnt how injurious may be the fluent words of some and the presumption of others to the stability of the laws, and the respect we owe to sovereigns and their representatives.

Venice knew it so well, that she forbid, in any public place within her borders, the entering upon any question but those foreign to the government and to public events, under pain of punishment more or less severe.

The seeds of aspiration after the rights of man germed rapidly in the turbulent heads of the Italians; and Napoleon made use of it to overmaster them, and water their fertile soil with their blood. But for him, its inhabitants might be ignorant, to this day, of the sad results which a revolution yields.

Many times becalmed, we lingered nine days in the seas that stretch between Italy and the islands we left behind, while our sailors broke the listnessness of the hours by fishing; and a corsair came to keep us companyfor a while. At length, on the evening before we entered the gulf of Naples, as I lingered on deck to taste the freshness of a lovely night, while a slight breeze stirring our sails impelled us so gently that all motion was insensible, and my gaze rested alternately on the immensity of stars and the broad expanse of ocean, the only objects which met my sight; I was thinking how willingly I could thus have sailed on for ever, seeking adventures up and down, when, left the last of all but those who navigated our bark through the night hours, and preparing to go down myself into the captain's cabin to

rest, I suddenly thought I saw in the horizon, at a vast distance, a fiery speck, which seemed to me larger but more obscure than a star. I fixed my eyes upon the spot, and saw nothing, when suddenly it appeared again. Thinking it must be an illusion, I asked the pilot at the helm if he saw, as I did, anything in the distance—any fire? He took his pipe out of his mouth, and replied very coolly to my eager question,

"*Il Vesuvio.*"

"Vesuvius! Is it possible? We are too far off!—You said, just now, that we were more than twenty leagues from Naples, and it lies beyond!"

"*E il Vesuvio, certo, sicuro.*"

"Can it really be? There *must* then be a great eruption! and I shall witness that strange spectacle. What a happiness!"

I now renounced all thoughts of retiring to rest. I seated myself on deck to watch what I yet could hardly persuade myself was accounted for; it was not long before the little globe of fire again became visible, and as it alternately appeared and disappeared, I rested my elbows on my knees, and leaning my head upon my hands to look at it more steadily, watched it till I fell asleep in that position, my head full of a thousand confused thoughts.

I awoke to see rising from the bosom of the waters a fire yet more glorious; the sun climbing slowly above Vesuvius, darkened into vapour all that had appeared light in the obscurity of the night; you only saw lifting itself into the air above the distant outline of the mountain, a column of dense smoke which stretched itself like a thick cloud along the horizon. Ten leagues in front of us, the isles of Ischia, Procida, and Caprea, closed in the entrance of the Gulf of Naples. Rapidly we crossed the distance, and soon the aspect of the isles and shores which look down upon that enchanting bay, with its towns, villas, woods, vines, and ruins, and Naples in the back ground of the picture, which finished further still in a chain of mountain summits, distracted my attention from Vesuvius, as it majestically crowned their heights. A thousand barks, of every form and size, and bearing various flags, floated with white sails in every direction round us; but words give a weak idea of the happy Campania; to be known it must be seen; and I felt in that moment all the force of the Neapolitan proverb, "Vedi Napoli è poi mori"—See Naples and then die!

Like a forest stripped of its leaves, the masts of its ships rose round us as we entered its port, and passing under the beautiful lantern tower, were eager to spring on shore, when a boat full of custom-house officers approached to reconnoitre our vessel, and asking a long string of questions to which our captain replied, came at last to the ominous one, of whether we had not held some intercourse with Turks or Moors. At this he hesitated, and instead of speaking the simple and straightforward truth, that we had met with a corsair who had spoken with us, but without coming too near us, he gave such an ambiguous answer, that it was quite enough to awaken suspicion. Ordering him to wait their return without going any further, the boat and its crew departed, leaving us in a state of the greatest impatience

as to what was about to happen, while our captain appeared as if he were in a dream, and only replied in monosyllables to our questions.

At length the functionaries again made their appearance: they demanded of the captain his papers, and receiving them at the end of a reed, held them, before reading them, in the thick smoke of a chafing-dish; after which they finished by desiring the captain to follow them into the lesser port, where we were under the surveillance of a guard. I had just brushed my hat, and taken my sword to go on shore, when—alas the news!—it was announced to us that we were in quarantine, while of the why and wherefore, and till when, no explanation was given. The captain, quite confounded, could answer us nothing; anything we could say or do was in vain, and thus the day wore away and night found us in this perplexing and most wearisome position; but it brought with it ample atonement to me, for, as the darkness fell, Vesuvius burst upon my view, lifting,—to what a height!—its vast and glittering flakes of fire, while a burning cope overhung the mountain peak, and floods of resplendent lava rolled down its sloping sides. I watched it, almost alone, for in Naples at that moment, every one was hurrying to trivial shows of human contrivance, careless that it needed but one quarter of an hour of that Volcano in its fury, to make the world say, Naples *was* yesterday; Naples *is* no more!

A few naturalists, and a small number of people drawn by curiosity, many of whom were probably strangers, came in succession to the mole to observe the eruption, which was that of 1788, and was of sufficient importance to interest them; and, like me, they stood with eyes fixed upon the grand phenomenon, measuring in thought the vast impulses, which could thus drive from the depths of the earth into the heavens, the giant and brilliant column which at measured intervals glittered and vanished before us.

The next day we held a serious conference with the captain, the end of which was, that he demanded one with the officers of the port, and bringing them back with him, they now addressed their questions to *us*, and appearing satisfied with my account of things, gave a reprimand to the captain, and in two hours after allowed us to land, which I was the first to do, I believe, and immediately hastened off to seek out my comrades, for the king of the two Sicilies had at that period many French artillery officers in his service, having obtained from the different powers of Europe assistance of this kind, towards disciplining his army in the peculiar branches in which each nation excelled.

The pleasures into which their society introduced me, as well as their information concerning all that was worth my visiting, together with the stir and bustle of the gay and tumultuous city, occupied my first few days, but my mind was always full of the idea of Vesuvius, whether I saw it before me by day, or was shut within my chamber at night; till, unable to sleep from the eager thoughts it aroused, I determined to seek its heights before I explored any other spot; and having learned from my companions what route to take, I joined a party of amateurs, who were as earnestly bent as myself upon this pilgrimage at once profane and holy,—for while it is to one

of nature's shrines, it is impossible not to feel the thought of God uppermost in one's soul, when approaching an object so calculated to impress his power upon the heart.

Father de la Torre, who wrote a history of the eruptions of this mountain in 1785, says that many ancient authors, among others Lucretius, Strabo, and Vitruvius, had narrated that from time immemorial, it had shot forth flames; but that long tranquillity had made these slumbering fires forgotten, and there remained nothing but an obscure tradition about it, when on the 24th of August, in the year of our Saviour 79, Vesuvius burst open with a terrible sound, and swallowed up the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeïa, and Stabia; while the naturalist Pliny, commanding the fleet of Misenum, and drawn by his love of inquiry near the spot, perished, stifled by its atmosphere.

It is strange to the visitor of Herculaneum, in descending into the buried city, and remarking, as he climbs down the long ladders which aid his descent, the different beds of lava that the cut downwards passes through, marking the different eruptions that have taken place, to perceive between them *other* beds of strata, attesting clearly the time which has elapsed between each overthrow, and the successive return of the inhabitants to the spot where their fathers had perished.

M. de R. here interrupts the narrative which his memory appears to have been retracing, to introduce several letters written at that time to his father, and which enter into more minute particulars. The account they give is very graphic and circumstantial; and at that time of day, when the places he writes of were less known, they must have possessed peculiar merit: at present, when the journals of our brilliant tourists, and the rich colouring of our novelists, have made the dweller at home of an English fire-side feel like a familiar guest in the palaces of living Italy and the chambers of its long-forgotten dead, those who fled from Herculaneum, or perished in lost Pompeï,—it is scarcely needful to translate from a stranger's pen more than the most striking passages, or those which speak of things which *then* existing, exist no more. His after life belongs to stirring and exciting days, by the side of which the story of a tourist fails in interest, however well he tells it, or revered be the scenes his step passes through. We will glance with him at Rome, Venice, and Florence, as they *then* were,—Pius VI., dwelling in peace, and the stern republic ruling the subject Adriatic,—then follow him back to Corsica, the aërie of the southern eagle.

THE RAILWAY TUNNEL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Borne by the wondrous power of steam
With startling speed through regions dreary,
Some panic-struck and fearful seem,
Some languid, spiritless, and weary;
For me, I willingly forsake
The upper world, its glare and riot,
And love awhile my course to take
Through ways of subterranean quiet.

While earth's deep caverns I explore,
Thought leads me on its magic pinions,
To trace the time when Pluto bore
A bride to share his dark dominions;
Just so, methinks, might Proserpine
Gaze on the gathering shades that bound her,
Just so behold the torches shine
At fitful intervals around her.

Nor have I need to apprehend
That listless tedium may steal o'er me,
Knowing the darkness soon shall end,
And life's fair scenes smile forth before me;
Then from the light and leafy spray,
Shall gay and warbling birds be singing,
Then, fostered by the warmth of day,
Sweet flowers shall in my way be springing.

I marvel much that mortals view
With so much terror and dejection,
The paths of life they journey through
Beneath a safe and wise direction;
Even in the darkest, saddest way,
Some comfort surely may be near us,
Hope oft may dart a flashing ray,
And pleasant thoughts compose and cheer us.

It is not healthful to the mind,
Always to dwell in scenes of glitter;
None but the world's vain pupils find
Secluded stillness dull and bitter:
The cheerful spirit then prepares
Its feast of intellect and reason,
And, with contented gladness, bears
The shade of its allotted season.

To those who own a heavenly guide,
Distrust must always be a stranger;
His mercy ever is supplied
In darkness, solitude, and danger;
When dreary gloom our road invades,
He bids our hearts to thrill in lightness,
And guides us through the deepest shades,
To greet the day's unclouded brightness.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.[1]

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

TABLEAUX V.—AUTHORS.

"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

"PROUD river, bearing on thy studded breast the freighted wealth of nations, I greet thy muddy waters! and in each bending mast that bows towards me, I seem to find a welcome from Father Thames." So spoke a young man who with enwrapt enthusiastic gaze stood foremost on the bows of an Irish steamer that glided alertly through Ocean's floating forests.

Evening had closed, but amidst the dim lights glancing from ship to ship, and from house to house, the steamer's lantern looked like a jewel borne by unseen hands, pendant above the waters: while the young stranger standing above it, alone, with outstretched arms, and uplift eyes, seemed the presiding genius of the night.

Again his impassioned voice arose among the Babel of many sounds distinct and clear.

"Monarch of cities! England's proud boast!—Tomb of the honoured dead!—Home of the mighty living! Thou, whose timeworn walls and secret towers, record the horrent doings of grim crime!—Thou, that with a breath can wake the baby genius into mature life, or, from the cerements of the rotten grave dig up an idol to adorn with bays; making too late a worship, and a god of him who died obliviously of scorn! Great queen of cities! Proud metropolis! London! Arbitress of talent!—behold a votary bows and does thee homage."

"Hillio! I say, my hearty, mind what you're after there!" shouted the captain, "for if you keep bobbing there, its a chance if you don't find yourself bobbing for eels under the ship's bottom."

Thus admonished, our hero hastily shifted his quarters just in time to save himself from suffering by the sudden crash which linked the steamer to the pier head. His heart beat tumultuously, bright-glowing and grand visions rushed up into his brain—he felt himself mounting to the top of Parnassus—and then—he landed—*at Wapping! !*

Our hero, be it understood, was a gentleman by birth, and a poet by nature,—he had been petted and praised, into local fame, while affluent—and under a sudden revolution of circumstances he had been pitied and blamed, while it was discovered that his verses were not *half* so harmonious as they had been supposed to be,—so the young ladies had hidden their albums lest he should *expect* to write in them, the dowagers had condescended, where they had hitherto flattered, and all had recommended him no longer to hide his talents in the

[1] Continued from page 244.

Irish capital, but to take them where they would be sure to find their *just value*—to London.

Now our hero, though a poet, was *not* a *fool*—though by many the terms are held to be synonymous—so he perfectly understood the inuendo and the advice—and he determined to save his honourable and right honourable friends the disgrace of giving him the cut *direct*, by acting upon their cold counsel as if it came warm from the heart of ancient friendship, hoping eventually to *shame* them by conquering fortune through his talents.

So, like many of his happy thoughtless countrymen, he paid scorn by indifference—sneers by laughter—gave care to the winds,—and with a light purse and a lighter heart, set forth to try the metropolitan market. As his cab whirled along through dim and narrow streets, he thought upon the bright eyes that had preceded him to the Eldorado of his hopes—of a great many that he had left behind him;—and then, by a sudden jolt, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," —and then he thought, as most Hibernians on reaching our metropolis *do* think, that it was an excellent place to negotiate a transfer of certain bachelor immunities, in consideration of solidreasons in the shape of well-filled money bags.

According to orders, the cab stopped at the door of an unpretending hotel, which had the reputation of being the resort of gentlemen attached to literature in various ways, and where our hero, having seen his luggage carefully arranged for the night, and bestowed particular attention upon a certain oaken case, which he assured the waiter continued most *valuable property*—i. e. MSS. innumerable—prepared to descend to an apartment where the host informed him that he would find a knot of distinguished literary persons. Literary! the very thought was exhilarating!—yes!—this it was to be in London!—this it was ——

He felt his thoughts bubbling up—up—so fast hopes and fears, and proud expectations, all jostling each other, that his brain began to whirl, and as he descended the stairs, all resolved into one glad reality, that he was actually, tangibly in the *ultima thule* of his wishes, in his own congenial atmosphere—and lo! he found himself in a great room, filled with *smoke!!*

Conscious of his own pretensions, and trusting to make his way by a touch of his Hibernian—hem!—modesty!—he advanced naturally and easily to a station near the indicated group,—towards which he was rather encouraged by the sound of tones and phrases not unfamiliar, and which served to assure him that he was not at least without a countryman in the literary coterie.

So in a moment more he was sedulously engaged in that *peculiar species of homage* to the deities of the hearth for which the men of Great Britain are so oddly celebrated, while eyes and ears were perusing the doings of his neighbours.

The seat of honour was occupied by a very rubicund personage—great in every sense, being no less than the great editor of a great journal; great in the eyes of the public who knew him not—great in the eyes of his competitors who *did* know him—and much, *much* greater in *his own*.

On his right he was supported by a thick-set burly man, with overhanging eyebrows and compressed lips, who, leaning on his folded arms that rested on the table, was busily occupied in pouring honeyed words into the great man's ear, whose favourable critique he was endeavouring to bespeak for the reproduction of a *once condemned* play. Having said this, it is scarcely requisite to add, that this person, whom I shall call Mr. Merriman Growles, was a popular dramatist.

The left was held by Mr. Narcissus Juniper, a person of less talent, and consequently of higher pretension, who, in virtue of a pretty name, a great deal of flowery maudlin, some bad music, and the copious use of Lord Byron's liqueur,—the use of which was the only point in which he resembled that great man,—had contrived to persuade himself that he was entitled to write composer! dramatist!! and poet!!! after his name—a delusion which the good-natured, abused public laughed at, and endured. At the moment of our hero's approach he was occupied, or *seemed* to be occupied, upon a huge pile of MS., but the side glance which he stole towards the stranger might have convinced an observer that he was merely studying *effect*. The whispered conversation that was going on near him was now suddenly suspended, and both turned towards their companion.

"What have you there, Juniper, anything new?" inquired the editor, as he observed the poet dolefully shaking his head over his writings.

"Ay, something, I suppose, for the Gatherer, eh?" listlessly inquired Growles.

The poet went on rocking most ruefully from side to side, while he exhibited a most sepulchral mouth, as in a drivelling tone he moaned forth

A LAY ON FLOWERS.

The morning breaks, and the golden sun
Smiles on the flowers that he looks upon;
While the bee comes forth the dew to sip
From the rose's breast and the snowdrop's lip.

But the nightingale sits alone all the day,
Breathing in sadness his musical lay;
He looks up in love to the poplar tree,
In *silence* he *sighs*,—*sings*,—and envies the bee!

"Bravo!" applauded the critic, "the alliteration of that last line is perfectly Byronic, and possesses an occult delicacy that is caviare to the million"—the thought of sighing, and singing in silence is so refined—so elevated—so original—that it will be quite lost upon common readers."

"Exactly, my dear friend—they cannot understand it—it is only when the heart—the heart"—and here slapping his breast in a passion of emotion—he sank back quite overwhelmed at his own pathos.

The dramatist (par excellence) fixed upon him a look of piercing intentness, that formed an apt illustration of the power of mute language.

"Ah, my friends," broke forth the poet, wringing their hands, "I see you feel the force of my lines—I knew you would, congenial

spirits—and then he groaningly repeated the last line and burst into tears!

Fortunately for him the critic was in a gentle mood, so he returned the friendly pressure, and in a *winey* tone exclaimed, "I feel for you, my dear Juniper—I have written poetry myself!"

"You, Larusse!"

"I!" responded the great man, condescendingly—"I, in moments of relaxation from sterner studies, confess to have written poetry."

The dramatist, at this bold assertion, lifted his beetle brows and looked his doubts; then raising both hand and voice in a theatrical style, burst forth,

"Poetry!—what is poetry?"

He cast, as he spoke, a self-gratifying glance around, measuring his more distant auditory ere he proceeded—perhaps he expected a compliment, but no one spoke.

"Poetry," he went on, "is the mirror of the gushing heart—it is the all-perfect incarnation of the true—the goddess Truth, robed in her imperial vesture, all lovely and sublime. Few are the privileged beings who may venture to record her splendid shadowings! few to approach the mystic shrine to do her homage!"

"Stuff!" muttered a hoarse voice.

Our hero turned, and saw beside him an erect personage of singular costume, who, unobserved, had taken a station near him.

The speaker deigned not to notice the interruption, but proceeded: "Who, then, is a poet?"

At this question, a panorama of splendid creations darted rapidly across the imagination of our Hibernian, and unconsciously the immortal name of *Bulwer* escaped his lips.

The learned trio looked towards him; the dramatist frowned, for his thoughts had been nearer home; the sonneteer threw up his hands and wailed; but the editor—for that name was above his veto—smiled and nodded approbation.

"Poets, sir," went on the orator, in his most supreme tone—"poets come upon the earth like angels—their visits are 'short and far between.' Not every one who can jingle rythm, rejoicing in the numerical amount of syllabic measure, must dare aspire to that proud name won by a Milton, a Pope, a Byron, and a *Shakspere*. I, sir, to speak with humility, have been deemed not unworthy to take rank—"

"Hear! hear!"

"To take, I say, a *high* rank beside these glorious persons; and yet I—even I—am conscious that the heaven-born aspiration must be sought long and earnestly ere fruition crown the poet's labours."

"Hear! hear! hear!"

"Poetic throughts are rare, sirs; like gems, they must be worked for, but, when found, they are indeed priceless—gems such as this—

> "When Beauty gazes on the embryo Love,
> She flings Promethean lustre from her eyes,
> Then straight the promised boy all perfect grows,
> And starts to life a fullgrown tiny MAN!"

"Bah! a good thought worn threadbare!" exclaimed the gruff interlocutor.

"Beautiful!" added our hero.

"Sir," responded the author, "you're a man of taste!"

"The genius of Merriman Growles," replied our Hibernian, "is not *now* to be discovered or panegyrised."

"Nor his selfishness," echoed the quaint stranger.

The dramatist bowed, and by a gesture invited his admirer to a seat beside him, an invitation which he, too happy, accepted.

"A stranger in town, I presume?" inquired Mr. Larusse.

"Quite so, but not to the fame of the talented coterie in which I have the honour to find myself."

The trio bowed.

"To *your* acquaintance, Mr. Growles, I may venture to make some pretension, being the bearer to you of a letter from your old friend and admirer, Strangeways, of Castle Connolly."

"Strangeways! How fortunate we met! Excellent fellow—*true* friend, sir—a man of talent—knows how to *appreciate* talent—a gentleman—an *Irish* gentleman, in every sense of the word."

"Sir," replied our hero, with a low bow, "your politeness is like your genius—unapproachable."

"I should be ungrateful, sir, did I not welcome as a brother a dog that came from my *true* friend, Strangeways."

"Then perhaps you really may, as he told me you would, permit me, at your leisure, to unfold certain literary views, upon which your advice and recommendatiou would be invaluable."

"Literary!" echoed the dramatist, with an intonation quite remote from satisfaction. "Are you, then, an author?"

"I shall be proud if permitted so to style myself."

"In what walk, may I ask?"

"I have written a drama."

"Burn it, sir, burn it. Managers never read the MSS. of unknown authors. Dig! beg!! *starve!!!*—do anything but write for the stage. *I*, sir—*I* was six years before I could get a play *read*."

"I have tried poetry too, but, after your very brilliant remarks on the subject, I scarcely—"

"Poetry," said the critic—"'Tis a drug—not worth the paper upon which the lines are scrawled—unless, indeed, which is improbable—"

"Thank you, sir, thank you," laughed our merry aspirant—"I feel your compliment; but I have written tales without number—half a novel, and a whole romance."

"Trash, sir, mere trash; the market is overstocked: a wild goose pursuit, I assure you," added Growles, in an under tone; "no chance for a young author—none in the world."

"None, at least in the worn-out track; but if you can strike out a new one, like our talented friend Cellarman, whose 'Annals of Beggary' have opened a new era in literature, I should say something to you."

"As for me," pursued Growles, "I have not a particle of influence, and I make it a rule, upon principle, never to read a MS. except my own, or to give advice."

"Ha! ha! ha! or to give anything," laughed the cynical stranger.

"But my friend here, Mr. Hercules Larusse—he, indeed, might essentially serve you"—and here his voice sank into the confidential

whisper—"I recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance; he can make or mar you, depend on it; for the Press, the Press, sir, is Fate;" and then leaning towards Larusse, who was carrying on a whispered *tête-à-tête* with the poet, he whispered a few words earnestly, and then rising with an apology for his departure, bowed courteously, and left the room.

Our hero was a little surprised that he had not been invited to breakfast, or at least to dine; and while musing over the different reception that his introduction would have procured for him in his own green land, his attention became insensibly drawn to a colloquy of his neighbours.

"Fact, I assure you—all fact. Breakfasted the other morning with his highness the Duke of Twaddle—quite *en famille*—read him my MS. on the 'Loves of the Honeysuckle, or the Coquettries of a Dewdrop.' Can't imagine how he was affected—felt the pathos acutely—became quite intimate. 'Juniper,' said he, 'let you and I be at ease together. I shall call you Juniper, and you shall call me Tom, for talent like yours, my boy, levels all distinctions. So have done with these paltry titles, that serve to keep the vulgar at a distance, and let us be friends on an equal footing.' Kind, wasn't it?"

"Extraordinary!" responded the wondering neophyte.

"No, not extraordinary, for *her* grace of Devonport, and Lady Conquest, and the beautiful Mrs. Brilliant, are all far *more* condescending."

"'Tis false!" said the clear calm voice of the upright old stranger.

The group started and turned to the speaker. Juniper for a moment looked both puzzled and abashed; but he went on, in a flurried tone,

"O—ah—it's you, I see. Don't mind him—he means no offence—'tis his way—only his way;" then, in an under tone, he added, "an agent of the government—secret service—no offence—take no notice. Ah ha, Markham, you are there, I see."

"Yes," gruffly replied the person addressed, "and *you* are there, I *hear*."

"Ha, ha, ha! Truth not always to be spoken—eh? Now, I know *you*."

"You don't."

"Ha, ha! very well—very well indeed—yes, yes, you know me."

"*I do!*"

"There, you see he owns that we are friends. Why, when my opera was produced, he took a hundred claqueurs to the pit—didn't you, Markham?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, and stalked out of the room.

Juniper rose too, and following quickly after him, shouted,

"Don't be in such a hurry, I want you to lend me a crown."

The old man neither turned nor answered, and before the rest had recovered their surprise, Juniper had resumed his seat.

"He's off," he exclaimed. "A queer fellow, but very much attached to me; takes strange liberties, but then his position—mustn't be talked of—but I assure you he has interest in high quarters—very

high. But come, Larusse, you promised to favour me with a sight of your last poetic brilliant; no time like the present; let's have it, for the benefit of the novice."

Thus adjured, the stern critic, in playful mood, drew forth a small paper, and first quaffing a bumper, to give full effect to his powers of intonation, read, with marked emphasis, the following

STANZAS ON MOTION.

Where the night wind rushes o'er the brow
Of the mountain tops, where thistles bow;
Where the aspen leaf shakes on the tree
Where flutters the wing of the honey bee;
Where glides the bark with snowy sail
O'er the breaking surge before the gale;
Where the swallow skims along the lake;
Where the adder wriggles through the brake;
Where the nodding ferns like spirits seem,
By the moon's pale ray and the lightning's gleam;
Where the gudewife's tongue like the mill-wheel goes,
While darning her gudeman's Sunday clothes;
Where gushes the stream of the murmuring rill,
Leaping and dancing, and never still;
Where the thrifty hen calls her brood to peck;
Where gobbles the turkey's scarlet neck;
Where the little dog wags his tail in the dark,
As he starts up alarmed from his sleep to bark;
Where patters the tramp of rude young feet,
From the village school all through the street;
Wherever there's life, and pulsation, and noise,
And girls and hens, dogs, women, and boys,
A steamer to ply, a railcoach to jam,
There, there I'm for ever, there I, Motion, am!

"Enchanting!" broke forth Juniper. "So actual, yet so adorned."

"Is that your *real* opinion?" inquired the author, folding up the MS. with modest pride.

"REAL! my dear friend! my *talented* friend! Can you ask—can you—my feelings will not allow me to say more;" and, to conceal his agitation, or for some *other* reason, he gulped down a huge goblet of steaming liquid, partaking of his own patronymic.

The Hibernian looked mystified; nay, more, judging from the abundant praise lavished by the brother poets, he began to doubt the standard by which his own taste had been formed: however, the lesson was a wholesome one; the more he listened the more humble grew his opinion of his own ability; and, therefore, when in turn he was solicited to give a specimen of his power, he very modestly drew forth a small MS., and with much diffidence commenced reading

A FRAGMENT.

It was in a splendid hall, where a glittering crowd was assembled—where music was breathing, and bright lights glancing, that they *met*. *She*, the *once* loved—and *he*, who had been so tenderly regarded. *They met*—and looked into each other's faces, with stern icy eyes,

that gave no reflection of the once troubled waters that welled beneath their dull cold surface.

Strangers,—the dim perceptions of the crowd believed them,—nor dreamt how dear each had been to each—how occultly each still could guess all that was passing in the heart of the other. Both were changed, greatly changed, since they had last met; he had grown hard and coarse in lusty manhood; indulged passion had bronzed his brow, substituting the real for the poetic, and effacing all the beautiful tracery of imaginative youth. He stood before her, no longer the ideal of her young and trusting heart, the pure uncorrupted being of bright thoughts and sunny hours; but she saw him as he was, the actual, the sordid, the gross man of pleasure.

And she was changed too: no longer the timid girl, fluttering at the shadow of her thought; her womanhood had ripened to perfection, and the bloom of her maturity had far outgone the budding promise of her youth. She stood before him, pale, but beautiful beyond all that his thought had pictured. The radiance of cultivated talents shed a halo round her, as she rose before him like a vision from a fairy world. He looked on her, and his heart quivered to its core. *She* looked on *him*, and shuddered. Both were married—they forgot not *that*.

Far apart he stood, with a crowd around him, uttering bright things—still answering all with rapid nothings, while still his tutored glances covertly followed her. Still his eager ears drank the accents of her well-remembered voice. Suddenly all was hushed—then sounds, sweet and soft, stole through the room,—louder, firmer came the tones; and then, a full rich burst, and the perfumed air was drunk with melody. For the syren sang, well knowing that the false one listened. She sung, and a soul was in her song—for a woman's pride rose in array against the cold-hearted betrayer.

Did he feel the value of the talents that he had slighted? Did he dare to join his insulting praise to that of those who thronged fluttering round her? No! even *he* had not yet learnt to offer her commonplace commendation. From the place he rushed, to stifle or to hide his deep chagrin; while she, the flattered, with her pale smile, withdrew likewise, and escaped with her woman's outraged heart—her overstrained pride, and her memory. From the crowd she fled—through saloon and chamber—past portico and fountain—and down the marble stairs,—like a bird she fled to where she might weep in secret. Down, down she goes, into the dim alcove; she has gained it, and flings herself on the seat. Ha! a man! 'tis he!—with outstretched arms, and his triumphant smile, he springs towards her—"Gianetta!—mine!"—Horror! one glance! a wild one! and the huge toad blubbering in her path is not more hideous than that scoffing fiend! Away! away she flies! ere rude hand can touch her, or vile thought sully her. She has not followed *him!* She is away swifter than the antelope, bounding up step on step; and he falls back on his moody seat, to ponder and to curse his own blind folly. Recklessly he dashed himself down—and then a wild laugh breaks from his white lips, and he rushes forth like a beast of prey, to find a victim for the teeming malice of his heart.

She, meanwhile, had gained a sheltered nook, and there she lays her forehead to the earth, and weeps bitter, bitter tears, and utters wild ejaculations. Time passes, and the passionate gush is ebbing into a soft calm, and then comes a thought, fearful, terrible—she shall be missed!—he too—she shall be suspected!—her reputation—her matron's name—oh she must haste! haste to repair her error. She starts up, and would away; but hark, footsteps!—hist!—'tis a man's tread!—not his! In pity, heaven! not his! her beating heart replies; and she crouches closer and closer into her hiding-place.

Ha! a scream! a woman's! She starts up, and she sees him,—him that she—what madness!—that she *hates*—bearing in his arms a struggling girl. They pass onward; he bears her. Screams rend the air, and prayers come stifled back. Madness—madness seizes her. Old thoughts, old feelings, that overleap the intervening space of time, since he was dear; and rushing out in frenzy, she stands before him, like a grim spirit, shrieking—"Thy wife!—Monster! thy wife!"

He looks at her, and staggers; and inebriate with wine and passion, answers mockingly, "Thy husband, woman!—thy husband! What am I to thee, that thou shouldst spy my actions?" At the word she reels aghast, and trembles—"Man, yes! *I am* a wife, as *thou* a *husband*, yet spare another victim."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouts the hysteric sensualist—"Yes, I spare her, if I may learn the motives of my spy;" and while he spoke, the girl, rejoicing in her releasement, is away.

"Ask me not!—I meant not,—I sought not to be a spy upon thee! I heard—I saw—and I am *here*—but ask me not;" and her voice sank into mournful cadence: "ask not why I could not—*cannot bear* to witness *thy* delinquency."

"Your motives! your motives!" repeated he.

"I know not—understand them not. Ask no more, Gonsalvo!"

"That word again! that word!—thou art mine!—but *that* word only, and nor heaven nor earth shall hold thee from me, *my* Gianetta!"

But she, ere the word babbled from her heart, was away, clambering up the steps—the colonnade—but a giant's step was behind her; a gushing tread was on her track; haste, haste, Gianetta, more than life is on thy speed—not that way—the gate is fast. Ha! he comes—is there no other way. Yes, yes, there is—yon distant door will give the passage; but he is on thy path—pass him not—he will clutch thee; he is strong—strong in madness now—confident in the persuasion of thy love. Be true to thyself, Gianetta. *He is not thy ideal*—'tis but the lingering vision of thy youth—'tis but thy woman's weakness that deceives thee. Well done—bravely doubled—'tis but a few steps, and thou wilt reach the goal. Hold up thy heart—faint not—stumble not. He comes—near, near—the door, the door—hast thou strength to open it? Poor jaded one! tremble not, but speed! Ha—ha, ha, ha!—the bolt shoots back—a Deliverer appears—Victoria! Victoria! thou art saved! Thou art in thy husband's arms.

* * * *

Encouraged by the stillness in which his auditory had abided his

impassioned reading, our hero lifted his eyes, hoping to receive some praise, when lo! to his overwhelming consternation, the critics were asleep! Yet from their purple lips they ever and anon murmured—"Young author!—corrupt taste!—diffuse style!—bad—bad!—never do!—never!

So oft the critic, seated 'midst the gods,
Dreams while he judges, while he censures nods!
While gaping mortals, quivering at his frown,
Accept his verdict, and misdoubt their own.
Nor guess how worthless was the coin they hold,
Till PRINTING stamped the dross as current *Gold!*

(To be continued.)

PICTURES OF ELLA.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

SHE is singing—
Dost thou hear?—
With a voice so soft, so clear,
Seems as if the breeze were bringing
Whispers from the rose's breast;
Or, that from some fairy's nest,
Fairy bells were ringing!

SHE is dancing—
Dost thou mark,
In the blue sky, yonder lark
'Twixt the sun and shadow glancing,
Like a spirit of the air?—
So she flitteth, here and there,
With a grace entrancing!

SHE is sleeping!—
Dost thou see,
Where,—beneath yon bowery tree,
Sweetly rests she; in the keeping
Of the sun and shade, that make
Cooling warmth! O, do not break
The spell her senses steeping!

SKETCHES.

BY CURIO.

THE WISEACRE—THE SANGUINE MAN—THE BLIND FIDDLER.

THE WISEACRE.

If there is a happy man under the sun, it is the wiseacre. Endowed by nature with that "mobility" which, though he be hard to satisfy, renders all things for him proportionately interesting and equally accessible, his range is so wide, there is scarcely a subject you can mention, on which he will confess entire ignorance. He may betray it, but not purposely. He seems to say—have done with your repetitions—principles and details, doctrines and histories, art and science, truth and falsehood, microcosm and macrocosm, all are familiar to *him*, but he has had *so much* of it—; and if the discussion must proceed, he cares only to listen, just setting you right now and then on a point too small to embroil him in the argument, to which he is sadly unequal. Presume not to moralize, or rhapsodize, or any way extemporize, for *his* edification—he has considered it all, and dismissed it from his mind, and your very profoundest or most eloquent emanations he greets with the *pish!* peculiar to the wiseacre. He is never surprised! Crack of doom, nor of "chestnut in a farmer's fire," can startle *him*. Where simplicity traces only itself, or a dispensation of Providence, he, gifted! recognizes a phase of mystery, a link of an invisible chain, or the truth of secret divination. Charge him not with impenetrability,—he will tell you 'tis the test of a philosopher never to be astonished at anything. And, in his self-reliance, what a vantage ground has he! Disdaining the prescription of humility as an early lesson of wisdom, his method was to overestimate himself, and from that elevation in a manner look disparagingly upon all things. He has a tutelary air, but imperious, and is scarcely to be bribed into an act of real condescension; even flattery he tries to regard only as another's opinion of him, and he has no faith but in his own. The only thing he receives not invidiously is *facts*. He is no hypocrite—he believes himself all he would pass for. Though an acknowledged deceiver, he is an innocent one, for himself is his chiefest dupe; a man, surely, that can brook derision all his life, and "still go on," must have the purity as well as the boldness of a martyr; and, with the exception of a lurking curiosity to see the Thames on fire, the average taint of mischief is more than can fairly be laid to the account of "the wiseacre." His habits are unimpeachable. Did he gamble, he would probably back his opinions with tremendous odds. But he does not. In politics he may be "anything." He is great at a crisis; and probably could give valuable hints in high quarters at the present juncture, were it worth his while; but, as we said, it is not easy to draw him out, unless, as is sometimes the case, he be a "hero-worshipper," when, his political principle smacking more of a principle of fealty than a fidelity to principle, he sees his way clearer,

and can defend the god of his idolatry from the aspersions of a "wag" with considerable sharpness. Yet he has his little abstractions, wherein, apart from such influences, he will hack at a truth or work a crotchet by the square; and *has* been suspected of originality, as when, for instance, he took the hint of widening a street from the falling of a tile upon the flags,—or, upon a higher scale, of promoting virtue, upon the homœopathy system, by the encouragement of vice. And, indeed, he has many anecdotes of his exploits of sagacity, still more striking, though unfortunately achieved under circumstances which preclude any authentication of them less partial than his own.

THE SANGUINE MAN.

This is an evergreen,—nourished by the storms of life!—His years are near upon threescore, his miscarriages have at least equalled that number, he has fathomed the depths of disappointment, has, indeed, been "a pipe for fortune to *finger*" if not to "sound what stop she pleases," he knows he is now on the declivity, and that by prescription of nature the rest should soon "be labour and sorrow"—and yet he's as *sanguine* as ever! Analyse him we cannot, nor conjecture by what patent process of embalmment the sanguine man has thus conserved his spirits and his springs of enterprise alive amid the heap of ashes—refuse of vain hopes—of which his heart is the centre, without seeming aware of the contiguity, and which were quite sufficient to "stap the vitals" of any less "sanguine" man than himself. His career will not bear tracing; for, he has been a rolling stone, and has shifted his ground, like Van Amburgh or the Inimitable Dwarf. The sanguine man is by no means *respectable;* it is not in reason that he should be, for though he have many a time enjoyed the reputation of prosperity, his reverses have outnumbered his "hits," and the eclat of his success has been obliterated by the more enduring taint of his misfortunes. He will not do to be seen about with, in the sanctuaries and thoroughfares of life; but a *tête-à-tête* with him, cum privilegio, in jovial or rural solitude, screened from the notice of a prying world, "chancing it," incog on a journey, or ensconced in the snuggery of a chimney corner, is always delightful—there is an animus about him, pertaining exclusively to "the sanguine man," which refreshes the spirit and disposes to Christian charity. Not one word does he utter on the beaten topic of the miseries of life; he pesters you with no expositions of deep-laid schemes for avenging an indignity or a wrong, no moody speculations upon what he might have been or might have done, under circumstances which did not transpire, or under influences to which he never was accessible; no woful lamentation on the intractability of youth, the impracticability of age, the reckless sway of passion, the expensiveness of experience, the wantonness of chance and the vanity of all things,—with no asperities to pervert, no tædium vitæ to depress, he takes the sunny side, and peers into the radiant future. Fortune-seeking to him, though "buffets and rewards" have fallen to his lot in unequal succession, and he has "taken

them with equal thanks," has seemed a golden dream. By a felicitous endowment of the mental palate he has tasted the unctuosities of pleasure, but only *drunk* of the waters of bitterness. The lessons of life lighten, but not *en*lighten him. "The uses of adversity" to him are rather bracing than "sweet," they give him nerve without philosophy, plasticity without power, aspirations in place of honour, multifold "kicks" and very few "halfpence;" and hapless as his case must be with the genius he defies, he is game and dilemma-proof to the last, and comes off "more than a conqueror," though a very considerable loser, from every conflict in which he shrinks not from engaging. Timely insensibility is his great, main accomplishment. He seems to thrive upon the sport of being knocked round and about upon the sconce, and rises from a flabbergast'ring "like a giant refreshed." Different from ordinary mortals, his happiness does not fluctuate according to his circumstances, although his energies expand with the exigencies that call them into operation; when he fails in an undertaking, he has but to transfer his ever available powers, such as they are, to a new theatre of exertion—the paraphernalia of his craft lie all in a small compass, and he can change his quarters at the shortest notice with a world of impunity on his head, light and handy as a porter's knot. He has vague notions that something particularly brilliant is in store for him, and he consoles himself for a faux-pas by the conclusion that he has merely stumbled on the wrong box. He is a very hero in defeat. He wants no breathing time from blowing his exhaustless bubbles. Versatile, and invulnerable—buoyant, invincible adventurer! Fit match for the demon Despair with all his terrors, fling them in what imagery he may. Great things and little, swift or slow, stern reality or "unreal mockery," alike find him *cap-a-pie*, armed at all points, or at the signal of disaster winged for extemporaneous flight into new regions of experiment. Does he win? —visions of after winnings cast his real gains into the shade. Or lose?—"bad luck's" a gratuity, and 'twere ill to "look the gift horse in the mouth." All weathers suit him; "the skyey influences" are *all one* to him: and all conditions, life, death, or immortality, may be blessed.

One hardly knows whether more to commiserate or to envy the "sanguine man." Trusting solely to imagination, without regard to the monitions of experience, basing his calculations on hypotheses, and living ever in the future, he has been betrayed into such aberrations from the ceremonious path, as preclude him from the means of amendment and the right of atonement, and fix him without the pale of what "the judicious" count respectability. *Credit* shudders at his approach.—On the other hand, though his head is a poor one, the spirit of liberty, the romantic ardour, the soul of fortitude, the victorious *heart*, are inherently and inalienably his: and it is a genial lesson for you of the conventional school, who deal not in chimeras, and pursue your avocations "by the card," to chance upon him, and witness, if but for the passing hour, how independently of accident and extrinsic circumstance the principle of happiness may flourish in the human breast. Quod petis hic est—est ulubris!

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

There is a Blind Fiddler in the city, as well known there as Wilkie's picture in the shop-windows. He is a genuine character, as far as he goes—that is to say, he is thoroughly blind, and he is a thorough "fiddler." Not a thorough *violinist*, be it understood—all-accomplished in the practice, theory, and appreciation of his art,—but a thorough, pertinacious "fiddler;" neither above nor below his calling; neither so refined as to care much for intonation, nor so lost in the vagrancy of his craft as to fail in securing a certain subsistence by its exercise; looking less to music as the minister of his fame than to his fiddle as the staff that supports his position in the world; priding himself more on his notoriety than his accomplishment; a practitioner, rather than a student of his art; the relentless "fiddler." Considering what Blind Fiddlers, both to hear and to look at, usually are, his fiddling and his *personnel* are both decidedly of a superior order. He does not condescend to mere snatches, but plays a thing *through*; is never without his rosin, has always four strings to his instrument, and actually *can* tune it. The individual here spoken of is in the habit of visiting the alleys near the Exchange, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when it is in human nature in those parts to require a little refreshment, and men of business are accustomed to retire in small knots and coteries into hilarious seclusion after the pother and bustle of the day. He is attended by a boy with a harp, the very image of the Fiddler—excepting that, like all sons of blind fathers, he has a brilliant pair of eyes; and a girl (another strong family likeness) with a box, who collects the contributions. He takes his stand by the door of the principal tavern: in due time he draws his fiddle from a shabby green bag, which he carries himself, and, twisting his head to make room for it under his left ear, commences the operation of "tuning," which is soon accomplished. In theatric phrase, "the doors are now open;" a sensation is created, his little retinue begins to collect about him,—the adjacent fruit-woman or her assistant, the neighbouring ticket-porter, and the "Beauty of the Alley"—a comely vendor of pastils, lucifers, and otto of roses—approach him. These are his privileged customers; they are on his free-list, and are expected to give nothing. The very first urchin threading the thoroughfare, and not tied to time, is arrested instinctively by the gathering scene that meets his eye, and after him every successive straggler, until an "audience," decent in numbers if not in *quality*, is collected to do honour to the first ebullition of the bow. A stamp of the foot, and the concertante commences,—an unpleasing, abstruse, and even difficult performance, for the Blind Fiddler is a pedant in his way, and his most impracticable bits he produces first, while he is fresh in the market, and can best *command* attention. Incipient harmonics, abortive double stops and chromatics, transitions, bursts, and pauses, and an emulation of all the wondrous clap-trap which we are instructed to consider, when well done, as embracing the heights and mysteries of the science, grace the introductory display of his powers. By the

time his first piece is over, he has, perhaps, a body of a dozen of the commonalty around him—the ticket-porter, the pastil-vendor, the fruiterer or her delegate, the urchin not tied to time, and the successive stragglers, together making up an "audience" of about that number. With the gradual increase of the company the excitement of the performer evidently rises, every accession of a footstep is an incentive to fresh exertion, and by the time he has finished his second exhibition, he has fairly warmed into something like "a feeling of his business." The crowd thickens, and a policeman stalks by to see that all is orderly. While the box goes round for chance contributions, the Fiddler puts his *Cremona* between his knees, lifts his hat from his head, and takes from it a cotton *Belcher*, with which he smooths his somewhat flushed cheeks and throbbing temples—but calls for no vulgar aids to "whet his whistle," and betrays no further indications of exhaustion; he is calm and reserved in his triumph—the cynosure of the court, the *lion* "of the minute"—conscious of his attraction, but with no unseemly air of presumption or impunity, he reposes in the short interval of silence, thinking on his reputation, his coffers, and his supper. By this time, he has no inconsiderable section of the public under his spell, for besides those standing around him, he counts twice their number of better friends and supporters in the coffee-room, for which he presumes himself to be specially retained, and to which he more particularly dedicates his humble services. Stockbrokers, with their pints of port—auctioneers, with their *half*-pints—captains, with their beloved grog—cigar-smokers, who "can't eat," and have no patience to wait till they're hungry—landlords, and their nieces "in the bar"—and though last not least, *waiters*. These latter functionaries especially relish the music;—they seem almost to break bounds for the nonce, and cease to account themselves public property. Under ordinary circumstances, and where there is no excuse for insubordination, it is scarcely permitted to the waiter of any pretensions to respectability, to vent the impertinence of good spirits, the elasticity of common cheerfulness, or in any way to relax the cold automatonism which constitutes the etiquette of his order; but at this moment, and under this stimulus, he is all secret levity and life,—suits the action to the note, and hums a discord to the screeching cadence, wherever he can poke his nose "behind the arras," and escape the notice of "the gentlemen." He will take a peep at the fiddler's daughter through the crack of the door, or ogle the pastil vendor through a window corner. Happy, if he find an excuse for crossing the area to purchase an extra newspaper, or *try* to obtain change for a light sovereign;—he fails not in his flight to salute the master of the throng, and in returning, to whisper in his willing ear a "bespeak," for some popular tune that anybody may understand. Whereupon father and child strike up "Where the Bee sucks," "Auld lang Syne," or "Sally in our Alley,"—which the poor steward listens to with all the emotion which the temperature of those dark purlieus will allow so small a man as a waiter to indulge. The alteration of his strain is decidedly a change for the better; every one now listens with ease, curiosity gives place to pleasure, and noise is exchanged for sentiment which finds an echo in every breast. The waiter, who at first

was only excited, now becomes entranced. By changing his theme from the "astonishing" (for which, though he played like a Paganini, he should hardly be appreciated by such an auditory) to the more natural and homely style for which his abilities are better adapted, the fiddler attracts additional listeners in the surrounding habitations. The door of the opposite cigar-shop is thrown open, and the charms of melody help to cleanse it of its reeking vapours. A group of idlers who had been whiling a spare half-hour with the picture-dealer at the corner, criticising the last caricature, debating the terms of a projected raffle, or canvassing the state of the market in that respected gentleman's particular line of business, are instantaneously drawn by the burst of a popular air to something more than a consciousness of the presence of the blind fiddler. Even the picture-dealer himself, accustomed to the constant repetition of his visits, fails not to present himself on the steps, and under pretence of shaking the cloth with which he had been dusting a gilded frame, to take his invariable glance at the Blind Fiddler. Notaries' clerks, or for aught that may be, notaries themselves, with pens behind their ears and bunches of cherries in their fingers, pop out their heads from lofty casements, two or three stories high, and with "greedy ear devour up his discourse." Housekeepers with their needlework are seen standing at the doors, and housemaids manifest themselves from attic windows. The cellarman half emerges from his trap-door, one hand holding a tallow candle, and the other resting on the flag-stones, gazing and simpering with sudden delight. If the value of the entertainment be estimated according to its effects, there are few who ever listen to the Blind Fiddler, who do not in some sort feel themselves lightened by the strain,—and therefore he deserves a handsome requital of his labours. There is something refreshing and humanizing in the scene. The very heart of the vicinity is, as it were, stirred into unanimous life and enjoyment. Such sights do not greet us in the more *musical* quarters of the town. The fiddlers of Pall Mall and St. James's complain bitterly of the times. The Blind Fiddler in the city looks prosperous, proud, and contented. He has all the appearance of robust health and mental quietude, the promise of a green old age, and a long engagement *yet* as fiddler to the citizens. He is the first man of his rank, in the first city in the world! These are his claims to public support. It has pleased Providence to invest him with another claim, to which more pathetic allusion might here be allowed, were his popularity less permanently established than it is,—but in behalf of an *afflicted* fellow-creature, the sympathies of an English heart can play "without a prompter."—All therefore that need be added for the information of any reader, who may hereafter, recognize the subject of this sketch, and who might otherwise be ignorant of "the story of his life," and the full extent of his merit, is that he has maintained his prominent post—and "given universal satisfaction" in it—for upwards of five and twenty years, together with an unimpeachable reputation for sobriety, honesty, and modesty. He is a good father—and really a capital FIDDLER.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XII.

The counsel of the aunt and nephew.—The Damosel meets with a famous man-at-arms at last.

THE time spent by the Lord Gilbert in private discourse with the damosel his ward had not been idly wasted either by Messire Piers Bradeston or the worthy lady Madame Pauncefort; for the squire, though false and cunning enow, yet lacked the wit to carry him over such a pass; and finding he could have no speech in private of his chief counsellor Anselm, he betook him to his aunt, who, if no mate for the yeoman in subtlety, was yet better advised than any of them of the lord prior's temper and conditions, though even she, when she listened his tale, was at first not a little perplexed to guess what might be the design of that noble prelate. Assuredly she knew him too well to deem that aught of guile was hidden under the gracious countenance he had shown, or yet to accord with the judgment of her nephew—that finding himself hard bestead in this his disgrace, he was willing to let go the damosel and her lands to whosoever would proffer him the heaviest bribe therefrom. Nevertheless, as he who can most skilfully make his advantage of his neighbour's blindness is ofttimes seen himself to blink as sorely, so Madam Joyce, who had more than once thrown dust in the eyes of the lord prior of Charlewode, now had her own sight dimmed and deceived by her proper folly, touching her fair young kinsman.

It came then into her head, that it was the goodly mien and courtly bearing of this last which had gained so suddenly on the goodwill of the Lord Gilbert as, together with his tenderness towards the damosel, to move him—since there remained no hope of mating her with John Ashtoft—to leave all further respects, and bestow her at once as might best accord with her own liking; and she found it no hard matter to gain to this her credence the assent of Messire Piers, who, certes, held himself for as handsome and accomplished a gallant as might be seen in a summer's day. But since she deemed it no way unlikely that the Lord Gilbert, ere he yielded up so rich a gift to one whom he had found in the very act to steal it, might think fit to put his worthiness to the proof, she earnestly counselled the squire to excuse what he had done on the score of his vehement affection for the maiden, which had made him regardless of all save the fear of losing her, and, if need were, to vow and swear that he would right joyfully take her to wife without dower or heritage, land or manor-place.

Scantly had the pair come to this conclusion, than the chamber-door where they were was softly opened, and May Avis herself, with

[1] Continued from vol. xxxv. p. 426.

pale cheeks and tearful eyes, stood thereat, as gathering courage to enter; whereupon Messire Piers started up, and with the most loving speeches he could call up for the nonce, led her to a seat betwixt him and Madam Joyce, when each taking a hand, they made her so fair and false a show of love and kindness, that the poor young creature was forced awhile to forbear her tale, until she had dried her tears of joy and thankfulness.

At last, gathering voice and breath, she recounted unto them—not without many stops, and sighs, and blushes—all she had just heard from the lips of her lord, saving only what concerned her father, and the means whereby he had obtained the Manor-place, and also her own ready will to renounce such ill-gotten wealth, and which matters, partly for shame, partly for modesty, she kept back, since neither one nor the other imported aught to those in presence.

"And now, Messire Bradeston," she said, sighing softly, when she had ended her tale, "that I have told you all, there remains for me but to pray you, in all kindness and courtesy, to give me back my troth plight, even as I am ready to restore your own, it being, out of doubt, wholly another manner of thing to espouse a poor, portionless maiden, who hath, God wot, at the best, but a bare sustenance to look for, in place of a well-dowered damosel, with a fair manor-place for her dwelling, and land and rents to uphold her therein."

To all that the damosel uttered, did Messire Piers hearken with as fixed and untroubled a countenance as if she had been telling him but a tale of Bycorne and Chichevache—and, of a surety, he had believed the one as readily as the other, which, after Madame Pauncefort's warning, he took but for some well-ordered device of my lord prior, whereby to try the sincerity of his love; so that, scarcely hearing her to the end, he cast himself on one knee before her, and, with vows and oaths too many to rehearse, or even to reckon, earnestly besought her to take no heed, even for one moment, of the loss of her heritage, or the suit of the stranger knight, unless she herself might haply deem such spousal—as it truly was—better fitting her place and worth than the humble, faithful affection of a poor landless squire; that, for his own part, he swore to our lord St. James of Galice, and also to the holy virgins of Cologne, it was not for fee or land, but for her fair looks and amiable carriage, that he had first chosen her for the lady of his thoughts and affections; and blithe would he be that manor-place and farm, meadow and lea, were all clean gone and away, that so she and all the world might know plainly that it was not covetousness of her wealth, but true and very love for herself, that had moved him to seek her favour.

In good sooth, the damosel Avis needed to have more guile in her own heart, or deeper skill in the hearts of others, than was her hap at that time, to have denied full credence to these fair words and assurances of her squire. Not that she deemed over highly of her own worth, whereon she thought his love had set too great store, but such faith had she in his truth, that it seemed to her he would not for any gain deceive, least of all would he dissemble with a tender-hearted maiden, who had been content to wed him without lands or goods, even at peril of losing her own in pain thereof. And thus trusting and be-

lieving, she entreated him to rise, thanking him so sweetly and earnestly, with tears, and blushes, and broken words, for his stedfast affection towards her, that methinks any save the two hard hearts beside her had been moved to pity and repentance; nevertheless, they both made so goodly a feint of all they should have felt thereupon, that there was nothing wanting to the perfect content of the simple child they were beguiling. Further, the squire, who bethought him that whatever he might say or swear at this time would haply come to my lord prior's ears, again seating himself beside the damosel, began to discourse with her and her kinswoman of his designs and devices in time to come, for the maintenance of himself and the lady Avis; for albeit he lacked, he said, lands or treasures to keep her in such estate as had been hitherto her wont, yet nothing was he afraid, with God and his good lance to speed, readily to find other means thereunto. For first had he great and noble friends, by whose help he well trusted some post might be found for him, either at Bordeaux, or in the garrison at Calais with the earl marshal; or, failing these, there were the wars of Guildres and Brabant, or the service of the Count of Ostrevant, who never let his armour rust. Lastly, he might gain both renown and profit in one by fighting for the faith, whether against the Saracens in Grenada or the Turks in Hungary, where ofttimes the very dagger-haft of one of those heathens should make the fortunes of a christian knight. As, likewise, who should say what wars and expeditions might soon be on foot nearer home, when not only booty and ransoms were to be gained, but honour and guerdon also, as in the glorious days of King Edward and his son.

Thus glozed he on, with these and many other the like speeches, until the damosel well nigh believed she was about to wed with no less than a future earl or baron, or famous knight at the least; and so great was her pleasure in listening such talk, that it was long ere she could constrain herself to break in upon it, by making known to him the Lord Gilbert's behest touching his departure from that place and neighbourhood for the next week's space.

This gentle bachelor took the command, as he had done all beside, in fair and friendly part, preparing himself to obey thereunto so readily, that May Avis could somewhat have chid him, for leaving her with so great semblance of content. Neither repined he at the durance wherein his yeomen were held at the priory, but making as though he held no condition too hard or heavy, so long as he might hope in the end to prosper in his suit, he mounted his stout courser, and set forth, as he said, for the house of a knight of Northamptonshire, who was of kin with Sir Roger, his sire, leaving May Avis wholly enraptured in the thought that she had the very truest and faithfullest of gentle squires for her own bachelor.

Howbeit, her delight was quickly abated, when she called to mind the guest that was coming next day, and the courtesy it behoved her to study toward him; for not only despised she the avarice and rapine of the man, but also it seemed to her, that to bestow even a gracious word or look on another, and that too on one who had spoken of marriage with her, was little less than treason against love and Piers Bradeston. Gladly would she have prayed her cousin, who knew how

to suit her carriage to all seasons and persons, to take on her for those eight days the name and state of the damosel of Malthorpe; in which feigned condition, she, who was free of heart and thought, might haply find some diversion in the company of the strange knight—nay, might even move him with her beauty and gracious discourse to a more gentle and courteous usage of them than he had first purposed. But since this her wish was vain—as truly she knew the Lord Gilbert would suffer no such slight—she resolved to pray the Lady Eglantine at least to aid her with her presence and amiable demeanor, as often as they were constrained to endure such visit; and in this intent she rose hastily up, and went to seek her.

When she got to the door of the damosel Bradeston's chamber, in truth she began to doubt what manner of greeting might await her there; for then first came it into her head, how wholly of late, in her riding and roaming with the brother, the sister had been left of both to the fellowship and solace of Madam Joyce and her waiting damosel. But that fair lady, who never seemed pleased or otherwise after the fashion of other folks, showed no anger whatsoever at her past negligence, but readily and attentively hearkened to her relation of the knight's history, his usage of the squire in Bedfordshire, his demands on her own estate, together with his suit for herself, and her fixed denial thereof. Of other matters, such as her trothplight with Messire Piers, or her stolen wedding that was to have been, May Avis spoke not for very bashfulness; neither could she discover, from the looks and manner of the other, how much of all this was known to her—whether she forbore her on such themes from courtesy alone, or that she, in sooth, took no thought thereof—her only reply to the tale being an inquiry whether the house in Bedfordshire, that had been wrested from Messire Cottinton, was not called Dervil's Cross; a question whereunto May Avis could readily answer, since she had many times heard both Gillian and the dame her mother speak of Sir Thomas Mourtray's other dwelling-place by this name.

"Truly, so I deemed," said the damosel Bradeston. "It is, out of doubt, the same where we lay one night, two years agone, when my lady duchess went northward to meet my Lord Henry of Beaufort, then on the way back from York. Our lady to speed! the lord of that goodly place should be a right wealthy and worshipful man, without other gear. So may I prosper, sweet coz, as ye may well be joyful of so worthy and honourable a lover!"

"Nay, nay, dear Lady Eglantine, small joy or content might I find there, or in any other place, with such mate as this Sir Lance de Hacquingay—and so God be my speed, as I am firmly fixed to yield up manor-place and rent, lands and living, rather than join hands with any, save one who may have my love and good liking."

The Lady Eglantine here stood for a moment as if she had much ado to forbear laughing aloud; until perceiving that her cousin looked somewhat amazed, she said at last—"Yea, is it even so, ladybird? Now dare I lay my best carcanet, that we all know of one, to whom you would freely give both faith and love, and manor and lands, so you might but choose. Howbeit, no more of this—for by my sooth, I meant not to inquire into your counsels, but simply to tell you, that

as much as lies in my power, that will I do, and with a right good will, for your service or pleasure; in token whereof, to-morrow will I set me to make acquaintance with this valiant knight, wherein I doubt not to thrive, seeing it hath been my office at times to entertain folks of all humours and conditions, from my lord bishop down to Derby the herald. Only you shall pardon me if, in lack of all worthier disport, the example so lately before mine eyes should move me to take this forlorn wight for my own bachelor, to make him such amends as I may for your disdains."

"Now do I vow to sweet Saint Valentine, I could desire no better, dearest cousin Eglantine! Please God but that this knight were only worthy of your grace, how joyfully should I then quit to you both house and lands in this very moment!"

"And certes, my bell' Avise, in that case you should yield them but in word, as never were you more truly the lady of your own house, than you shall be of mine, wheresoever it may be appointed. But leaving such idle talk,—for well I trust some means may yet be found, whereby you shall continue to enjoy your lands, and in the fellowship of him on whom you would bestow them. I cannot choose but deem any wight well worthy of my grace, who hath such ample store of this world's gear, as hath this stout Sir Lance de Hacquingay; and, in sober sadness, I am so wholly weary of a court life, with its feigning and falseness, that gladly would I take hands with any honest gentleman who would assure me a homely sufficiency, and rest and peace for the time to come."

When the damosel Avis heard her cousin talk in this fashion, and saw how lightly she passed by the ill conditions of the stranger knight, she began to think the matter would end in more than a jest; for that he could behold unmoved so fair, and fresh, and gracious a creature, seemed impossible. And the more she pondered on this fantasy, the better pleased was she therewith; for since the damosel Bradeston desired to wed, not knighthood or gentilesse, but only broad lands and treasures, truly she could hardly mate more to her liking than with this rich Sir Lance; whilst to herself the loss of the Manor Place should no longer be a grief, since she would quit it to the sister of Messire Piers; and how amazed, and joyful, yea, and thankful to boot, should he be to find, that she had helped to gain for his sister, who doubtless he loved next after herself, the heritage she had so freely renounced for his sake! So delectable was this thought, that she well nigh forgot in it all her own cares and troubles, and waited the coming of this bold and martial knight, with little less eager desire to behold him than if he had been coming to make his suit to herself.

Prime of the morrow came—and therewith came my Lord Prior, with the stranger in his company, and straightway called for the damosel Avis, whose dismay (for her kinswoman's sake) may be more readily guessed than depicted, when she beheld, on entering the great parlour, the figure I will now essay to describe.

It was a grim, fierce-visaged giant, taller than the Lord Gilbert by more than a span, and stout and huge alike of brawn and bones; save that his head was so out of all measure small, that verily it might have been thought he had lost his own in the wars, and taken in its stead

another, which fitted him not. And it should seem that he had also gone nigh to wear out this second; his countenance having been sorely endamaged by a lance thrust, that had clean carried away his left eye, with half of the cheek below. Nor was this misadventure in anywise amended by the head gear; for his locks, which were grizzled, mixed with black, stood stiffly out from under his hood, much like the thatch of a barn. Also he halted of his right leg, which had been nailed to his saddle some thirty years before, in a skirmish at the barriers of Angouleme. He had teeth long and sharp-pointed as the tusks of a boar; and his speech, by reason of some harm that had befallen his tongue at the same time with his cheek, resembled not that of other men, but seemed to roll about awhile in his mouth, until at last, out rushed the words on a heap in such haste and fury, as if they were all doing battle amongst themselves. Of a surety, he was as stout and valiant a man at arms as May Avis herself could ever desire to meet with; and had served by sea and land for most part of the fifty and five years he had lived in the world; in all which time, having neither pity nor conscience to restrain him, he had gained much profit and booty, besides those undoubted tokens of his deeds and exploits to that he bore about with him.

Now this goodly person being the first right famous knight that the damosel had ever yet beheld, she would gladly have noted him well; but so fierce and grisly was he of aspect, that she adventured not a second look, but saluted him at distance, so soon as she had bent her knee before her lord; which courtesy he recompensed but by a nod, and then turning him to the Lord Gilbert, as if disdaining further heed of her, he pointed to some old portraitures on the wall, and spoke some few words, in a voice so loud and sudden, that the very sound thereof caused her to start.

"In good sooth, sir," replied that noble lord, "the legends of the house are but little known to me; since the year wherein I first took up my dwelling hereabout, was the last of Sir Thomas Mourtray's abiding at the manor-place. But if you would inquire aught thereupon, I would commend you to the damosel Avis, who hath goodly store of all such tales, betaught her by an ancient dame, erewhile of the household of the knights of Malthorpe. Draw nigh, I pray thee, maiden, and rehearse to this gentleman the history of those fair ladies and valiant men at arms, depicted on the walls yonder."

Verily the damosel Avis had liever run out of the chamber, than be thus set to tell histories, and do courtesies to this terrible fighting man, who had not so much as deigned to look upon her. But since her lord's pleasure must needs be obeyed, without yea or nay, she stood forward, and answered to all such questions as Sir Lancelot was pleased to ask touching those he called his kinsfolk on the walls, after so gentle and maidenly a fashion, yet in phrase so ready and suitable to the matter on hand, that the fierce-visaged stranger not only looked and listened as she spoke, but even nodded and smiled on her, though it was with a smile more grimly than the frown of any other man. Thus all went well, until unhappily it came into his head to inquire concerning the fair Edith de Mourtray; of whom the story ran, that she pined away and died a maid in Godstowe nunnery, for love of Godfrey de

Valence, younger brother to the Earl of Pembroke; her kindred suffering her not to wed, by reason that, being the first daughter born to their house for fifty years, they had vowed her to religion from her infancy.

Now by ill hap it chanced, that this same love-lorn maiden had been chosen by this worthy knight to be his own grandame, by means of a marriage he had devised for her, with one Sir Jordan de Hacquingay; and ill would he brook, as you may guess, to hear the damosel Avis thus impeach with her tale, the plea whereby he had made demand of her estate. Nevertheless, deeming silence in that tide the discreeter course, he listened on, only knitting his brows, and uttering ever and anon a loud "Ho!" or "Hah!"—until she came to relate, in the end of her legend, how the hard-hearted tyranny practised on this poor lady had been avenged, by there being never another maiden born amongst the Mourtrays from that time to the present; when, perceiving that he should be left utterly without a grandame if he stood not bravely in defence of the Lady Edith, he suddenly cried out in fury, "Maiden, ye speak false! By blood and nails it is foul villainy to say that my father's mother was a nun! God's dignity! if any man durst put such unseemly jest upon me, I had straightway broken his back, and bones to boot!"

"Nay, nay, sir knight—no more of this vehemence, I pray you!" said quickly the Lord Gilbert; "such angry mood befits not the presence of a gentle damosel, who hath but related, at your own desire, a tale, even as she learned it from others."

Whether this valiant knight was more moved by this rebuke to make excuse to the maiden, or to turn his ire against the last speaker, could not be known; for, in this very moment, the Lady Eglantine, fairer and fresher to behold than ever, came gliding in amongst them, with slow and swimming gait, like some bright queen of beauty, arrayed for tourney or banquet; her train borne up in state by damosel Alison, and her large white arm by the shoulder of little Tristan, the knave page.

The Lord Gilbert, who in his more pressing business had clean forgotten the presence of this gay lady at the manor-place, was something startled at her so sudden entrance, though he gave no sign thereof, saluting her with the grave courtesy that beseemed his estate and dignity. But Sir Lance de Hacquingay was so wholly enchanted by the sight of this bright and stately creature, that he stood gazing on her like one in a trance; and May Avis, who at his wrath had drawn back a pace or two, perceived, with womanly quickness, that there should not lack will on one side toward the marriage she desired to see; though she durst no longer hope that any devotion or service could win the damosel Bradeston to endure the fellowship of so ungainly and ungentle a wight. But little less amazed was she than Sir Lancelot himself, to see her cousin, without any the least change of her soft smiling mien, approach my Lord of Charlewode, and thank him with the courtly phrase and grace she had ever at command, for his goodness in assenting to her journey and visit there; to the sovereign advantage of her bodily health, as well as of her spirits—which last, she said, had been more refreshed than tongue could tell, by the

virtuous quiet of the place, and the fair company of her young friend, the damosel Forde.

The Lord Gilbert, though much suspecting some cunning design under all this glozing speech, yet made her a ready and courteous reply; whereupon, next addressing herself with the like gracious mien and manner to the ugly knight, who stood evermore gaping on her as at first, she smilingly prayed his pardon, for having, by her entrance, broken in on his discourse—(which, truly, might have reached her ears long ere she gained the doorway.) And with that, espying Dame Muriel, who had followed her into the chamber with a yeoman bearing wine and spices, she turned—and taking from the old wife the one cup and comfit-box, (whilst May Avis waited on her lord with the other,) she would hand both herself to the stranger; saying, with a pleasant sprightly air, that since she was for a season of the household at Malthorpe, she would by no means yield to any there the high honour and privilege of serving so worshipful a guest; and whom she had moreover so long desired to meet with from his high renown, as one of the most famous knights that ever laid lance in rest. All which fair speeches and flatteries this good knight drank in not less greedily than he did the rich wine of Spain, swallowing draught after draught of love and Malvesie, to the utter confusion of the little understanding he had at first; and assenting to all she said, from time to time, in such eloquent phrase as, "Aha, honey sweet, say ye so?"—"Now, by blood and bones, ye speak aright!"—"By God's arms, it is no nay!"—"Ho! by Saint Ronian, you have well said, sweetheart!"—and other the like rhetoric, which he bellowed out, truly as if he had been in chase of an enemy, and shouting his war cry.

Whilst this sudden courtship was going on at one end of the chamber, the Lord Gilbert, fixed in discourse with the damosel his ward within the great bay window opposite, was learning from her, though at whiles sorely interrupted by those furious outcries of the knight—all that Piers Bradeston had so lustily vowed and sworn the day before, which it may well be thought she failed not to set forth as she best might, for his honour and credit.

"Parfay, damosel!" he said when she had ended, "it may yet happily be, that this young gallant hath kept, through all the vices of his training and teaching, some strain of honesty and virtue; as bad schools are sometimes seen to send forth worthy clerks. And soothly, if there be within him any the least seed of goodness, it should now spring up under the sunshine of thy gentle, kindly affection, that chose him, not for covetousness or ambition, but would have amended his poor estate with thine own rich heritage. Wherefore, if this fair bachelor but bear him unto the end after his present show of faith and honesty, by my life he shall know that Gilbert Nevil can as frankly amend a wrong deem as any man. And not only shall he have thee, maiden, to his wife, without more ado, but my help and goodwill to his speed in the course whereof he speaketh; to recompence his truth, and remedy in some sort the loss that hath befallen thee through mine own misadventure. So may I thrive, as I had far liever mate thee with such an one, without other wealth than a stout arm

and stedfast heart, than with yonder godless knight, had he an earldom at his back!—though methinks yon fair lady hath lighted on wholly another conclusion thereupon. But of that no matter!—the damosel is plainly over well taught in worldly wisdom to need counsel or warning of any; and haply it may somewhat profit thee hereafter, to have one of thy own kindred for Lady of Malthorpe rather than an utter stranger."

And here the Lord Gilbert broke up the meeting, and took his leave of both maidens, as did Sir Lance de Hacquingay of Madam Eglantine alone—though not before he had accorded with her both time and place where they might meet again on the morrow.

Scantly were they out of hearing, when May Avis, simple child, ran and embraced her kinswoman, thanking her again and again for her gracious endurance of the company of such ungentle visitor for her sake.

"Nay, sweeting—no more thanks, beseech you!" laughingly answered the court lady. "Verily I would not have stood at a harder matter to do you service, than to stand by the space of half an hour, for a gazingstock to this worthy gentleman. Yea, and if it be true that women best love the sound of their own proper voices, then assuredly ought I to take sovereign delight in the good man's company; seeing that not only he forbore to break in on my talk, but behaved him, from first to last, as if he desired no other thing in life, save to listen and to stare upon me like one amazed."

"Holy mother!" said May Avis, "you should be joyful indeed, at his silence, had you but heard his voice in anger, as I did a breathing space before you came in. My certes, I have not listened to so terrible a roaring, since the bull that was wont to pasture down in the meadow at Bernard's when I was a little child."

"Ah, my pretty cousin!—little deem you how those men, the humblest and meekest seeming among them—can rage, and roar, and bicker, when they need no longer to dissemble for their own profit! By my sooth, I would hold it wisest to yoke myself with one, who seeketh not to counterfeit a smooth behaviour; since good hope is there, that he who bestoweth his ill conditions alike on all, shall have fewer to vent on his own household, than those false feigners, who whilst they make a fair and benign countenance to the world, do all the more pinch and wring with their tyranny such as have no help or escape therefrom."

"Why, holy Saint Peter!—sweet cousin Eglantine," cried May Avis in astonishment, "of a surety you dream not of taking hands with this ugly discourteous giant?"

"For his discourtesy, my bell Avise, as I have before said, I had liever wed one who should part his humours alike to all, than keep the whole for his wife's sole use and behoof. For his ugliness—truly, having no beauty of his own, reason is, he should therefore praise and honour mine the more; and lastly, for his goodly bulk and size, verily it beholdeth one who hath large possessions, to have both broad shoulder and brawny arm wherewith to keep them. So that, by your leave, fair cousin, my intent is no less fixed this morning than it was yester even to be the Lady de Hacquingay; in which place I look to speed

more pleasantly as well as profitably, for myself—for you—and if you will, for Messire Piers likewise—than I may ever hope to do, by tarrying on poor unfriended Eglantine de Bradeston."

May Avis assuredly had nought to say in answer, since her kinswoman was thus firmly set on her design, save to bid God speed her therein.

"Grand mercy, darling," said the lady, "and more—in guerdon of your goodwill, I will so order matters, that this terrible bachelor of mine shall affright you with his presence as little as may be, in time to come. Wherefore, to-morrow, I have consented to mount my palfrey and ride out a space in his company, so you will grant me the services of your people for the nonce, my Lord of Charlewode having been pleased to lay hands upon my own yeoman."

This slight grace being joyfully accorded by the damosel of Malthorpe, the two maidens parted—the one to ponder on the rich array and goodly possessions of her knight—the other to make comparison between his looks and behaviour, and the comeliness and courtesy of her gentle squire.

CHAPTER XIII.

The wooing of the Lady Eglantine.

The rising sun yet looked broad and ruddy, as he toiled upward through the early mist that lay on heath and woodland, and the air of the summer morning yet blew cool and fresh, when the damosel Avis upstarted hastily from her bed, at the trampling of horses on the court pavement over against the great door of entrance. Her first thought was of her bachelor, Messire Piers, whose eager desire to see and speak with her, she guessed, (and peradventure also hoped,) had brought him there at early dawn, before the Lord Prior, or the knight his guest, should be abroad; and in this fantasy, hastily apparelling herself in what came first to hand, she ran to the little croslet window overhanging the door, which was close to her own bower chamber. But how great was her amazement to see, in place of her handsome, gentle lover, a rout of people and steeds about the door porch—and in the midst thereof, the Lady Eglantine, who she believed would not have left her couch before prime for a matter of life and death, all arrayed in her riding gear, and in act to mount her steed; with the grim knight, Sir Lancelot, close by her side, plainly proffering his aid to lift her to her saddle. And though it seemed to May Avis that the worthy man performed his service with the very grace and gentleness of a juggler's bear, yet could she discern that her cousin accepted it with as soft and smiling an air, and as gracious thanks, as if he had been some courtly usher. Then the knight himself mounting, rode away by her side; holding in his huge Hainault charger to as slow a pace as accorded with the easy amble of her well-trained palfrey, and leaning down from his lofty war-saddle as they went, as if in fear to lose look or word from so beauteous a creature. After them followed the retinue of Sir Lancelot, to the number of some eight or ten lusty yeoman, all riding on fair coursers and hack-

neys, apparelled and harnessed in so rich and costly a fashion, that it was a pleasure but to behold them; and truly May Avis could not forbear thinking, as she looked, that she too could gladly desire such pomp of attendance, though not for a kingdom would she obtain it, by changing her fair squire for the knight below. Somewhat also did it inly fret her to see Dame Muriel, a moment ere they rode forth, in her gayest gown of red, and well-pinched wimple and coverchief, making her way hastily through the press, to serve the knight's morning cup with her own hands; proffering it with some courteous speech, whereof only the name of the De Mourtrays ascended to the croslet window above. Howbeit, whatever her say, it was plainly welcome— the knight replying not only with his wonted, "Hah, woman, you have well spoken!" — but in more profitable guise beside, by flinging into the cup a chain of gold; a largesse wherewith the dame was so well pleased, that May Avis heard her in reply, loudly praying God to give him speedy possession of his own.

The damsel turned away, sick and sorrowful at heart—for it was clear to her that the cause of the knight's coming was known and publicly talked of in her household, as also that even those who had been for so many years paid and fed from her substance, were nevertheless ready to rejoice with her adversaries in her downfall. Nay, more,—it seemed to her, as youth is ever hasty and impatient on first acquaintance with sorrow, that there was now no creature to take part with or pity her, but that all had joined together to oppress and work her annoy. Even the sprightly looks and gay array of the Lady Eglantine, as she espied her pacing along beneath the linden trees at the side of the grimly knight were an offence to her; and though the court damosel had but taken that which she had loathingly renounced, yet was she as ill pleased as if the other had stolen him away in her despite; and even Gillian, meek faithful Gillian, had so fallen from her favour, for the misdoings of the old shrew her mother, that she could not abide the sight of her. Sorely did she pine and grieve for the absence of Messire Piers, until she began to think it somewhat amiss, that he had not privily returned, maugre her lord's commands, to see how it fared with her, who was enduring so much for his sake; and once at unawares she fell to wishing—though truly she drove out the thought again as it had been a sin—that she could have, but for an hour, the company of John Ashtoft, who, her heart told her, would but have shown her more hearty love and kindness for the loss of her worldly prosperity.

Thus sad and alone, with none to comfort or aid, passed the hours until prime—when the noise and clatter of hoofs below gave warning of the return of the knight; and the damosel, who dreaded above all things that she might have the fellowship of himself and his boisterous route at mealtide in the hall, felt somewhat more at ease, when she found they were all departed, after bringing back the Lady Eglantine, who had straightway commanded to make ready for her, capon —or blancmanger—or whatever else could be most quickly prepared, since it pleased her not to tarry the household dinner.

"Yea, fair cousin mine," she said, as soon as she perceived the damosel Avis, "I have well and truly held my promise concerning

this terrible fighting man, who verily hath not crossed your threshold this day. And to keep him, for your greater ease, at the outer side thereof yet longer, by your leave I will hastily refresh myself in this chamber, that I may be ready to take the air again with Sir Lancelot, so soon as his meal at the cell shall be ended."

"Grandmercy for your kindness, dear cousin," said May Avis, "yet well I trust you sent not this noble gentleman away ill pleased with his lack of welcome."

"By my bravest headtire, that had been no easy matter!" answered the damosel Bradeston laughing. "Truly, my bell' Avise, the good man knoweth right well, that our maidenly estate suffereth us not to entertain such guest in private here, with no higher countenance than of Madam Pauncefort and the confessor."

Now certes, the thanks of the damosel Avis for 'scaping the presence of Sir Lance de Hacquingay should have been rendered, not to her kinswoman, but to the good cheer of Charlewode Priory; that lusty knight, who followed not in anywise the courteous customs of his namesake, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, having sworn stoutly,—in answer to her pressing entreaties for his company at the Manor Place—both by blood and nails, and all the blessed saints to boot, that he were but a fool and a dolt, who would leave swan and venison at the board of a Lord Prior, to sip mead and pick larks' bones with a pair of wenches.

Howbeit, finding little to divert or stay him at Charlewode after the dinner-meal, (since the Lord Gilbert, though well loving hospitality and seemly mirth, yet gave no countenance to riot and wassail within the walls of a cloister,) this goodly bachelor, with his train, again rode up to the court gate of Malthorpe by noon or little after; when the Lady Eglantine, whose palfrey stood all ready arrayed within, tripped out to greet him as blithely and nimbly as if she had been his knave page; beseeching dear Avis to pardon her, if need should be that she must bring in the knight for one short while in the way homeward, to rest and refresh him with a cup of wine until it should be suppertide at the Priory. Then mounting as before, they ambled away as they had done in the morning; May Avis, as she looked after them from the lattice, little dreaming, that the knight's riding, both early and late, had been but over her own lands and farms—to take account of the wood and cattle, and all such gear thereon; and command the folk, both free tenant and thrall, that they should pay no more rent or service to the daughter of Daniel Forde the usurer, who had wickedly and wrongfully despoiled the heirs of Sir Thomas de Mourtray—of whom, he being the nighest, was come, he said, by the help of God and the king's grace, to amend that shameful wrong and robbery.

In due time they came again,—and both now lighting down from their steeds, repaired straight to the great chamber of dais, as May Avis, who adventured not forth of her own bower, could know by the tramp of the knight's heels, as he strode along hall and gallery. Then this valiant bachelor called for wine—and the damosel Eglantine bid bring her lute; and the one sang, and talked, and made mirth

and melody, whilst the other drank and shouted, and swore himself her true knight. Likewise the yeoman of Sir Lancelot called for meat and wine, and the best of all in the house; and ate and drank, and played at tables and hazardry, shouting and swearing after their lord's usage; making such, riot, and waste, and uproar, that verily Madame Eglantine's people were but as lambs to compare with these. Only was there Dame Muriel that complained not thereof; but drank, and laughed, and made them all manner of friendly cheer; and all for love, as she vowed, of their knight, and the blood of the old lords of Malthorpe. As for the damosel Avis, who had never before heard such lawless revellers, she was so scared at the noise and unruly clamour of the strangers, that she ran and shut herself up in the most secret nook of the housetop, praying without ceasing to Mary mother, that Sir Lance might hold her in too great disdain to desire her presence. And happily for her, so it proved; for after this fashion they drove away the day, both in hall and court, without thought of her, until the sun had stooped below the heads of the tall trees, and the great bell of the Priory sounded at distance over the woodlands for evening song.

The ensuing day, and the next, and the next after, was this same game played over again, both by high and low; the retinue of the knight feasting, and revelling, and rioting at Malthorpe the afterpart of each day, all at cost of the damosel Forde, whom they were disparaging and reviling the while; and their lord and the court lady spending their leisure after the guise of lovers, even as Messire Bradeston and the poor forlorn maiden above had done so short time before them; though methinks the labour of love-making, which had there fallen to the share of the squire, should of necessity here be sustained by the damosel, her stout knight knowing little other form of speech beside his oaths, and to shout, "St. George for Guienne!"

Now, some who read this history may desire to know what was said or done in all this while both by my Lord Prior and the prudent woman Madam Joyce.

The good prelate, seeing that the best which could now fall out for the damosel Avis was to have her near kinswoman for the new lady of Malthorpe, held it wisest neither to meddle nor make in the matter, but leave the wily maiden to work out her own devices as she best knew how to do, purposing, when he saw occasion, to treat for some amends from the lands for his ward. And for the aunt, truly she fared at this season as do commonly in times of trouble those who have overmuch craft and little store of honesty—like one on a stormy sea, without sail or rudder. For now began she to discern how utterly she had deceived both herself and her fair nephew in her construction of the Lord Gilbert's tale, when all too late to advise Messire Piers of her error; and the thought of his return, and his anger, (which, despite her foolish love for him, she knew to be both fierce and hasty,) held her in continual fear. Neither saw she what course to follow at this season—one hour inclining to tarry on with May Avis in her fallen fortune, and trust to the sure bounty of my Lord Prior—in the next devising how to gain a more profitable place in the house of the

new lord, by aid and favour of her niece Bradeston—and anon, well nigh resolving to gather together a goodly store of florins that she had laid up year by year, from the time of coming to Malthorpe, and depart therewith privily, out of the knowledge of all the rout; so that, what with her care and concern for her own matters, in truth she took little or no heed of what was going forward amongst them; neither would it have aught availed her to be busy therein, the lady Eglantine having, out of hand, assumed the mastery of all there—commanding, governing, and ordering the household after so high and masterful a fashion, in the name of Sir Lancelot, as plainly showed she had the ancient knight fast bound in Cupid's chains—which have been deemed by high authorities to take firmer hold on age and gray hairs than on gay and lusty youth.

It was the Sunday even, and the fifth day since this doughty fighting man had first arrived in those parts, when the rightful lady of the house, who had throughout the time kept her own chamber for dread of him and his godless crew, was sent for by the damosel Bradeston, to attend upon her in the great paved parlour.

In former days, May Avis would have answered such arrogant summons by a flat and angry denial; but she was too heavy of heart at this time to bicker for small matters, so went down at once to the parlour, where was her kinswoman, all alone, and looking, in richness of attire and stateliness of mien, as if she were already a duchess at the least.

"Your pardon, belle Avise," she said, scarcely saluting her, "for thus thrusting my company on you, to the hindrance, it may be, of your own gentler musings; yet needs must I advise you, with whom I was so long an honoured guest (whilst I pay my thanks for such courtesy) of the wedding which shall be performed to-morrow, after early mass, in the chapel here, between the noble knight, Sir Lance de Hacquingay, and a certain damosel you wot of, whom folks call Eglantine de Bradeston."

"What! so suddenly shall it be, cousin?" answered May Avis, who felt somewhat displeased for Piers Bradeston's dignity, that his pleasure and presence had not been waited for. "Now, God give you all joy and prosperity therein!—though methinks you should do better to tarry in seemly fashion for the coming and consent of your brother and lawful—"

"By Saint Eloy, I might tarry long enow in that case, as I deem!" said the court lady—"grandmercy for your teaching, gentle maiden! But verily, it is little that Dan Piers hath further to mell or make in my business; since nothing availeth it the guardian his right to forbid the spousal, when the bridegroom is of greater might and estate than himself. And, by my fay, small need have I, in any case, to be afraid of his making fine or forfeiture of my dower in punishment of my offence—for this reason, that he himself hath long ago wasted the whole thereof, in the worshipful company of dicers and revellers."

May Avis started back at these last words, with look as pale and aghast as if she had beheld a serpent under her feet; for she had first been moved in favour of Messire Bradeston by her aunt's tale of

his brotherly kindness, in yielding up his own small substance on behalf of his young sister; but in the next moment she blushed at her suspicion, and turned angrily to Madam Eglantine with,

"Fie upon you, damosel! thus for a froward humour to slander and missay an honourable gentleman, and your own nighest of kindred; for truly I cannot credit that you speak thus from your heart of him—he, who so freely gave up his whole living for your better fosterage and nurture."

Madame Eglantine, when she heard this, set herself to laugh, but it was after a bitter fashion.

"Ben'cite, minion, are you crazed?" she said; "or dream you so wholly day and night of the honey-tongued squire—whom scantly may I call *your* bachelor, since he hath been vowed to half a score damosels before you—that you no longer know sleep from waking, and must needs tell your visions for truths? But if Piers Bradeston, in his eager desire for your liking and lands, hath indeed devised to get him credit at my cost by any such feigned tale, I will plainly tell you that I am no more beholden to him than as a ward must look for sustenance to the hand of the guardian who hath spent and stolen her gear—which small amends, God wot, was ever sparingly and grudgingly bestowed, from the leavings of his own riot and folly, and spiced with many a hard word and tyrannous deed. And truly, both of these, and others of this fair squire's goodly thewes* and customs, would I more fully advise you, maiden, in payment of your former harbourage of myself, but that you stand in no further peril therefrom, since assuredly his love and service shall flit away at the heels of the riches that first won them."

"Now, shame, shame upon you, lady Eglantine!" cried the damosel, who felt as if her heart would burst if she could not ease it by chiding—"a foul shame come on you for an evil sister, thus to malign your own flesh and blood!—or, supposing that ye had said but the truth, as very God forbid! how durst ye speak it to my face, who had never so much as seen him but at your own prayer, and to do you service and pleasure?"

"Saint Mary! how knew I you were thus lightly to be won, maiden?—over and above, that I deemed you from the first fast plighted and promised to the knaveboy over yonder, that my lord of Charlewode—in his wisdom, as it now appears—had designed to mate with you."

Thus far May Avis had valiantly quitted her cousin word for word; but this charge of lightness, and from one who had herself sped so over hastily to her bridal, so astounded her, that she could not readily frame a reply, which the damosel Bradeston perceiving, went on to use the advantage she had gained.

"Howbeit," she said, "I desired not your company at this tide to hold debate on the conditions, good or evil, of Piers Bradeston, whose face it is my fixed purpose never again to behold of free choice, but to tell you of what is on hand for to-morrow, and moreover, that it is the will of my noble lord that ere long shall be, (as he is already the

* Qualities.

lord of all here,) that both yourself and the worthy woman your aunt avoid the chapel so soon as mass is ended, it being against his liking that any remain in presence save his own and my lord of Charlewode's people."

May Avis, who had been about to break in with a sharp and angry reply, at sound of her lord's name felt her heart and spirits fail her at once, for it now seemed as if she was cast off by the whole world.

"And knoweth my lord of all this in very deed?" she said at last, faintly.

"Yea, maiden—and wherefore should he not? Shall a valiant knight of worth and degree be wedded, think you, with no higher solemnity than a beggarly squire? Verily it is concluded, that my Lord Gilbert comes hither, to perform the holy rite betwixt Sir Lancelot and myself, at early prime to-morrow; that we may set forward without delay towards our house in Bedfordshire, where we may keep the state and array befitting our place, more at large than in this small and sorry dwelling, which shall serve us but for a hunting-lodge in time to come. Also I am bidden to tell you, that it hath pleased Sir Lancelot, of his high bounty, to bestow on you a reasonable sustenance out of the lands of Malthorpe, as will be more fully rehearsed to you after we are set forth—my noble lord, as you may guess, having no will to hold discourse thereon with the daughter of Daniel Forde, the bailiff, who wickedly stole away his lord's goods. Nevertheless, since it were overhard to punish you to the uttermost for the trespass of another, he hath graciously accorded you a fitting maintenance; and likewise if you should be yet in these parts, when we return hither for hawking and hunting, I will, out of doubt, move him yet further in your favour. And now, without more words or courtesies, must I give you God speed, and take my leave—my mails being yet to make, as also my jewels and apparel, to sort and order for morning."

With that the damosel Eglantine gathered up her train, and paced forth of the chamber, with as soft and smiling an air as if she had been doing all manner of kindness and service to the poor young thing she left there.

"Now the holy mother help and keep us, my dear young lady, for my certes, ye look ready to swoon," cried Gillian, as she ran to meet and help the maiden, who was slowly climbing the stair to her own chamber, looking like one more dead than alive. "Here, dearest lady, let me help you to your bed, and then will I run and fetch you a small sup of wine, if the strangers, that are wasting and devouring day by day at your cost, will spare you thus much of your own."

"Alas, Gillian, say not so!" answered the maiden, with a heavy sigh. "All those days are gone and past, and I have nought at Malthorpe now, save griefs and wrongs. But get me quickly to bed, as thou hast said—for verily between a sick heart and an aching head, I am fit for no other place;—and then, Gille, if thou takest heed to thine own good, thou wilt go proffer thy service, whilst it is yet time, to the new lady. Of a truth, she hath power to requite it better than poor Avis Forde, who, peradventure, must live from henceforth

by the labour of her own hands." And thus saying, she turned away her face, and hid it in her pillow, piteously weeping.

"Now God so shield and save me, in this world and the next, mine own dear lady, as never will I forsake or leave ye, for aught but death or your own desire, so long as I have limb to toil, or tongue to beg for ye! In sooth, dear damosel, ye have had cruel wrong and treachery of many, yea, and of some whose falseness I shame but to think upon—therefore less marvel is it that such unthank should move ye to deem of all alike. But yet bethink you, if she that hath had charge of you since ye were an infant—(and a joy and a comfort it hath been to her)—she whose name was the first word ye were ever heard to speak, and who never gat look or speech of love from any other—bethink you, I say, if silly Gille could fall away from you at this time o' day, for any worldly disgrace or adversity."

May Avisa's thought was straightway shown by her throwing herself on the neck of the faithful wench, and with tears praying her to forget all her late frowardness and unkindness; which in truth, what with her disquiet of mind, and her reasonable anger at the ill behaviour of old Muriel, had been no light matter to endure. Then, as soon as she could speak, she told her all that the damosel Bradeston had said, save what concerned Messire Piers; but of that she could not bear to think, far less to talk; feeling much like one, with a sharp thorn in his flesh, which frets and rankles with every touch.

Her silence truly imported not;—Gillian being before aware, not only of all her lady related, but also of what she kept back, and even of somewhat more beside—the knave page and waiting damosel having prated without ceasing to all that would hearken, of the young squire's vices and follies, his haunting of taverns, and playing at dice, with many more things that it were needless here to rehearse—from the time they found that the Lady Eglantine had brought her device to a happy ending, and should be no more under his yoke. But this, faithful Gillian was over tender-hearted to discover to her lady in her present distress; the rather, since it was plain, even to her simple wit, that little further acquaintance should they have, by his own goodwill, with Messire Piers, now that the damosel Forde had ceased to be lady of Malthorpe. So she but soothed, and did her best to comfort her with gentle words and entreaties; and when by this means the maiden's grief and tears were somewhat stilled for awhile, she went softly down to the garden, and gathered divers herbs and simples, in all which, with their virtues and uses, she had sovereign skill, having been therein instructed of that good old monk, who was their confessor before Sir Matthew. Of these she compounded a narcotic, which, when she had tempered and made it pleasant to the taste, she gave to May Avis; and then drawing a curtain between her and the light, and beseeching her to take courage, in the full affiance that the Lord Gilbert would never forsake her, howsoever things might seem to them at that moment—she shut close the chamber, and taking with her the key, went to seek out Madam Joyce, to whom the damosel had prayed her to make known the Lady Eglantine's commands touching her avoidance of the chapel next morning.

Of a surety those—and many such there were—who had been beguiled by this worthy woman's soft, small voice, and slow cautious speech, into deeming her the meekest creature that ever broke bread, had been not a little amazed at beholding and hearing her under this affront, which was certes, the last thing she had looked for at the hand of her fair niece Bradeston.

"The base wench! the proud pie! the saucy minion!"—she shrieked out, her voice growing louder and shriller at every word;—"was it for this I brought her here, at very peril of my own place, when but for me she had been turned out to the street, to roam about for a glee maiden with ape and juggler?—yea, and made a long and painful journey to Hertford, with risk of life and limb, to fetch her—and furnished her hitherward, all at my own proper cost, when her own lady had cast her off, without frank or florein? And all for this goodly guerdon?—to be bidden avoid her presence as it were a thrall, a lazar? But so help me God, as they shall hear the truth, both she and her old doting knight!—yea, that shall they, if I die for it!"

Thus saying, away hastened Madam Joyce toward her niece Bradeston's chamber, in such fiery wrath, that Gillian, who followed at distance, was sorely afraid for Madam Eglantine's cheeks and eyes; and above all when, in passing by the door she found, by the clamour within, that the aunt had already gained entrance, and was using all diligence to amend the uneasiness her tongue had suffered during so many long years of constraint. So great, verily, was the noise and uproar, that she tarried not to hear the end thereof, but hasted onward to cover up May Avis's head yet closer than before, lest the outcry might awaken her, even maugre her sleeping drink. And this done, she forthwith made fast the chamber-door, and trimmed and lighted her lamp—then sat her down to watch patiently by her young lady's bedside until the dawn.

THE TRIO OF TRAVELLERS.[1]

BY ABBOT LEE.

THE most hopeful, the most opulent, and the most happy of our railway "Trio of Travellers," arrived all duly and truly, safe, sound, and undamaged, at the Nine Elms terminus, and being properly unlocked, unpacked, and delivered out of the paddings and waddings of the jewel-case sort of casket in which he had been transported from one place to another like a consignment of glass, labelled, "with great care, and this side uppermost," he found himself actually standing on his own feet. if not on *terra firma*, and under the poetical canopy of heaven, with its deep blue curtain, and its spanglings and fringings of golden stars, yet at least with a sufficiently firm footing on the railway platform, and with its broad roof, like a good-sized umbrella, stretched over his head. Notwithstanding that a little disagreeable misgiving, a slight sprinkling of disappointment, and the least possible smack of fear of he did not know what, had got some way or another mixed up with the hopes of his heart, yet these, dregs as they were, sank down to the bottom like an unpleasant sediment, and the brisk fermentation of happy hopes went on at the top in a particularly fine state of effervescing activity: and as Harry Cameron, Esq. leaped lightly out, liberated from his flying prison, he felt that this much abused world was a very delightful world, notwithstanding all the traductions of its enemies; and that it could be nothing but spite and malice that could make people rail against it; and full of the buoyancy of this oxygen idea, which served to float and inflate him like a balloon in the seventh heaven of hope, he entirely overlooked, like other infidels, that such a horrible thing as the hell of disappointment stood ready with open gates, and with such a sort of suction power breathing out as to make the dropping into it not at all an affair of choice, but a matter of overwhelming necessity. Harry Cameron, however, was as blind as youth and hope could make him: the scales had not yet fallen from his eyes, and he was so absurd as to think himself awake when he was fast asleep and dreaming; and though he actually brushed past a slight dark figure, with a shawl wrapped over its head, possibly to keep out the cold, and heard a sigh, like that of the last agonized gasp of a broken heart, yet was he too much engrossed with his own greediness after happiness, even to think that sorrow might be in the heart of another—the canker-worm in its living grave. Well, happiness is a selfish thing, after all.

Harry Cameron's cab rattled him out of that railway hemisphere, rattled him out of the dusty suburbs, and rattled him into the dominions of the city's Annual, (for the city has its Annual as well as literature,) and having rattled over all sorts of pavements, wooden and what not, at last debarked its burden on the steps of one of those spacious, handsome, antiquated elephants of houses, one apartment of which might swallow up half a dozen modern villas, without suffering

[1] Continued from p. 214.

any inconvenience, on the staircases of which a couple of omnibuses might pass and repass; and in which, if you had the desire to make a progress or a tour from one end to the other, the said vehicles might be found considerably useful in the saving of time at sixpenny fares: in short, young Harry Cameron entered one of those city palaces, which are properly enough found in the centre of *courts*, and which it is a mighty pity to find all dead and buried.

Howbeit, Mr. Peter Wyatt, of the famous firm of Wyatt and Wiggins, had twice worn the gorgeous gold gyves that fetter the lord mayor to the civic easy chair, and his name was in excellent odour with all the liverymen, and aldermen, and deputies, and dunces, and plotters, in all the Wards Within and Without, inasmuch as more defunct turtle had been dished and done, and more of the blood of the bottle shed in his mayoralty than in that of any other mortal mould of mayor. No wonder, then, that Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor was a great man, even in his own opinion—now, truly, a man ought to know himself the best.

A couple of six-feet, enrolled in splendid liveries, very nearly took their measurement on the stone hall, as Harry Cameron rushed past them, and perforated into the presence of Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor, who was sitting discussing the merit of some superb claret, his face refracting the rays of some half-dozen wax-candles, mounted on an equal number of gigantic silver candlesticks, with a Turkey carpet, as soft as flattery, under his feet, and a show of plate spread out in the background that would have gladdened the heart of a miser, though Cellini might have seen nothing in it but vulgar metal. The air was redolent of ambrosial food, and the wine glittered and glistened like nectar in the glasses.

"My dear uncle!"

"Well, Harry my boy! I mean—I mean—you young scamp!"

"Merry as ever, uncle. But how are you?"

"Might have been dead and buried for aught you cared, and nobody to write my epitaph."

"Well, am I here in time to write your epithalamium?"

"Ha! ha! ha! you're an odd fish, Harry! an odd fish!"

"People say I am like you, uncle."

Mentally or bodily Harry Cameron did not specify. Some slight difference there undoubtedly was between the elongation and circumference of the two individuals.

"Like you, Harry, ha! Well, you really are a good-looking fellow."

"Well, but the epithalamium?"

"No, no, not I! I want no epithalamium, but I wish you did. What I am to do for a lady mayoress next November I don't know."

"Your third mayoralty, my lord uncle."

"Ay, lad, my third. And I will give them such dinners. We'll make the old lady in Threadneedle-street totter and shake with the merry echoes of the Mansion House. O, boy, if you would only get married, and let me have a lady mayoress!"

"O, uncle, how well you would look with a beautiful creature

with large, lustrous, melting, tender, swimming eyes by your side—looking up to you."

"Ah, boy!"

"And a complexion as pure as a snowdrop——"

"Boy! boy!"

"And hair hanging in rich, classical braids, as dark as a raven's wing, and as glossy as——"

"Oh, Harry, I'd bind it up with diamonds!"

"And a figure leaning upon you like one of the divine creations of Phidias suddenly turned into breathing living grace."

"I'd robe her in velvet! I'd clothe her in a fabric of gold! I'd hang her round with pearls, and emeralds, and rubies—I'd——"

"With a smile like sunshine, and a voice like music."

"What a lady mayoress! The whole city should toast her, from one extremity to the other, in bumpers of wine! There should not be a sober liveryman in all my mayoralty the very next ninth of November. O, Harry, if you would only make it your wedding-day!"

"My dear uncle, I am willing, so that you be the same."

"What! Harry! may I believe my ears! What! You marry?"

"Ay, why not, uncle?"

"Why not! Why because you have always been such a cold-hearted scornful cynic, so critical and so querulous, that there was nobody good enough for you in this wide world of ours. Why surely, boy, you would never fall in love with anything made of flesh and blood! with anything that could eat and drink! no, not you. You are but jesting. You must have some statue of the old Grecians brought to life, or some painting of the old Italians, or some heroine angel of the poets, taught to open and shut its eyes, and to move its limbs daintily, and to look a little like humanity, only a great deal more like a divinity."

"My dear uncle——"

"But the idea of a woman that could laugh when she should be only capable of a smile, or eat roast beef and plum-pudding when she ought only to imbibe nectar and ambrosia; and to walk, or perhaps run, when she ought to have wings and fly."

"My dear uncle——"

"But, above all, a woman that might grow old when a goddess should be in her teens to all eternity—Oh, Hal! Hal!"

"To this condition must we come at last!" said Harry Cameron.

"But are you sure that you have come to this at last, Harry, you rogue? Are you sure you are not hoaxing, badgering, bantering, jesting?"

"As sure that I am in earnest as that my hopes are serious."

"Well, Harry, well, and you really are ready to run your neck into the noose? Ah, that hanging matter is the worst part of a sheriff's duty. I had one execution during my shrievalty. Heyho! I shall never forget it! It's true that I shut my eyes all the while, but, Hal, *I saw with my eyes shut. I saw with my heart*, and the picture has not quite faded away even yet! Oh, Hal, the cowardly horror of that man's last look—'tis enough to turn one to stone even to think of it. No, no, I won't jest you, my boy—I won't indeed."

"I would rather you should do so than look thus sombre."

"A fig for miserable thoughts! And that, too, with a wedding on the carpet! But, come now, Hal, tell me all about your courtship. Master Poet, Master Painter, Master Fiddler, let us hear the items of your account."

Whereupon Master Harry Cameron commenced a full and particular account, which was also a true one as far as that freaky, restive, prankish sort of a thing imagination could be made to conform to pace, of his travelling adventures, and of his encounter with our marvellous heroine, with all the hows and whys and wherefores contingent upon that circumstance, in which narrative he doubtless painted our poor Hester as perfectly peerless, and softened all the old gentleman's offensive traits of character into those gentle gentlemanlylike peculiarities of a rather peculiar eccentricity.

"Poor little lassie!" said Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor, with a sigh; "rather a sorrowful sort of a life for a bit of a girl—I beg your pardon—for an entire angel. But never mind, never mind; you were always an oddity yourself, with your rhyming, and fiddling, and chiselling, and daubing—I beg your pardon, I mean of course with your taste for poetry and the arts. Here you, who have looked so scornfully on Deputy Dere's daughters, and would not look at all at Alderman Ayre's houris, have turned on your heel away from the sheriff's darlings, and would not even dance with a real right rubified lady mayoress, have just taken the freak into your head of falling in love—O, what a fall!—with some beautiful beggar of Bethnal Green. But never mind, Hal, my boy, I do verily believe that poverty is the best proof of honesty, for if men were rogues they certainly would be richer. In all my experience, I never knew a man who would be a rogue for nothing; and now, my dear fellow, if you can prove to my satisfaction that this pretty Cinderella of yours has no other sin to answer for but honesty, so long as she has a decent name, unpolluted with the stain of fraud or wrong, let her father's errors be only those of eccentricity, wrong-headedness, nay, let him even be a little crack-brained if you will—I will not care for that,—let her be but the next akin to a parish pauper, and let what in your eyes would be poetical drapery seem but rags to mine,—let her, Hal, I say, be as poor and ill-fed as a church mouse, only having an unspotted integrity, and you shall have my consent with all my heart!"

"My dear uncle, my debts of gratitude are—"

"Are all honoured and paid, and not one of them was ever noted."

"I have not attempted to veil the poverty of this alliance."

"Ah, Hal, my boy, you are the most romantic blockhead the world ever produced. The poverty that would have frightened any other such dainty fellow would only attract your poetical heart. But you take after your uncle in that, boy. Poverty may be a misfortune, but it is not a fault. I began the world with twopence and clouted shoon, and here I am the head of the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins, with money enough—but I won't boast—and just about to enter my third mayoralty. Ah, Harry, lad, you take after me in that. You don't look on poverty like the plague, and run away from a man in rags as though he were a leper. This good city of London has had many

a lord mayor cultivated out of a bare-headed charity boy, with a skull-cap under his arm. Poor lassie! I dare say she has had a hard life of it, but now we'll turn over a new leaf in this book of hers. Dear little soul, she shall take her place as *my* lady mayoress. Ha! ha! ha! what a change that will be to her! Won't her little head be turned? I say, Hal, after all, perhaps I may supplant you, turn you out of her little heart, and pop myself in! Ha! ha! ha! don't be jealous. However, I *shall* do one thing. I shall present her with her diamonds for her first city dinner, the next ninth of November, and she shall officiate as lady mayoress, and she shall dance with the prime minister, and she shall—she shall—"

"Bravo! my dear uncle. I pledge you all my taste and all my honesty that such a lady mayoress never took the head of the civic table, and proud enough shall I be to see my beautiful Hester blushing by your side, and bowing her classical head to all the John Bulls and Mrs. Bulls that may be turtle feasting there. I will lend her to you with all my heart."

"Ay, ay, Hal, I shall expect the loan of your wife as often as I wish to make a show of her. Ah, Hal, you don't know how often I have been tempted to get married myself, on purpose to secure a lady mayoress, and what a plague it has always been to me to have to put up with some rubicund, round, rollicking dame, with an everlasting simper, and a never-satisfied appetite. But now, hark ye, my boy—do the thing delicately. How shall we manage to put a little money into the old gentleman's pocket without making him fidgety? You must contrive all that, only let it be done. When do you fly off again back to my little lady mayoress?"

"The first train in the morning—I shall be with her by breakfast-time."

"And I shall expect you to report progress by the first post. But now for another matter—you know that scoundrel Henderson."

"Well, my dear uncle, what of him?"

"What of him! why, he has escaped us again!"

"He is a clever rogue."

"Clever rogue indeed, to go off with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket of our money, the hard-gathered gold of Wyatt and Wiggins!"

"Clever, to hoodwink your keen eyes, dear uncle."

"Ay, Harry, there's the rub! A palpable rogue! a palpable rogue! Twenty thousand pounds of dishonest gain in his pocket! Why, Harry, had it been twice the sum, and honestly lost, the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins would have shaken hands with the fellow, and said, never mind it, honest man; here's five pounds to begin the world again with, and the next mayoralty must go minus a few pipes of wine—and yet, no, they shouldn't, Hal! Wyatt and Wiggins need not to practise any little bits of mean economy to make a straight ledger even for the loss of a plum! But I do hate to be cheated!—cheated and then laughed at! Insult on injury! To go off with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, laughing in his sleeve at Wyatt and Wiggins. O, the old scoundrel! Eating his chicken and drinking his champagne, when he ought to be living on a herring and

potatoes, or a crust and cold water! Well, Harry, well, I won't go into a passion! But I shall find the rogue yet! I shall have him! pounce upon him in some sly, luxurious corner, fix a claw upon his shoulder, and say, Wyatt and Wiggins request the pleasure of your company to the Queen's Bench! I would not be severe upon an honest man, but the fellow's a swindler, Hal! But I've offered a reward, Hal, and that will soon bring him. Money can do anything in this world, and Wyatt and Wiggins are tolerably weighty. But I won't talk any more about the old rogue. Give my love to my pretty niece that is to be, and tell her to practise lady mayoressing against the next ninth of November."

Need we tell that Harry Cameron tracked back again his way to Winchester, buoyantly happy in his joyous hopefulness? Need we tell the blank dismay that followed on that bright page of his destiny? Need we tell how he raved and fretted? Need we tell how he questioned and cross-questioned every being with whom his idol had fallen in contact? How he raved in the lone, comfortless, tenantless chamber she had so lately occupied! How he trod in her footsteps, sat in her seat, and fancied that all was hallowed her eye had looked upon, her hand had touched! and, at last, how, in the frenzy of his passion, he sought once more those old cathedral walls where he had so often gazed upon her, associated with all that is solemn and majestic, until he fancied the simple girl beatified: and how, at length, with brain bewildered and a heart like a madman, he returned to seek consolation of the Ex-Lord-Mayor.

We are obliged to hurry over these things, though doubtless much curious and interesting matter might be disclosed did our limits allow. Suffice it to say, that, on the coolest consideration of a distempered brain, Harry Cameron came to the conclusion that his divinity was not, could not be, in the slightest degree chargeable with his disappointment; that, on the contrary, she herself was victimized; that nobody was in the least to blame saving and excepting that old barbarian her papa, and that he was the most selfish of all living misers in desiring to keep such a treasure of a daughter to himself. He remembered the changeful mood of the old man, fluctuating between the perception of great aggrandizement to the girl and great deprivation to himself, and at once acquitting Hester of all share of this strange cruelty, he unhesitatingly laid the whole load upon the shoulders of the old man, who was the third person singular of our "Trio of Travellers."

As for Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor, he at once came to the rational conclusion that the old gentleman was insane, and the simple fact that he had ran away with his own daughter from an alliance with wealth and splendour at once exonerating him from every suspicion of self-advantage or pecuniary grasping, the culprit was in some measure advantaged in his opinion, since insanity, like poverty, was an involuntary crime.

So young Cameron went to work as hard as possible to discover the srtdrat of his fugitives, love inspiring the nephew to trace the abceeoner from his heart as much as indignation did that of the uncle

to find the absconder from his just debts. Each offered rewards, each strove to track the footsteps of their own respective lost ones, each laboured incessantly, and we shall by and by discover with what effect.

Harry Cameron had just dressed, most reluctantly, for a civic dinner, in which the plate of the Goldsmith's Company was to glitter for the eyes, and Birch's viands were to charm the palate. The dark-green carriage, with the drab-coloured frontispiece and drab coloured afterpiece—that is to say, the Jehu and the John—were waiting at the door, when one of the Bow-street gentlemen, to whom Harry Cameron had given a retaining fee, for the sake of energising his intellect and sharpening his faculties, to discover his lost and mislaid ladye-love, suddenly put in a claim for an audience, which having been instantly admitted, the man was admitted also, despite the waiting gentlemen of the staff, and the cooling turtle, and a thrill of rapture ran through the honest heart of the lover when the Bow-street hound announced that he came to desire the payment of his promised hundred pounds, having earned so much of his proffered reward by the discovery of the younger gentleman's runaway, though the hundred which was to follow on the detention of Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor's swindling Henderson was yet in perspective.

Heigho! 'Tis of no use for people to say that sunshine and sadness are all imparted, and that we see, not with the mind's eye, but with the heart's eye. Sure we are that insensate and inanimate objects have a character. Which of us cannot bethink himself of some cheerful nook that seems to lie ever in the sunshine; and which of us can help thinking of some gloomy dwelling, some monotonous, sombre street, some soul-chilling apartment, into which the sun never sends his joyousness, in which the lip of man never brightens into a smile—in which the very walls darken with gloom, in which the very windows let nothing in but sickly and sorrowful light? Ay, there are dwellings that seem worse than prisons, and which we even seem to inhabit with merely thinking upon.

In a lonely court, almost within the hearing of the ticking of St. Saviour's clock, stood one of these sallow diseased looking houses, and in an upper chamber of that shattered tenement, scarcely indeed containing the prophet's garniture, boasting only a paltry deal table, a couple of rickety chairs, with an emaciated candle, the next of kin to a rushlight, we find our heroine.

We don't at all know how many degrees of comparison connected or divided this wretched habitation and that splendid city feast at the Goldsmith's Hall, where a chair was standing empty, ready in waiting for Harry Cameron, Esq.

But Harry Cameron, Esq. was standing at the door of that poverty stricken chamber, with a palpitating heart, and a frame trembling with agitation. Poor Hester! There sat she, her face resting on her hands, the thin emaciated fingers convulsively clasped together, with

a bloodless transparent lip, her sunless eyes surrounded by dark circles, her cheeks hollow and cadaverous. She was not weeping, for tears would have implied relief to her consuming misery: no sign of occupation was near, for industry bespeaks something of divided and ameliorated feeling. Dear reader, have you never felt how little worth the while was the doing of anything in this world?

"I have found you, my lost one, my beloved one!" exclaimed Harry Cameron.

A faint shriek of unutterable agony burst from poor Hester's lips.

"Never again to part—but how have you suffered!"

Hester's trembling lip precluded utterance.

"The joy of beholding you is dimmed indeed, to behold you thus."

Still silent.

"Bid me, however, welcome."

"I cannot!" said Hester.

"Have I lost my place in your feelings?"

"No! no! no!" gasped Hester.

"Then why not sympathise in my joy?"

"If I were a queen," said Hester, "I would bid you welcome with my whole heart—into my heart—but look around you—I am a beggar!"

"Nay," said Henry Cameron, "discrepancies of condition are but as grains of sand beneath our feet. Seeing you I forget all else. Why will you force these mean considerations upon my thoughts? Since you speak of these things, I will not affect blindness. Had I been poor we would have toiled together; but fate has deprived me of the pleasure of labouring for your sake. It has bestowed wealth upon me that I might have the happiness of ministering to you, and will my Hester think the fair things of life as more unworthy because they have their passage to her through my hands?"

"How noble, how generous he is!" soliloquised Hester.

"Come now, dear girl, sit by me, and let me soothe away this distempered state of feeling. Sit by me, and while I paint our future happiness, let me steal away from you the remembrance of past sorrows: they have well nigh overpowered my dear one."

"And does he love me!" ejaculated Hester; "does he love me *thus?*" and she laid her own thin hand upon her heart.

"This is too agonizing!" exclaimed young Cameron.

"Then say that you do not love me! say that you do not love me! say that you do not love me!" she exclaimed impetuously.

"Not even to sooth your madness can I say so!"

"Ha! ha! ha! but you must not love me! *you must not.*"

"And what power shall prevent me?"

"I will tell you. You would not love the unworthy, would you? You might love the poor, but you could not love the despised! You might ally yourself with poverty, but you would not with disgrace! Would you! Would you? I will tell you something, but breathe it to no one, for it concerns my father, and I do but tell you our secret, because I know it will cure you! You see we are poor—but we desire nothing from your bounty; we like to starve—but we are worse

than poor—we are hiding—hush—don't let anybody hear—we are hiding from—from—now go! go! go!"

"Sit by me, and hear what I have to say."

"No! no! no! Now that I have told you, I cannot bear to look upon you. And yet I am happier. A part of that horrible weight seems to be taken from my heart—my brain!" and Hester burst into a passion of tears.

Harry Cameron sought not to check the flow of those tears, though every drop fell upon his own heart like molten lead. Gently seating the agitated girl, he waited the promptings of her own heart.

"Mr. Cameron," at length said Hester, you have surprised me into an emotion to which I have been a stranger since we parted. Tears have been as far away from me as smiles. I believe that these have saved my heart from breaking. I feel that I have been raving."

"Forget it all."

"No, it must not all be forgotten. There remains the sorrowful truth that we must part—"

"Dear Hester, now that I have found you, we will reserve unto another day all painful discussions. I thought to have reproached you for the cruelty of abandoning and precipitating me down from the elevation of my hopes; but though thus sorrowful and sadly, I can do nothing but rejoice to see you again. Disaster and poverty might frighten away the worldling or the casual admirer, but these things do but tighten the cords of real affection. The sadder are the sorrows of those we love, so much the more are we privileged to pour in the balm."

"And this is him I must relinquish!" ejaculated Hester.

"Nay, our lot in life is cast together," said Cameron.

"Will you leave me?" anxiously said Hester.

"How—thus—can you ask me?"

"I beseech you!"

"And why?"

"I do not wish you to meet my father until—until—"

"You have apprised him of my discovery. Well, dearest, I submit. But tell him I come not to reproach, but to sue for his friendship: not to upbraid him for past cruelty, but to seek my future happiness at his hands. Make my next visit acceptable to him. I leave my cause with you, dear Hester."

"Leave me, leave me, now!"

"Can I forgive you for wishing my absence?"

"Oh, did you know—could you tell—"

"Well, to satisfy you, I will even leave you, and that is the hardest of all tasks, but I return on the morrow."

"Go! go!"

"In the morning."

"Will you not go?"

"Early—early—To-morrow, as early as I may venture, I shall have the happiness of beholding you again," said young Cameron as he reluctantly left the room.

"No more!—no more! I shall see him no more for ever!" passion-

ately exclaimed Hester, as she threw herself, in wild despair, on that miserable chamber floor.

The morning brought despair to Harry Cameron. He found the mean poverty-stricken chamber, but its inhabitants were flown.

"Harry," said Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor, "Harry, my dear boy, I have news for you."

Harry Cameron gave an answering look as if he cared very little for any news.

"The oddest thing! the very oddest thing! that swindling Henderson is safe shut up in the Queen's Bench."

"Money does most things," said young Cameron, listlessly. "You offered rewards to find him."

"Ay, but in this case the wonder is that they have not found him. The man has surrendered himself!"

"That is strange," said the nephew.

"Strange! I believe it is!" exclaimed Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor. "I supposed him to be sipping his *gloria*, picking his *fricasee*, and lounging over the papers in some luxurious Parisian hotel; in short, enjoying his ill-gotten thousands right jovially abroad, and lo and behold, he deliberately walks into a prison at home. Some deep trick in it, Harry, you may depend upon it, but I'll unmask him!"

"It is really extraordinary," said Cameron, musingly; "but after all, is there any possibility of having misjudged this man?"

"Harry, Harry, was I ever a hard creditor? Did you ever know me exact to the uttermost! No, no; I began the world myself at the lowest step, and I know too well what uphill work it is ever to keep another down."

"But mistake ——"

"No, no, Hal, he is a rogue, and no mistake."

"Then he must have made a great mistake, being a rogue, to walk into a prison."

"Ay, that is odd! The oddest thing I ever knew."

"He may after all mean fairly—"

"Then why would he not give up his books like an honest man—and why did he abscond?—and why did he make up such a purse—such a purse of ill-gotten gold? No, no, Harry, the man's an indisputable rogue!"

"He may be," said Cameron, much as if he cared very little about the matter.

"However, I'll sift the matter through. I'll——"

Just whilst Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor was thus vigorously descanting, one of the drab-coloured gentlemen of his establishment entered with a huge brown paper parcel, all duly directed for his ex-lordship, and this on being opened proved to be neither more nor less than the veritable ledgers of the black-balled Henderson, accompanied with a letter from the returned runaway, purporting that he had at last arrived at the decision, that it was not only his duty to surrender his person to his creditors, but also his desire to lay his affairs plainly

before them. That he deplored the moral cowardice which had induced him to endeavour to escape from his difficulties, being really ashamed of the imprudence which had involved him in ruinous speculations, but that he had now determined fairly and manfully to meet the difficulties of his position, and to abide by all the results.

Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor was a man of business. Five minutes had not elapsed ere a couple of clerks were actively engaged in making a summary investigation of the old man's affairs, and by the following morning, it clearly appeared that so far from having run away with thousands of pounds, he had not even absconded with many thousands of farthings, and that instead of being an arrant rogue he had only been an arrant simpleton.

"Harry! Harry!" exclaimed his ex-lordship! "here have I been offering rewards for the apprehension of this man as though he had been a felon, and lo, now he is much more of a fool than a rogue. Good lack, that the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins should ever shut up a poor old man in prison because nature had treated him so unkindly as to make him a fool! as if too that were his fault, when assuredly it is only his misfortune. It is not every man who has been born with brains enough to turn farthings into pounds, and pounds into hundreds, and hundreds into thousands, and because I have been one of the lucky ones, that is the very reason why I ought not to be harsh with a poor numskull, with about as little sense in his skull as a pin in its head. But, Harry, I'll make him amends! The firm of Wyatt and Wiggins have got on in the world as much by liberality in their dealings, though I say it myself, as by prudence and probity. Harry, I'm going this moment to the Queen's Bench to visit this luckless wight. Poor fellow! that ever I should have had anything to do with John Doe and Richard Roe. I declare I am quite in an agitation of vexation. Come with me, Hal, my boy, for I need somebody to cheer me up, though you, poor lad! rather want somebody to comfort you."

Alas! how contaminated is the very light of the sun shining into a prison! The shamed daylight grows dim whilst looking on incarcerated man—the lord of the creation 'reft of the liberty which the lowliest sparrow enjoys as a free birthright.

Well, dear reader, here we are, you and I, and two of our "Trio of Travellers" in the Queen's Bench prison. 'Tis a sad place, notwithstanding the mockery of its repulsive mirth, the noise of its racket-balls, the reeking of forbidden spirits, and the reckless revelry of those who have come to be heedless of all appearances, and even to find a frenzied pleasure in putting shame on decency, and setting respectability at nought. But our business is not with the vagabond, the gambler, the drunkard—it is with Hester and her father.

Dark, lonely, barren, unfurnished, with lime-washed walls and floor uncarpeted, with scarcely a vestige of even the meanest furniture, with a morose and sullen old man on one side of the fire, and a vulgar, coarse, red-faced smoky and smoking on one the other—such is the place and company in which we find the youngest and the eldest of our "Trio."

They were sitting apart from the repulsive twain. The old man, being the newest comer, had the odd feeling of being an intruder even in a prison, and Hester's nature recoiled from the contact of their coarseness. So they were sitting together at the end of the dolorous chamber on a low bench beneath the window, the sickly light streaming in with a melancholy faintness, and every surrounding object looking as bilious as a nabob in its cadaverous gleamings. Yes, there they sat amidst all this dolorous dreariness, and yet, strange to say, there was an inexplicable amelioration in the expressive wretchedness of either face. The old man had already lost the covert, cowardly, furtive, shrinking look which had been so remarkably conspicuous in him before; he appeared as if he could almost have looked a man steadily in the face; while the young girl had a countenance which put one most strongly in mind of the ocean's calm after storm and tempest, when the surface, though placid, is strewn with many a floating wreck of vestiges of its violence. Just such was the impression on poor Hester's countenance.

"Tell me," said Hester, "tell me that you are not too unhappy. Tell me only that you do not repent this step into which I have led you—that you do not lament it—that you do not reproach me for having induced you to take it—tell me that you are not more wretched now in a prison, than while we were wanderers and outcasts;—tell me this, and I shall be less a wretch."

"No! no! not more unhappy, not repentant! It is better to know the worst, and to endure the worst, than to lead such a life of suspense, such a hide-and-seek existence. No! no! darling, I feel my heart lighter—I am not ashamed to look my darling in the face, which I have but done by stealth for months back, for I felt that you despised my shuffling. And yet, dear, I did shrink from a prison. The very sound affrighted me. But it is not so very bad, after all—not so very bad—and *you* are with me!"

"And yet what an act for a daughter to commit! To think that your Hester should lead you into a prison! Indeed, dear father, I was long frightened at the very thought; but it grew upon me—grew upon me till I was persuaded that it was the only thing left to justify your character before men. I used to be ashamed of our poverty, and sought to hide it by every paltry evasion, but now I feel that its manifestation is necessary to our acquittal from the charge of disgraceful embezzlement. Let them search the strictest, and probe the deepest, and they may find you have been imprudent, but never more."

"And you, darling, how differently might you have been circumstanced! Tell me also that you do not repent your rejection of Mr. Cameron."

"No! oh, no!" replied our heroine. "I will not deny that there were moments in which I almost faltered, and I will not say that it was always principle, but sometimes pride, that made me hold my resolution."

"You might have been in a palace instead of a prison."

"And in my palace I might have wished for my prison, when I should have seen him blush for the shame of acknowledging me! But perhaps I should have been overcome by the great temptation but for one circumstance."

"And that—"

"That was when you gave a false, a feigned name to Mr. Cameron at Winchester. I was shocked that you should find it necessary to practise such a subterfuge; but you then made it impossible that I should ever—I could not marry him under an assumed name—I could not confess——"

"So, so, then that one act of my duplicity has affected the happiness of your whole life—has made my girl a beggar, when she might have been——"

"Father, I am happy now—more happy than I could have been as Mr. Cameron's wife, generous and noble as he is; for I should for ever have dreaded the shame of detection, and I might have blushed for ——"

"Your father."

"Father, you have in this one instance redeemed all the faults of the past. You have nobly walked voluntarily into these prison walls. Father, I am at this moment so proud of you, that instead of shrinking from every eye, and dreading that Mr. Cameron should ever know the name we bear, I should not now cower from his recognition, or blush to look into his face. I have given my false shame to the winds —I am now proud of having nothing to be ashamed of!"

A tear of the most refined, the most soul-touched happiness, ran down the furrowed cheek of the old man; and as he grasped our heroine's hand, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, no more cowardly and servile, but with the unblushing front of all-trustful truth and happiness; and while the cheeks of the young girl were glowing with satisfied feeling, and the eyes of the old man were thus upturned, the prison door opened, and——

Our readers may guess who came in. Our limits are already transgressed, or we would tell them.

Ay, if this had not been our last page, we would have told with what a rapture the generous heart of Harry Cameron, Esq., bounded, when he found his pretty Hester all safely locked up with the greatest care under the great key of the Queen's Marshal; and how he saw nothing in her conduct but the noblest self-devotion: how he forgave the old man for being the simplest dupe that ever cheated himself, for having speculated in puffery till he had actually puffed away many and many of the good thousands of the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins; and how the romantic folly of his character, and his love for painting, and poetry, and fiddling, and the arts, and such like, made him think that the whole affair was a very pretty romance, instead of thinking, as sensible people of the world would have done, that the connexion was particularly discreditable.

Of course, Harry Cameron being in raptures, he left his uncle to perform the matter-of-fact; whereupon Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor shook the old man heartily by the hand, told him that he was an old fool for his pains in making himself look so much like a rogue, but that he himself was a greater in having been so easily deceived. However, the firm of Wyatt and Wiggins cared very little for anything in the shape of money under a plum, and that his ledgers were fully satisfactory in proving that he was only a simpleton. Whereupon, having shaken hands on these compliments again, the parties settled down

into the best friends in the world, and the Marshall being sufficiently obliging to allow Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor to settle his own affairs with his own debtors in his own way, the "Trio of Travellers" left the Queen's Bench prison in the identical green carriage, with its couple of drab-coloured dignitaries, in which we have before had the pleasure of giving our readers a drive, in company with the illustrious Mr. Ex-Lord-Mayor.

The next ninth of November *did* come, and mine uncle *was* lord mayor, just to complete the "Trio" of years. Ah! never was such a city feast! never such a show! never such a procession! never such an aquatic parade! Never did the bells ring so cheerily! never did the guns bomb so gloriously! never was such a train of aldermen! never such a dinner! never so many judges, so many prime ministers, and ministers of all sorts, so many of the royal family, so many of the princes our German cousins, so many of the nobility, so many high mightinesses came to eat it! Never was so much wine drunk, so much turtle swallowed! never so many illuminations, so many crackers, so many bonfires! and never, never, never, blazing in diamonds and toasted by dukes, sitting at the right hand of his civic majesty, the uncle of her husband, and fully gratifying his pride by this exhibition of her grace and beauty—never, never, never did the good city of London see such a Lady Mayoress!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SONG II.

"Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."—HAMLET.

TAKE BACK THE GOLDEN GIFTS!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

TAKE back the golden gifts of love,—
The cross—the ring I wore,
And prized all other gifts above,
But prize them now no more.
Those gifts a value once possess'd,
Above the Indian mine;
But thou art changed, and now 'tis best
I *them* and *thee* resign.

O Bertram, is it come to this,
That all must be forgot?
The vows of love, the dreams of bliss,
That cheered my wayward lot?
O, thou hast wrong'd the truest heart
That ever beat for thee;
But now 'tis past, and we must part—
Go, false one! thou art free!

How oft within these hallow'd shades
We've sate, and watched the beam
Of yonder sun, that slowly fades
O'er Greta's rocky stream!
But ah! on joys for ever past
'Twere idle now to dwell;
One parting look! it is my last!
And now—a long farewell!

WOMAN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

" O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow—
A ministering angel thou."—WALTER SCOTT.

" HE's dead!" How frequently is that brief but admonitory sentence uttered, without exciting any, but the most transient emotion—without awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection, than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! For instance, two friends shall casually meet, after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third, (a mutual one,) " He's dead," is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder.

If men of business, perhaps, he also was one who entered eagerly into all their speculations—all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes—all their worldly-minded schemes of aggrandizement—yet—" he's dead!" The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard " as if an angel spoke;" and, as time presses, they hurry off, without further comment, to their respective counting-houses, where the unexpected information of the rise in sugars—the depression of the money-market—the failure of some great house, in which they had placed implicit confidence; or, some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention—totally absorbs their minds; and they entirely forget that they have just heard an echo of their own inevitable doom.

" For it is appointed unto all men to die." And that in a few fleeting years, nay, perhaps, months, some one will have to respond of them, to the inquiring friend, with as little salutary effect, too, it may be feared, " They're dead!"

Or, should it be the man of pleasure, who carelessly bethinks himself of one, equally dissipated and profligate, whom he has lately missed from the haunts of vice and fashion, and whom he can conceive may be incarcerated in a jail, but never " dream in his philosophy" of his being in his grave; still, when he is assured of the astounding and awful fact, it makes no deeper impression. The " bon vivant, the good fellow," the roué, the gamester, has passed away like a vision, to appear no more—" he's dead!" The cold-hearted son of folly elevates his eyebrows, utters something between an oath and an exclamation, drives on to Tattersall's or the Club, details it, as a piece of news, to the loungers there, (who marvel at his coming to a natural end,) hums the last opera air, (to which the melodious voice of Grisi has lent an undying memory;) and then turns to the window, to beguile the listlessness of that time, soon to

become of such value, or, to banish the impertinent remnant of the thought, that still obtrudes itself on the mind, that there really is such a thing as death!

But in neither case does it strike the survivors to ask themselves, was their friend fit to die? Was the man so completely absorbed in the business or pleasures of life, (solely appertaining to this world,) prepared for another? prepared to meet the "Judge of all the earth?" prepared to render an account of his stewardship; and to hear the sentence of approbation or condemnation from the lips of a living God?

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" or, "Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." It never occurs to the survivors to reflect, with a dreadful sympathy, on the fierce conflict—the mortal pangs—the agonizing throes, he must have endured, ere his throbbing pulse was hushed for ever, or his glowing heart, cold and immoveable, in the frigid chill of death!

Of the tender ties to existence—the regret of separation from the wife of his bosom—the family, just springing from infancy into youth, with the fairest promise of virtue and goodness, in the maturity of manhood—the friends, who have grown to his very soul, through the long and varied scenes of a chequered life, and which every vicissitude of fortune have only the more endeared to it.

Of the sudden and total eclipse of that sun, which was calmly to irradiate the evening of his days—when all the storms and trials to which the petty warfare of our passions continually expose us, had subsided into peace and tranquillity; and when, in the bosom of that flourishing and obedient family, he would have leisure to repent of his past transgressions—to warn by his experience—to admonish by his love—to convince by his tears—to convert by his prayers—and to humbly hope in the future mercy of his God!

Of the still more awful terror of appearing, at a moment's notice, as it were, before an offended Creator—He, whose commands have been set at nought, whose laws have been violated or disregarded; and yet, in whose hands is the fiat of eternal happiness or misery. Oh! the convulsions of fear—the agonies of that implacable conscience, which nothing then will lull—the tortures of remorse, which, like an insatiate vulture, tear the inmost heart-strings of every man, ere it can be said of him, "he's dead!"

It is for woman—tender, sympathising, watching, prayerful woman—alone to comprehend those struggles, alone to soothe them, alone to invoke mercy and forgiveness for them, alone to feel the blessed assurance that her prayers are gone up an acceptable sacrifice before the throne of the Most High, alone to indulge the hope that him she mourneth as dead has awakened to life and immortality in the cloudless realms of everlasting light. There is an almost inspired resignation in the breast of woman, which, under the heaviest bereavement, still prompts the pious exclamation to burst from the quivering lip—

"Not mine; but thy will be done, O Lord!"

Thus, the young mother, shorn of her fairest hope, her sweetest

blossom, still feels, amidst the desolation of her heart, the stillness of her hearth, that, although a flower hath faded from the earth, an angel is gained to the skies. Or, the recent widow, although, perhaps, she is suddenly precipitated from the height of luxury to the lowest abyss of misery and want by his death, still generously reflects, with that extraordinary self-abnegation which sets the seal of superiority on her sex, that her beloved husband is a gainer by the change—that he is now released from the cares, the sorrows, the anxieties of this world, and enjoying a state of permanent and tranquil happiness in another; and the bitterness of her heart is sweetened with gratitude to the Almighty, for having taken *him*, and left her instead, to struggle for a brief space longer with the turmoil and calamities of life.

Is not this the resignation that God desires from his creatures? is not this the resignation he will hasten to reward? Most assuredly! For think of the fate of a widow, in this country particularly, than which I know nothing severer or more melancholy. It is not enough for her to bear the loss of an affectionate, devoted husband—to be deprived for ever of all those endearing attentions which are so flattering to the mind, as proving our value in the estimation of another—but, in the very descent of the blow, when her soul is prostrated by it, when the ear is no longer blest with the fond familiar voice—when the eye is no longer fascinated by the idolized form—when the heart faints with the weight of its own loneliness and vacuity, when, in fact,

"There appears no sorrow like unto her sorrow,"

is she made to feel the heavy hand of affliction, with all its overwhelming ponderousness, made to quit eternally the scene of all her past enjoyment, the home of her wedded life, the sight of everything dear to her as household gods—to resign all—and for whom? that very son, whose infant associations are the dearest treasures of her tenacious and doating memory—to seek the abode of the stranger, the cold sympathy of unallied bosoms—to weep as she may, with none to speak peace to her wounded spirit. She! who only a short while before shared in all the abundance of ample fortune, loved, revered, and cherished by every member of the dear domestic circle. She! whose smile alone could impart joy to every heart, whose tear could depress every bosom, whose approbation was courted as a triumph, and whose reproof was dreaded as a disgrace! But now,

"There is none to guide her among all the sons whom she hath brought forth; neither is there any who taketh her by the hand of all the sons that she hath brought up."

Yet can she also say,

"Not mine, but thy will be done, O Lord!"

Where, again, is the man who will watch hour by hour, day by day, for months together, if necessary, with the same undiminished fondness, the same unwearied attention, by the sick bed of the wayward and irritable invalid, rendered capricious, ungrateful, and selfish by a long series of pain and disappointment, sweetly excusing every

peevish word, and meekly bowing to every impatient reproach? The husband might, the lover might; but husband, lover, friend, or foe, woman is certain to be there, like an angel of comfort, stifling the rising tear, calling up the cheering smile, mingling the word of hope with the exhortation to patience and resignation, (and that, too, when, alas! there is no hope in her own despairing bosom,) and teaching by her own pious example to trust alone to the mercy of an all-sufficient Saviour.

How beautifully does Ledyard observe of her, in the following exquisite passage!—"I never addressed myself in the language of kindness and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a kind and friendly answer. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was thirsty I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

David, also, in his truly pathetic lamentation over Jonathan, to give his sympathizing attendants the fullest sense of his most severe and irreparable loss, sums up all the anguish of his soul in this forcible and tender conclusion:—

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."

What a flattering comparison, and yet how justly merited! For what can surpass the love of woman? Her amiable and endearing virtues—her tender devotedness, her inexpressive and undeviating affection, are, and ever must be, an inexhaustible subject of admiration to every reflective mind. The Scriptures abound in their praises—Poets, from the earliest ages, have delighted to sing them—the moralist, to exalt them—the historian, to record them—the man of profound piety, and the reckless libertine, alike acknowledge their mild and purifying influence—the philosopher never disdained to homage them, nor the atheist to revere them, for all have experienced their benign power in a mother, a wife, a sister or a friend. When man is born, she ministers to the feebleness of infancy—becomes the monitress of his youth—the delight of his manhood—and the solace of his age.

These were the last words of an eminently pious clergyman, in my hearing, a very short time since, as he beheld his weeping wife, (herself bowed by the weight of years,) bending fondly over his dying form. "Lord! look down with compassion, on this my beloved wife—comfort her in her sore affliction, gracious God, for thy servant's sake, who ever trusted in the magnitude of thy mercy, for she *loved* me when I was young—she has *nursed* me now I am old—and truly am I enabled to say, from the experience of a long and happy life, vouchsafed to me, through thy infinite goodness, that

" The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies.
The heart of her husband does safely trust in her.
She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her."

I knew a lovely girl of eighteen, who nursed her lover, in conjunction with his mother, (who was very aged and infirm,) through a most lingering and painful spinal affection—and the only flower she beheld, during the whole of one beautiful summer, was a solitary moss-rose, which the surgeon, who attended him, brought by chance, in his bosom, and which he instantly presented her with, struck with the almost child-like ecstasy she expressed at seeing it— for they were lodging in a small market-town, to be near a man eminently distinguished in the treatment of such cases. Another, who actually sewed the softest feathers, purloined from her pillow, to the soles of her stockings, to enable her to steal, undetected, to the chamber door of her lover, at midnight, who was dying of a malignant fever, and whom she was prohibited visiting in consequence, at which restriction she repined most bitterly, being but too willing, in the devoted enthusiasm of youth, to run any risks for his dear sake.

In fact, who is there in existence, whose grateful experience does not furnish some striking and disinterested instance of woman's love? simple, perhaps, as the above, but it is in trifles that affection has the most frequent opportunities of displaying itself, in all its earnest intensity, in those little every-day occurrences, which are so important to the happiness or misery of life, which draw the heart homewards, with a cord of irresistible force and fascination!

Yes, it is in the power of every woman to form a magic circle round the domestic hearth, and to allure all dear to her within its enchanting precincts. " As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing"—so might she gather them to her bosom, did she but know, that her true element was *home*—did she but consider the divine influence she holds over all connected with it—did mothers but instruct their daughters betimes to feel, that it was their only proper sphere of action, and that woman assuredly became *a fallen star*, if she ever wandered from its circumscribed orbit!

It requires neither rank nor education to make her acquainted with her duty. Affection intuitively teaches it, to the humblest of the sex—the peer and the peasant alike tacitly confess the enjoyment of a serene fire-side—alike, feel that " a contentious woman is a continual dropping"—alike, acknowledge her as an angel of pity, delegated by a beneficent Creator, to shed light over man's otherwise darkened path—" to rejoice when he rejoiceth, to weep when he doth weep"—to heighten all his enjoyments, to mitigate all his sorrows, to teach him, both by example and precept, that " he is made perfect by suffering," and that every privation here, if endured with the fortitude and resignation becoming a Christian, will be repaid four-fold, in the inexpressible felicity, awaiting him above.

It is for her to gild the winter of his days with the perpetual sunshine of her tender and vigilant devotedness—it is for her to be his guide, his companion, his friend, his firmest support, even unto the

grave, surely a glorious mission upon earth! but oh! more glorious, more angelic still, it is for her, and her alone, to be a sincere and eternal mourner for him, when "He's dead!"

THOUGHTS BY THE RIVER SIDE.

WHAT time the waters of the soul flow calm
From their Eternal Fountain, heavenly balm
O'er the full heart distilling, solemn joy
Deep and serene, which no low cares annoy,
Broods like an atmosphere of Peace around,
Or like sweet music breathes harmonious sound:
Apart, abstracted from self-fetter'd sense,
We seem united with intelligence;
Yet not all heedless of some placid scene
Of Nature smiling eloquence serene;
But viewing all with meditative eye,
As outward symbols of reality,—
And the inward life of Nature as a bond
Between the mind of Man and Truth this world beyond.

Such time I stood a mighty Stream beside,
Watching the ardour of the restless tide;
From either shore a populous City gave
Its shadowy image to the fleeting wave:
The Stream regarding, from my tranquil soul
These thoughts in modulated numbers roll:
O Stream! as onward, with unwearied force,
Thy rapid currents urge their wonted course,
As hour by hour with speed thy waters foam,
Yielding fresh tribute to their Ocean-home,
A vivid vision, with true moral fraught,
Swells to the utmost magnitude of thought,
Of that great Human Stream, whose final sea
The shoreless Ocean of Eternity,—
Of that Main Infinite, towards whose deep
Myriads of earth-freed spirits hourly sweep.

Look forth, ye dwellers of the City! rise,
For a brief while, o'er life's anxieties:
Above, around you, through created space
Many are the dwellings of the Human Race:
A sphere of action in each Planet see
For Human Spirits in their infancy:
An Angel-nursery each Earth regard,—
As a sun-crowned mount each pointing heavenward.

O Mercy infinite in love, which All
Would save,—though some self-urg'd, self-willing fall!
O The Divine Humanity above,—
Who All created for the Ends of Love!

G. W.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.*

THE impressions left upon the mind after the perusal of this work, are at the same time so varied and so vivid, that it is with difficulty we can single out the separate thought, or trace the predominating feeling, with anything like the calm coherence of criticism. Instead of the speculative scrutiny with which we are wont to regard the productions which come under our judgment, the sober survey of painted spectacle which we gaze upon, now with a foot nearer the canvass, now a foot withdrawn, so as best to catch the due light and shade of the limner's handiwork—instead of this, we rise with the imagination excited, and with that sensation of over wrought feeling which ever follows on excessive excitement. We feel not as if we had been *reading* but *beholding* these scenes, and we ask, what must that magician's power be who can cast such spells as these around us?

We must, however, calm down these sensations, awakened by the true touch of genius and of nature, and endeavour to define something of the character of this new work of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, though we might as well draw out some of the golden threads of a rich brocade, the splendour of which should more depend on the vast varieties of its design than on the gorgeousness of its materials, and furnish them as samples of its taste and richness. It is easy for the critic to mark one leading excellence in works of merit, and hold it up to admiration and approbation, but when, as in this work, talent and power congregate their allies, and the copious three volumes are but as a succession of most life-like and imposing pageants, one merit doth but jostle another out of the page of our specification.

Still we endeavour to characterize this work, which differs widely and essentially from all this most extraordinary author's previous productions. Heretofore we have had lofty conceptions of the *Imaginative* and the *Intellectual*—here we have the *Actual* and the *Real*. The grand and comprehensive conceptions of the unseen and the spiritual, have here given place to the most vigorous and life-stamped images of this breathing world. In "Zanoni" we seemed to be introduced to a state of existence more etherealized, more sublimated, than this mundane creation, in which the soul, aspiring to heaven, was only reminded that it was linked to mortality by feeling the foot manacled to earth: the god-like faculty of imagination reigned absolute, and the things of this world seemed but as dross and tinsel. In "The Last of the Barons," we are restored to this scene of our probation, which after all is the home of our sympathies, the home of our hopes and fears, the home of our affections; we are placed where these emotions of our common nature are brought into unceasing operation; we are saddened by human sorrows, we are gladdened by human joys, we tremble with human fears, we throb with human hopes, we are no longer enwrapt in the loftiest dreams of imagination, but we feel

* By Sir E. L. Bulwer.

that we are in the midst of a world inhabited, agitated, and distracted by our own passions; a world which the heart attests as its home, by its sad unwillingness to leave it even for brighter scenes and happier skies.

Here, then, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has chosen the *Actual* the *Real*, the *True*, for the fabric of his tale; and here he has shown a power altogether dissimilar—we had almost said at variance—with the high poetic fiction-weaving fancy for which he is so signalized. Men, living, breathing, passionate, energetic men, crowd on his scenes as fraught with life and motion, as the beings whom we meet on those daily walks along which we pass. Did we say *as* life-like?—it was an impoverishing similitude, for the puppets who crowd the path of the present are the automata, the great ones of the past, whom his genius has resuscitated, the really energised and vital. The passions which swayed these gone-by generations were mighty; the purposes which have succeeded them are petty, and thus, paradox as it may seem, the beings whom our author has recalled to a second existence, have more of vitality in their renewal than those which now walk the earth. Such men as Warwick and his compatriots — where now shall we look upon their like? Such women as Margaret of Anjou, with mental proportions so splendid though so deformed—where shall we seek them now? certainly we find them not in the living, but the dead.

It may be a paradox whether great men create stirring events, or stirring events call great men into being. Let others read the riddle, we only know the actors and acts as co-existent; and never was this truth more fully verified than in the work before us. We have here the most agitated page of English history, when contests were deadliest and crimes were deepest—when the rose, blushing on the one hand, and growing pale on the other, lent its name to factions of the blackest hate and the deadliest blood-spilling. The reader need but glance back his thoughts along the page of English history and a host of the mighty will crowd into his memory. Edward the Fourth reclining luxuriously upon his tottering throne, like a child lulled by its rocking, displaying that rare combination of deep duplicity and heartless gaiety which so seldom exist together, the reckfulness of the one being like a noxious vapour to the recklessness of the other: the supple glittering serpent-like Richard of Gloucester, with an eye that could read all languages in living faces and yet never show a meaning in his own; Elizabeth Woodville, with her glozing smile, subduing her woman's feeling by the aid of woman's art, and while throbbing under the indignant passion of a wife's deepest injuries, intent on sustaining her influence by affecting blindness to her own wrongs; Hastings, whose natural nobility of heart had grown tortuous and perverted under the influence of early outrage and wrong, and whose debased and honourable nature ruled him by turns, showing on every page of his appearance the generous and the base. the gold and the alloy; the Duchess of Bedford, with all the evil of pride nursed into luxuriance by unexpected prosperity, trusting in spells and witchcraft, and fostering not high science but vulgar sorcery; Sir Antony Woodville, the knight and gentleman rather beseeming

an earlier state of chivalry, with his somewhat fantastic and overwrought enactment of the knightly character; Clarence, with his easy sensuality, the pliant tool of firmer and sterner hands; his haughty duchess, in whom the master-passion of ambition swallows up all other sins and graces; the reeking, polluted, bloodthirsty Tymbesteres, with their horrible effectiveness, answering to the chorus of the ancient drama.—But why seek we to separate individuals from the gorgeous crowd of actors congregated before us? There is no one character whose individuality is slighted; on each, even those apparently most humble in the pageant, has Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer bestowed the truest drawing and the highest colouring.

Leaving, then, the gorgeous assemblage, we turn to the three individuals, the impression of whose presence remains most strongly on the heart: the reader will feel the memories of Sybill Warner, her student father, and the great Earl, live, when the passionate excitement of the splendid parade shall have subsided into calm. Who but our author can so restore the feelings to their divine original, so purify again the tender links of lovingness, that bind our frail mortality together? The heart melts as it gazes on the pure devotion of Sybill Warner's guileless nature. How sacred seem the affections of the child to the parent! How beautifully like a ministering angel—nay, for angels have not—are above—our sympathies—how like an all-devoted woman doth poor Sybill float and hover round the absent-minded man, who, living in one great idea, seems lifted above all the sublunary thoughts, all the grovelling wants of his perishable nature! Thus it is that the man of science sees that which is invisible—invisible to coarser faculties, and ever stretching out his hands to clasp it, seems to the dim-visioned ignorant to be grasping the empty air. We know not how to delineate the ardour of that devotion which lives and lives on, year after year, until substance is melted, and life has glided by, with a gaze rivetted on some unseen Ideal, insensible to all surrounding objects, heedless of bodily necessities, abstracted from all human sympathies, saving when occasionally one of those lightning flashes of heaven-sent affection illuminate the intellect from the heart. There is a touching beauty in the dreary solitude of the student's home, the shattered tenement from whence every household comfort has departed, desolate, shunned, joyless; the unfurnished chambers, the scanty meal, the absence of all cheering things, strike with a sense of chilling desertion upon the reader's feelings; and yet it is here that the beautiful, the tender, the loving girl, hovers around the abstracted parent, to guard him from evil, and to minister to his wants. Exquisitely tender is this creation, and never was contrast and position so finely effective. The student parent, whose whole life is spent in one abstract Idea, one Thought, of which later days have proved both the verity and the magnitude, outstripping his age, and paying that penalty which all forerunners have paid for their crime, vulgar persecution and public obloquy—the Student-father, we say, whose life is one thought, and his devoted daughter, will ever remain to the heart one of the most touching pictures that genius ever painted.

Turning, however, from the tender and affecting, we fix our eyes for a brief space upon the giant proportions of England's "Last of the

Barons." The magnitude of this lofty mind makes pigmies of all those surrounding, who would else be great ones. Warwick shows us a noble specimen of the power, not of trickery and finesse, not of duplicity and treachery, not of the master working the strings of puppets, not of the student of mankind, like the crafty gamester, guiding men by playing on their passions, truckling to their revenge, pandering to their ambition, or succumbing to their vanity—not of these, or such like mean influences, but ruling men by the majesty of real greatness, that all-divine right. With what a noble grandeur does this Earl of Warwick stand out in Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's pages! The honest heart, the truthful soul, the mighty will, the open hand, these are the secrets of his mastery over a nation.

Leaving, however, the actors, we feel that we cannot do anything like meet justice to the capacious mind which has planned the machinery of this noble plot. The gorgeous and the costly fabric is too vast for explication. There is a wonderful mastery of mind in the arrangement; but it must be contemplated as a whole, or its fair proportions will all be obscured and lost. Suffice it, no era of English history ever furnished greater deeds or nobler doers.

We have said that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is here before us in a new field of genius. This is his first historical romance taken from English history. Heretofore he has chiefly drawn upon his imagination for his actors. Here we have portraits that all men may gaze upon and measure the similitude. We have contemplated them with a compelled attention, and we are struck with the wonderful insight, and the masterly power with which he can dissect men's motives, and resolve their actions to their rightful springs. How keenly does our author, whose imagination has heretofore revelled in the creation of the beautiful and ideal, abandon his lofty ground, and show with what an eagle eye he can look into the intricacies of our nature; trace out the sources of passion and of action, and show how the deeds that ring through the world took their rise in some little rill of feeling trickling through the heart. This piercing acuteness of vision, this deep insight into the hidden wells of our true feelings, carries Sir E. L. Bulwer to the shores of human actions, and then comes in his own powerful imagination,—and whither does that lead us? His, indeed, are works which require thinking over after the brilliant colours are somewhat softened down from the vision of the mind's eye.

But there is a philosophic purpose in this book. Those high principles, which are the acknowledged laws of this author's later compositions, have all been recognized in its production. Earl Warwick was the last great one of an expiring age. The throne of Edward the Fourth was built on the bridge of time when the middle class, the Commons, were springing into place and strength, and in Robin of Redesdale we find the type of the People.

We are constrained to close, though the riches we leave uncounted seem to tell us that what we have doled out has been with a niggard hand. We regret it the less because there will be few who will not feast his imagination on the pages of this work. We can only say that as true history it throws the fullest and the newest light upon the records of our country; as a work of imagination it is one of

the most brilliant fictions that has appeared in our literature, that its sentiments are the purest that could find birth in the human bosom, its morality the noblest that could dignify the soul; and that it leaves nothing for either the heart or the intellect to desire.

We introduce the King-Maker and the King.

"And now in various groups, these summer foresters were at rest in their afternoon banquet; some lying on the smooth sward around the lake—some in the tents—some again in the arbours; here and there the forms of dame and cavalier might be seen, stealing apart from the rest, and gliding down the alleys till lost in the shade—for under that reign gallantry was universal. Before the king's pavilion a band of those merry jongleurs, into whom the ancient and honourable minstrels were fast degenerating, stood waiting for the signal to commence their sports, and listening to the laughter that came in frequent peals from the royal tent. Within feasted Edward, the Count de la Roche, the Lord Rivers; while in a larger and more splendid pavilion, at some little distance, the Queen, her mother, and the great dames of the Court, held their own slighter and less noisy repast.

"'And here then,' said Edward, as he put his lips to a gold goblet, wrought with gems, and passed it to Anthony the Bastard—'Here, Count, we take the first wassail to the loves of Charolois and Margaret!'

"The Count drained the goblet, and the wine gave him new fire.

"'And with those loves, King,' said he, 'we bind for ever Burgundy and England. Woe to France!'

"'Ay, woe to France!' exclaimed Edward, his face lighting up with that martial joy which it ever took at the thoughts of war—'for we will wrench her lands from this hukster, Louis. By Heaven! I shall not rest in peace till York hath regained what Lancaster hath lost; and out of the parings of the realm which I will add to England, thy brother of Burgundy shall have enow to change his Duke's diadem for a King's. How now, Rivers? Thou gloomest, father mine.'

"'My liege,' said Rivers, wakening himself, 'I did but think that if the Earl of Warwick ———'

"'Ah! I had forgotten,' interrupted Edward; 'and, sooth to say, Count Anthony, I think if the Earl were by, he would not much mend our boon-fellowship!'

"'Yet a good subject,' said De la Roche, sneeringly, 'usually dresses his face by that of his king.'

"'A subject! Ay, but Warwick is much such a subject to England as William of Normandy or Duke Rollo was to France. Howbeit, let him come—our realm is at peace—we want no more his battle-axe; and in our new designs on France, thy brother, bold Count, is an ally that might compensate for a greater loss than a sullen minister. Let him come!'

"As the king spoke, there was heard gently upon the smooth turf the sound of the hoofs of steeds. A moment more, and from the outskirts of the scene of revel, where the King's guards were stationed, there arose a long loud shout. Nearer and nearer came the hoofs of the steeds—they paused. 'Doubtless Richard of Gloucester, by that shout! The soldiers love that brave boy,' said the King.

"Marmaduke Nevile, as gentleman in waiting, drew aside the curtain of the pavilion: and as he uttered a name that paled the cheeks of all who heard, the Earl of Warwick entered the royal presence.

The Earl's dress was disordered and soiled by travel; the black plume on his cap was broken, and hung darkly over his face; his horseman's boots coming half way up the thigh, were sullied with the dust of the journey; and yet as he entered, before the majesty of his mien, the grandeur of his stature, suddenly De la Roche, Rivers, even the gorgeous Edward himself, seemed dwarfed into common men! About the man—

his air, his eye, his form, his attitude—there was THAT which, in the earlier times, made kings, by the acclamation of the crowd,—an unmistakable sovereignty, as of one whom nature herself had shaped and stamped for power and for rule. All three had risen as he entered; and to a deep silence succeeded an exclamation from Edward, and then again all was still.

"The Earl stood a second or two calmly gazing on the effect he had produced; and turning his dark eye from one to the other, till it rested full upon De la Roche, who, after vainly striving not to quail beneath the gaze, finally smiled with affected disdain, and, resting his hand on his dagger, sunk back into his seat.

"'My liege,' then said Warwick, doffing his cap, and approaching the King with slow and grave respect, 'I crave pardon for presenting myself to your Highness thus travel-worn and disordered, but I announce that news which ensures my welcome. The solemn embassy of trust committed to me by your Grace has prospered, with God's blessing; and the Fils de Bourbon and the Archbishop of Narbonne are on their way to your metropolis. Alliance between the two great monarchies of Europe is concluded on terms that insure the weal of England, and augment the lustre of your crown. Your claims on Normandy and Guienne, King Louis consents to submit to the arbitrement of the Roman Pontiff, and to pay to your treasury annual tribute; these advantages, greater than ever your Highness even empowered me to demand, thus obtained, his royal brother joyfully awaits the hand of the Lady Margaret.'

"'Cousin,' said Edward, who had thoroughly recovered himself, and motioning the Earl to a seat, 'you are ever welcome, no matter what your news; but I marvel much that so deft a statesman should broach these matters of council in the unseasonable hour, and before the gay comrades, of a revel.'

"'I speak, Sire,' said Warwick, calmly, though the veins in his forehead swelled, and his dark countenance was much flushed,—'I speak openly of that which has been done nobly; and this truth has ceased to be matter of council, since the meanest citizen who hath ears and eyes, ere this, must know for what purpose the ambassadors of King Louis arrive in England with your Highness's representative.'

"Edward, more embarrassed at this tone than he could have foreseen, remained silent; but De la Roche, impatient to humble his brother's foe, and judging it also discreet to arouse the King, said carelessly—

"'It were a pity, Sir Earl, that the citizens, whom you thus deem privy to the thoughts of Kings, had not previsèd the Archbishop of Narbonne, that, if he desired to see a fairer show than even the palaces of Westminster and the Tower, he will hasten back to behold the banners of Burgundy and England waving from the spires of Notre Dame.'

Ere the Bastard had concluded, Rivers, leaning back, whispered the King—'For Christ's sake, Sire, select some fitter scene for what must follow! Silence your guest!'

"But Edward, on the contrary, pleased to think that De la Roche was breaking the ice, and hoping that some burst from Warwick would give him more excuse than he felt at present for a rupture, said sternly, 'Hush, my lord, and meddle not!'

"'Unless I mistake,' said Warwick, coldly, 'he who now accósts me is the Count de la Roche—a foreigner.'

"'And the brother of the heir of Burgundy,' interrupted De la Roche—'brother to the betrothed and princely spouse of Margaret of England.'

"'Doth this man lie, sire?' said Warwick, who had seated himself for a moment, and who now rose again.

"The Bastard sprung also to his feet, but Edward, waving him back, and reassuming the external dignity which rarely forsook him, replied—'Cousin, thy question lacketh courtesy to our noble guest: since thy de-

parture, reasons of state, we will impart to thee at a meeter season, have changed our purpose, and we will now that our sister Margaret shall wed with the Count of Charolois.'

"'And this to me, King!' exclaimed the Earl, all his passions at once released—'this to me!—Nay frown not, Edward—I am of the race of those who, greater than kings, have built thrones and toppled them! I tell thee, thou hast misused mine honour, and belied thine own—thou hast debased thyself in juggling me, delegated as the Representative of thy Royalty!—Lord Rivers, stand back—there are barriers enow between Truth and a King!'

"'By St. George and my father's head!' cried Edward, with a rage no less fierce than Warwick's—'thou abusest, false lord, my mercy and our kindred blood. Another word, and thou leavest this pavilion for the Tower!'

"'King!' replied Warwick, scornfully, and folding his arms on his broad breast—'there is not a hair on this head which thy whole House, thy guards, and thine armies could dare to touch. Me to the Tower! Send me—and when the third sun reddens the roof of prison-house and palace,—look round broad England, and miss a throne!'

"'What ho there!' exclaimed Edward, stamping his foot; and at that instant the curtain of the pavilion was hastily torn aside, and Richard of Gloucester entered, followed by Lord Hastings, the Duke of Clarence, and Anthony Woodville.

"Ah!' continued the king, 'ye come in time. George of Clarence, Lord High Constable of England—arrest yon haughty man, who dares to menace his liege and suzerain!'

"Gliding between Clarence, who stood dumb and thunderstricken, and the Earl of Warwick, Prince Richard said, in a voice which though even softer than usual, had in it more command over those who heard than when it rolled in thunder along the ranks of Barnet or of Bosworth.—'Edward, my brother, remember Touton, and forbear—Warwick, my cousin, forget not thy king nor his dead father!'

"At these last words the Earl's face fell; for to that father he had sworn to succour and defend the sons: his sense recovering from his pride, showed him how much his intemperate anger had thrown away his advantages in the foul wrong he had sustained from Edward. Meanwhile the king himself, with flashing eyes, and a crest as high as Warwick's, was about, perhaps, to overthrow his throne, by the attempt to enforce his threats, when Anthony Woodville, who followed Clarence, whispered to him—'Beware, sire! a countless crowd that seem to have followed the Earl's steps, have already pierced the chase, and can scarcely be kept from the spot, so great is their desire to behold him. Beware!'—and Richard's quick ear catching these whispered words, suddenly backed them by again drawing aside the curtain of the tent. Along the sward, the guard of the king summoned from their unseen but neighbouring post within the wood, were drawn up as if to keep back an immense multitude—men, women, children, who swayed, and rustled, and murmured in the rear But no sooner was the curtain drawn aside, and the guards themselves caught sight of the Royal Princes, and the great Earl towering amidst them, than supposing, in their ignorance, the scene thus given to them was intended for their gratification, from that old soldiery of Touton rose a loud and long 'Hurrah—Warwick and the king'—'The King and the stout Earl.' The multitude behind caught the cry; they rushed forward, mingling with the soldiery, who no longer sought to keep them back.

"'A Warwick! a Warwick!' they shouted

"'God bless the People's Friend!'

"Edward, startled and aghast, drew sullenly into the rear of the tent.

"De la Roche grew pale, but with the promptness of a practised statesman, he hastily advanced, and drew the curtain.

"'Shall varlets,' he said to Richard, in French, 'gloat over the quarrels of their lords?'

"'You are right, Sir Count,' murmured Richard, meekly; his purpose was effected, and leaning on his riding staff he awaited what was to ensue.

"A softer shade had fallen over the Earl's face, at the proof of the love in which his name was held; it almost seemed to his noble, though haughty and impatient nature, as if the affection of the People had reconciled him to the ingratitude of the King. A tear started to his proud eye, but he twinkled it away, and approachig Edward, who remained erec', and with all a sovereign's wrath, though silent on his lip, lowering on his brow, he said, in a tone of suppressed emotion:—

"'Sire, it is not for me to crave pardon of living man, but the grievous affront put upon my state and mine honour, hath led my words to an excess which my heart repents. I grieve that your Grace's highness hath chosen this alliance; hereafter you may find at need what faith is to be placed in Burgundy.'

"'Darest thou gainsay it?' exclaimed De la Roche.

"'Interrupt me not, sir!' continued Warwick, with a disdainful gesture. 'My liege, I lay down mine offices, and I leave it to your Grace to account as it lists you to the ambassadors of France—I shall vindicate myself to their King. And now, ere I depart for my hall of Middleham, I alone here, unarmed, and unattended, save, at least, by a single squire, I, Richard Nevile, say, that if any man, peer or knight, can be found to execute your Grace's threat, and arrest me, I will obey your royal pleasure, and attend him to the Tower.' Haughtily he bowed his head as he spoke, and raising it again, gazed around—'I await your Grace's pleasure.'

"'Begone where thou wilt, Earl. From this day Edward the Fourth reigns alone,' said the King. Warwick turned.

"'My Lord Scales,' said he, 'lift the curtain; nay, sir, it misdemeans you not. You are still the son of the Woodville, I still the descendant of John of Gaunt.'

"'Not for the dead ancestor, but for the living warrior,' said the Lord Scales, lifting the curtain, and bowing with knightly grace as the Earl passed. And scarcely was Warwick in the open space, than the crowd fairly broke through all restraint, and the clamour of their joy filled with its hateful thunders the royal tent.

"'Edward,' said Richard, whisperingly, and laying his finger on his brother's arm,—'forgive me if I offended, but had you, at such a time, resolved on violence——'

"'I see it all—you were right. But is this to be endured for ever?'

"'Sire,' returned Richard, with his dark smile, 'rest calm; for the Age is your best ally, and the Age is outgrowing the steel and hauberk. A little while, and——'

"'And what——'

"'And—ah, sire, I will answer that question when our brother George (mark him!) either refrains from listening, or is married to Isabel Nevile, and hath quarrel with her father about the dowry.—What ho, there!—let the jongleurs perform!'

"'The jongleurs!' exclaimed the King: 'why, Richard, thou hast more levity than myself!'

"'Pardon me! Let the jongleurs perform, and bid the crowd stay. It is by laughing at the mountebanks that your Grace can best lead the people to forget their Warwick!'"

And here we give another interview of the King-Maker with another King.

"To this solitary chamber, we are now transported; yet solitary is a word of doubtful propriety—for though the royal captive was alone, so far as the human species make up a man's companionship and solace—though the faithful gentlemen, Manning, Bedle and Allerton, had, on the news of Warwick's landing, been thrust from his chamber, and were now in the ranks of his new and strange defenders, yet power and jealousy had not left his captivity all forsaken. There was still the starling in its cage, and the fat, asthmatic spaniel still wagged its tail at the sound of its master's voice, or the rustle of his long gown. And still from the ivory crucifix gleamed the sad and holy face of the God—present alway—and who, by faith and patience, linketh evermore grief to joy,—but earth to heaven.

"The august Prisoner had not been so utterly cut off from all knowledge of the outer life as to be ignorant of some unwonted and important stir in the fortress and the city. The squire who had brought him his morning meal, had been so agitated as to excite the captive's attention, and had then owned that the Earl of Warwick had proclaimed Henry, King, and was on his march to London. But neither the Squire nor any of the officers of the Tower dared release the illustrious Captive, nor even remove him as yet to the state apartments vacated by Elizabeth. They knew not what might be the pleasure of the stout Earl or the Duke of Clarence, and feared over officiousness might be their worst crime. But naturally imagining that Henry's first command, at the new position of things, might be for liberty, and perplexed whether to yield or refuse, they absented themselves from his summons, and left the whole tower in which he was placed actually deserted.

"From his casement the king could see, however, the commotion, and the crowds upon the wharf and river, with the gleam of arms and banners; —and hear the sounds of 'A Warwick!' 'A Clarence!' 'Long live good Henry the Sixth!' A strange combination of names, which disturbed and amazed him much! But by degrees, the unwonted excitement of perplexity and surprise settled back into the calm serenity of his most gentle mind and temper. That trust in an all-directing Providence to which he had schooled himself, had, (if we may so say with reverence) driven his beautiful soul into the opposite error, so fatal to the affairs of life; the error that deadens and benumbs the energy of free will and the noble alertness of active duty. Why strain and strive for the things of this world? God would order all for the best. Alas, God hath placed us in this world, each, from king to peasant, with nerves, and hearts, and blood, and passions, to struggle with our kind; and, no matter how heavenly the goal, to labour with the million in the race!

"'Forsooth,' murmured the king, as, his hands clasped behind him, he paced slowly to and fro the floor, 'this ill world seemeth but a feather, blown about by the winds, and never to be at rest. Hark! Warwick and King Henry—the lion and the lamb! Alack, and we are fallen on no Paradise, where such union were not a miracle! Foolish bird! and with a pitying smile upon that face whose holy sweetness might have disarmed a fiend, he paused before the cage and contemplated his fellow captive. 'Foolish bird, the uneasiness and turmoil without have reached even to thee. Thou beatest thy wings against the wires—thou turnest thy bright eyes to mine restlessly. Why? Pantest thou to be free, silly one, that the hawk may swoop on its defenceless prey? Better, perhaps, the cage for thee, and the prison for thy master: well—out if thou wilt! Here at least thou art safe!' and opening the cage the starling flew to his bosom, and nestled there, with its small clear voice mimicking the human sound—

"'Poor Henry—poor Henry! wicked men—poor Henry!'

"The king bowed his meek head over his favourite, and the fat spaniel, jealous of the monopolized caress, came waddling towards its master.

with a fond whine, and looked up at him with eyes that expressed more of faith and love than Edward of York, the ever wooing and ever wooed, had read in the gaze of woman. * * It was at this time that a tall man, closely wrapped in his large horseman's cloak, passed alone through the streets, and gained the Tower. At the sound of his voice, by the great gate, the sentinel started in alarm, a few moments more, and all left to guard the fortress were gathered round him. From these he singled out one of the squires who usually attended Henry, and bade him light his steps to the King's chamber. As in that chamber Henry rose from his knees, he saw the broad red light of a torch flickering under the chinks of the threshold; he heard the slow tread of approaching footsteps, the spaniel uttered a low growl, its eyes sparkling,—the door opened, and the torch borne behind by the squire, and raised aloft so that its glare brought into full view the dark and haughty countenance of the Earl of Warwick.

"The squire, at a gesture from the Earl, lighted the sconces on the wall, the tapers on the table, and quickly vanished. King-maker and King were alone! At the first sight of Warwick, Henry had turned pale, and receded a few paces, with one hand uplifted in adjuration or command, while with the other he veiled his eyes—whether that this startled movement came from the weakness of bodily nerves, much shattered by sickness and confinement, or from the sudden emotions called forth by the aspect of one who had wrought him calamities so dire. But the craven's terror in the presence of a living foe was, with all his meekness, all his holy abhorrence of wrath and warfare, as unknown to that royal heart as to the high blood of his Hero-sire. And so, after a brief pause, and a thought that took the shape of prayer, not for safety from peril, but for grace to forgive the past, Henry the Sixth advanced to Warwick, who still stood dumb by the threshold, combating with his own mingled and turbulent emotions of pride and shame, and said, in a voice majestic even from its very mildness—

"What tale of new woe and evil hath the Earl of Salisbury and Warwick come to announce to the poor Captive who was once a King?"

"'Forgive me! Forgiveness, Henry, my Lord—Forgiveness!' exclaimed Warwick, falling on his knee. The meek reproach—the touching words—the mien and visage altered, since last beheld, from manhood into age—the grey hairs and bended form of the King, went at once to that proud heart; and as the Earl bent over the wan, thin hand, resigned to his lips, a tear upon its surface outsparkled all the jewels that it wore.

"'Yet no,' continued the Earl, (impatient, as proud men are, to hurry from repentance to atonement, for the one is of humiliation and the other of pride,)—'yet no, my Liege—not now do I crave thy pardon. No; but when begirt, in the halls of thine ancestors, with the peers of England, the victorious banner of St. George waving above the throne which thy servant hath rebuilt—then, when the trumpets are sounding thy rights without the answer of a foe—then, when from shore to shore of fair England the shout of thy people echoes to the vault of heaven—*then*, will Warwick kneel again to King Henry, and sue for the pardon he hath not ignobly won!'

"'Alack, sir,' said the King, with accents of mournful, yet half-reproving kindness, "it was not amidst trumps and banners that the Son of God set mankind the exemplar and pattern of charity to foes. When thy hand struck the spurs from my heel—when thou didst parade me through the hooting crowd to this solitary cell, *then*, Warwick, I forgave thee, and prayed to Heaven for pardon for *thee*, if thou didst wrong me—*for myself*, if a King's fault had deserved a subject's harshness. Rise, Sir Earl; our God is a jealous God, and the attitude of worship is for Him alone!'

"Warwick rose from his knee; and the King, perceiving and compassionating the struggle which shook the strong man's breast, laid his hand

on the Earl's shoulder, and said—'Peace be with thee!—thou hast done me no real harm. I have been as happy in these walls as in the green parks of Windsor; happier than in the halls of state, or in the midst of wrangling armies. What tidings now?'

"'My Liege, is it possible that you know not that Edward is a fugitive and a beggar, and that Heaven hath permitted me to avenge at once your injuries and my own. This day, without a blow, I have regained your city of London; its streets are manned with my army. From the council of peers, and warriors, and prelates, assembled at my house, I have stolen hither alone and in secret, that I might be the first to hail your Grace's restoration to the throne of Henry the Fifth!'

"The king's face so little changed at this intelligence, that its calm sadness almost enraged the impetuous Warwick, and with difficulty he restrained from giving utterance to the thought—'He is not worthy of a throne, who cares so little to possess it!'

"'Well-a-day,' said Henry, sighing; 'Heaven, then, hath sore trials yet in store for mine old age! Tray—Tray!' and stooping, he gently patted his dog, who kept watch at his feet, still glaring suspiciously at Warwick—'We are both too old for the chase now!—Will you be seated, my Lord?'

"'Trust me,' said the earl, as he obeyed the command, having first set chair and footstool for the king, who listened to him with downcast eyes and his head drooping on his bosom—'trust me, your later days, my Liege, will be free from the storms of your youth. All chance of Edward's hostility is expired. Your alliance, though I seem boastful so to speak—your alliance with one in whom the people can confide for some skill in war, and some more profound experience of the habits and tempers of your subjects than your former counsellors could possess, will leave your honoured leisure free for the holy meditations it affects; and your glory, as your safety, shall be the care of men who can awe this rebellious world.'

"'Alliance!' said the king, who had caught but that one word. 'Of what speakest thou, Sir Earl?'

"'These missives will explain all, my Liege. This letter from my Lady the Queen Margaret, and this from your gracious son, the Prince of Wales.'

"'Edward! my Edward!' exclaimed the king, with a father's burst of emotion. 'Thou hast seen him, then?—bears he his health well?—is he of cheer and heart?'

"'He is strong and fair, and full of promise, and brave as his grandsire's sword.'

"'And knows he—knows he well, that we all are the potter's clay in the hands of God?'

"'My Liege,' said Warwick, embarrassed, 'he has as much devotion as befits a christian knight and a goodly prince.'

"'Ah!' sighed the king, 'ye men of arms have strange thoughts on these matters;' and cutting the silk of the letters, he turned from the warrior. Shading his face with his hand, the Earl darted his keen glance on the features of the King, as, drawing near to the table, the latter read the communications which announced his new connexion with his ancient foe.

"But Henry was at first so affected by the sight of Margaret's well-known hand, that he thrice put down her letter and wiped the moisture from his eyes.

"'My poor Margaret, how thou hast suffered!' he murmured; 'these very characters are less firm and bold than they were. Well—well!' and at last he betook himself resolutely to the task. Once or twice his countenance changed, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise. But the

proposition of a marriage between Prince Edward and the Lady Anne did not revolt his forgiving mind, as it had the haughty and stern temper of his consort. And when he had concluded his son's epistle, full of the ardour of his love and the spirit of his youth, the King passed his left hand over his brow, and then extending his right hand to Warwick, said, in accents which trembled with emotion—'Serve *my* son, since he is *thine*, too;—give peace to this distracted kingdom—repair my errors—press not hard upon those who contend against us, and Jesu and his saints will bless this bond!'

"The Earl's object, perhaps, in seeking a meeting with Henry, so private and unwitnessed, had been, that none, not even his brother, might hearken to the reproaches he anticipated to receive, or say hereafter that he heard Warwick, returned as Victor and Avenger to his native land, descend, in the hour of triumph, to extenuation and excuse. So affronted, imperilled, or to use his own strong word, 'so *despaired*,' had he been in the former rule of Henry, that his intellect, which, however vigorous in his calmer moods, was liable to be obscured and dulled by his passions, had half-confounded the gentle King with his ferocious wife and stern councillors, and he had thought he never could have humbled himself to the *man*, even so far as knighthood's submission to Margaret's sex had allowed him to the woman. But the sweetness of Henry's manners and disposition—the saint-like dignity which he had manifested throughout this painful interview, and the touching grace and trustful generosity of his last words—words which consummated the Earl's large projects of ambition and revenge, had that effect upon Warwick, which the preaching of some holy man, dwelling upon the patient sanctity of the Saviour, had of old on a grim Crusader, all incapable himself of practising such meek excellence, and yet all moved and penetrated by its loveliness in another; and, like such Crusader, the representation of all mildest and most forgiving, singularly stirred up in the warrior's mind images precisely the reverse—images of armed valour and stern vindication, as if where the Cross was planted, sprang from the earth the standard and the war-horse!"

IRISH SONG.

BY THE GLANCE OF THOSE EYES.

Composed for Whitaker's beautiful air, "Molly Malone.'

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

By the glance of those eyes,
That so dearly I prize,
'Tis for *thee* my heart sighs,
My own darling Coleen,
While my thoughts wander free
Over mountain and sea;
All my soul is with thee,
As it ever has been,
In the beautiful vale
Down by sweet Doneraile,
When I breath'd the soft tale
That you linger'd to hear;

Nor absence had blighted,
Nor coldness had slighted
The vows we then plighted,
My own Molly dear.
Sweet Molly! sweet Molly Malone

Oh! I think of the time,
In our love's early prime,
When I heard the bell chime
From the old castle wall,
And we hasten'd to meet
By that river so sweet;
How my fond heart would beat,
As you answer'd my call!
In the beautiful vale
Down by sweet Doneraile,
When I breath'd the soft tale
That you linger'd to hear;
Nor absence had blighted,
Nor coldness had slighted
The vows we then plighted,
My own Molly dear!
Sweet Molly! sweet Molly Malone!

When I meet thee by chance,
At the fair or the dance,
Why so shy is thy glance,
My own darling Coleen;
Must I still sigh in vain,
Wilt thou never again
List thy Carolan's strain
For the days that have been
In the beautiful vale
Down by sweet Doneraile,*
When I breath'd the soft tale,
That you linger'd to hear;
Nor absence had blighted,
Nor coldness had slighted
The vows we then plighted,
My own Molly dear!
Sweet Molly! sweet Molly Malone!

* The environs of Doneraile are richly wooded. Lord Doneraile's mansion stands on a rising ground, sloping down to a beautiful vale, washed by a romantic river. This favoured scene for song is the haunt of many a joyous son of Erin, and his fair Coleen.—Young's Ireland.

SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BREAKING HEART.

PENT within the walls of a prison, however festive its aspect or glittering its decorations, it is sad to look from its unhallowed precinct; to where, beneath the splendor of the sun, the fields assume their gayest tints, and the denizens of the skies wing their rapid flight through the balmy air, tasting with unrestrained delight the sweets of boundless liberty. Careless of the dismal fate that crushes the spirit of the captive, and binds the soul with chains more terrible than those which encircle the limbs, the simple swain passes the jocund day with cheerful voice and smiling aspect: his couch and his fare are both equally hard and mean; but freedom gives a zest to the one and a softness to the other, far surpassing the most elaborate delicacies and downy cushions, which are not graced with her matchless spirit.

Time went his ceaseless round, and days and nights succeeded each other with the same terrible monotony; but they brought no succour to the hapless Begum, to whom every succeeding hour seemed more bitter than the last. The early rays of the sun dissipating the gloom of night, inspired her anxious bosom with fresh hope, and freedom seemed to hover on the morning breeze that fanned her feverish cheek; but, like flowers that daily bloom and die, her glowing anticipations withered as the night came on, and left her to fearful dreams and broken slumbers. Still pining for those joyous hours that flew too fast when she was free and happy, her eyes were turned incessantly towards the distant walls of Srirungaputtun, as if in eager hope to view some signal from her noble lover. Every breeze that rustled amongst the rocks and foliage of her mountain prison was laden with her heavy sighs; and every cloud that soared above her head was charged with messages of love, to those adoring friends who knew not where now their fawn-eyed maiden lay absorbed in hopeless misery.

Like some fond miser gloating over his hidden treasure, the hapless Begum gazed on, and caressed incessantly, the portrait ring which her gallant lord had placed on her bridal finger: and many a time she blessed the skilful hand which had thus perpetuated to her eyes the loved image so deeply engraven on her heart. To her sorrow and dismay, however, she missed the diamond chain which her loved Rakhi-bund Bauee had sent her as a pledge of his fidelity; and which had comprised the most dearly cherished of her bridal ornaments. She concluded, as a matter of course, that it had been stolen from her neck by one of the robbers, perhaps even by the Chieftain

[1] Continued from p. 245.

of the band who now held her in captivity; and while the theft deeply enhanced her detestation of the traitor, it served also to rouse, in her too sensitive mind, some anxious fears that the loss of so cherished a talisman might prove an omen of her Kistna's waning love.

Meanwhile, however, the unhappy Lachema was spared the hated presence of her tyrant, whose absence she ascribed, with gratitude, to the good offices of the Bhaut. Indeed it was principally owing to the representations of the venerable Rungapa that Kempé refrained from persecuting his lovely captive with his odious addresses: for, satisfied that no earthly power could snatch her from his grasp, he was the more easily induced to await the soothing influence of time; which might, to a certain extent, obliterate the memory of the past from the heart of the Begum, and render it susceptible of other impressions. He frequently indulged, however, in stolen glances at the peerless maid; as she sat absorbed in her sorrows, or gazed from her ærial garden, with intense anxiety, towards the distant scene of her former bliss, and the centre of her soul's most ardent longing. On these occasions when, all unconscious of being observed, the Fawn-eyed maid gave free scope to the emotions of her affectionate heart, there appeared such a halo of innocence and artless grace around her person, that Kempé drank deep intoxicating draughts of love from his furtive enjoyment; and, ere long, became the impassioned slave of his peerless captive. With all the eagerness of uncalculating love, he racked his invention to find out new pleasures for her entertainment; and masques, dances, and dramatic exhibitions were presented in rapid succession to her listless gaze, while all the treasures of genius, art and fancy were poured in prodigal profusion at her footstool.

But it was all in vain, for the worm that gnawed her heart's core effectually counteracted every attempt to yield her pleasure; and the finger of care was daily tracing on her faded cheek the visible indications of the deep despair that filled her sinking soul. But though, beneath the cruel weight of unnumbered ills, the breast may be crushed, beyond the bearing of all human fortitude, yet who can say when angry Fate hath spent its utmost bitterness?

One evening when, reclining on her couch, the sultry air had lulled her into a short forgetfulness of her woes, the Begum was aroused from a gentle slumber by the sound of voices in an adjoining apartment, from which the one she occupied was only separated by a slight wainscot. The conversation which ensued appeared to be carried on, in an under tone, between two or three of the Bayaderes belonging to the Haram, and a Banyan, or merchant of female wares, with whom they appeared to be chaffering: and although, at the commencement, it was perfectly uninteresting to the unhappy captive, it gradually rose in interest; until, at length, it irresistibly and most painfully enchained her curiosity and attention.

"Now Yacoub," said one of the girls, "let me see what else you have got in your pack; for you have shown us nothing yet that is fit even for the humdrum wife of a Cooly to wear."

"The old sinner!" exclaimed another, "He carries all his choice

articles to the palace of the Rajah, or the Nawaub, and puts us off with the refuse."

"We will have him ducked in the tank," said a third, "if he presumes to treat us with so little ceremony."

"By Allah and the Prophet!" cried the old Mussulmaun vehemently, "you wrong me, pretty dears ——."

"Hush! in Doorga's name, hush!" exclaimed one of the dancing girls; "if you speak so loud you will waken the Chieftain's new Beebee, and get the scourge for your imprudence."

"Ah!" said Yacoub, "I have heard wonderful accounts of the beauty of the new Beebee. Is she then such a phœnix as they report her to be?"

"I see nothing wonderful in her," replied one, "except that she squints a little."

"And her mouth is all on one side," cried a second.

"And one shoulder is higher than the other," exclaimed a third.

"Then she has no taste in dress," said the first, "and uses no henna to her nails."

"Nor Kohol to her great goggle eyes," cried the second.

"Nor Cama-poolel to her hair," chimed in the last.

"I wonder," said Yacoub, "what the Chieftain could see in her to make such a fuss about. Surely his own Haram contains much greater beauties; and I need not go beyond the three graces who are now before me."

"Oh Yacoub!" cried all three in a breath, "you flatter us; indeed you do."

"Not a bit of it," said Yacoub, "I'm a plain spoken old man; but I cannot be blind to those beautiful eyes that outshine the Hoor-ul-uyun of the Prophet's Paradise."

"Oh! good Yacoub!" simpered the lady who was particularly addressed.

"Nor can I look at that beautiful mouth," continued Yacoub, leering at another, "without thinking of two rows of pearl in a cornelian casket."

"Good old man!" cried the Bayadere, smiling off her beautiful teeth to the best advantage.

"And when I gaze on that lovely form," said the crafty old Mussulmaun to the other, "I think I behold one of the graceful nymphs of your own pagan Swerga."

"Worthy old soul!" said the lady thus apostrophized, elevating her head, and displaying the symmetry of her bust.

"Bah! Bah!" said the old man, "you think I bring you all the refuse, and keep all my choice wares for the palace of the Rajah or the Nawaub. I will now convince you of the contrary, and show you something that will make your pretty mouths water."

"Good old Yacoub! worthy old soul!" cried the delighted girls, "show it to us, show it to us; we are dying with impatience to see it."

The Banyan, thus conjured, took off his huge turban, and placing it on his knee, very deliberately began to unrol its voluminous folds;

dropping hints, every now and then, during the operation, which had the effect of whetting the curiosity of the ladies to the keenest edge. At length he discovered, very cunningly concealed amongst the involutions of the muslin, a small box, which he unlocked; and drew forth a splendid wreath of pearls, the beauty of which elicited the most flattering encomiums from the admiring Bayaderes.

"This," said Yacoub, with all the *gusto* of a connoisseur, "is a jewel of immense value in itself, but what makes it inestimable is the fact that it was one of the bridal ornaments of the Begum of Mysore."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished dancing girls, "of the Fawn-eyed maid, who was snatched up to heaven for her peerless beauty!"

"The same," said Yacoub with solemnity; "and whether she reigns in heaven or on earth, this I can vouch to have adorned her luxuriant hair on her bridal night. But look here," he continued, drawing forth another trinket, "this is the nose ring she wore when betrothed to the noble Kistna; and through this ring, it is said, he imprinted the first kiss on her lovely lips."

A bustle of anxious curiosity here ensued amongst the Bayaderes, who vented many exclamations of surprise and admiration, as they inspected the trinkets. But their wonder was raised to a climax when the Banyan produced a bracelet of seeming diamonds, which he declared ,to be the identical one sent by the Fawn-eyed maid to the gallant Kistna, when she constituted him her Rakhi-bund Bauee.

This was inspected with more than ordinary curiosity by the Bayaderes; for the air of mystery and romance which had been spread like a halo round the loves of the unhappy couple, had rendered them objects of intense interest to all who had heard any of the thousand and one versions of their singular adventures. With eager impatience they questioned the Banyan as to the truth of his story, and the manner in which he had become possest of the royal trinkets; and he gratified them with an ample relation of every thing connected with the fate of the hapless lovers. In this truth and fiction were so curiously blended together, that the Begum felt assured the narrator must have been fully and intimately acquainted with the first, and only availed himself of the second to suit the taste of his simple and superstitious auditory.

"I have now," said Yacoub, "given you a history more interesting and affecting even than that of Mejnoun and Leila; and it only remains to account for the manner in which this Bracelet came into my possession."

"Oh, pray," said the curious Bayaderes, "do tell us that, for we are dying to hear what became of the gallant, the handsome and the noble Kistna."

"His story is soon told," said Yacoub, with an involuntary sigh, "and his fate was as melancholy, though not so mysterious, as that of his Fawn-eyed maid. When the Begum had disappeared so suddenly, her noble lover set off with a gallant train of knights to search for her in the courts of her royal suitors; and report says that he fought and slew several of them, and took their kingdoms. But he never found the object of his search; and despair, at length, prompted him to put

a period to his existence, by throwing himself into the Cauvery, at the exact spot where the Begum had disappeared. His lifeless body floated down with the stream, and was at length found by a fisherman; who discovered on his wrist the inestimable bracelet you now hold in your hand. I purchased it from the fisherman for an immense sum, and you may now have it ——."

The story and the bargain of the Banyan were both cut short by a convulsive sob, succeeded by violent hysterics in the adjoining chamber; and the frightened Bayaderes jumped up, each holding in her hand the trinket she liked best, and ran to see what was the matter. Their attentions, however, were not required; for the affectionate Nelleeny was at her post, and rendered every assistance to her unhappy mistress, whose condition was truly pitiable on this sudden disclosure of her lover's fate. The fair dancers, therefore, unconscious of the cause of her illness, and attributing it to constitutional infirmity, retired to another part of the Haram to conclude their purchases with the crafty old Banyan.

Meanwhile the mind of the Begum was a prey to the most excruciating anguish: for, although she endeavoured to persuade herself that the story she had just heard was a pure invention of the trinket merchant's, to enhance the value of his wares, she could not help looking on the catastrophe as but too likely to have taken place; from the well-known intensity of her lover's affection, and the conviction she entertained, from her own feelings, of the overwhelming depth of his despair. It was in vain that Nelleeny endeavoured to sooth her desponding mistress: her simple arguments had more reference to material than mental consolation; and when she lacked ideas of her own, she never failed to recur to the wisdom and knowledge of the Bhaut. The frequent mention of the venerable man at length inspired the Begum with the hope of obtaining from him a knowledge of the exact truth; which, however deplorable, would, she thought, be preferable to the dreadful anxiety she now suffered. She therefore despatched her attendant once more to solicit his presence at the Haram.

The venerable Bhaut was not long in obeying the summons; but an ominous gloom overspread his features, which made the Begum dread the explanation she was so anxious to obtain. At length she mustered courage sufficient to open the melancholy subject.

"Venerable Bhaut," said the unhappy captive, "pardon, I pray you, the trouble I so frequently give; and deign to relieve the anxiety that now weighs down my spirits."

"Would it were in my power," replied the Bhaut, "to relieve your hapless condition: the will, most peerless lady, is certainly not wanting."

"Many, many thanks," said the Begum, "for your sympathy. The relief I at present require is haply in your power, and cannot interfere with your duty."

"In what then can I serve you?" demanded the Bhaut.

"A dreadful report," said the Begum, with a look of intense anxiety, "has just reached me, having reference to the fate of my beloved lord."

"Alas!" cried the Bhaut, "I did hope that you might still longer

be spared this additional affliction; but the will of destiny who can stay?

"Gracious powers of heaven!" exclaimed the Begum, "is it then true what I have heard?"

"I know not," said the Bhaut, "what your highness may have heard; but it is now, alas! your duty to prepare for the worst."

"For mercy's sake!" cried the afflicted maiden, "keep me no longer in suspense. Say does the noble Kistna still live to bless my longing eyes?"

"The noble Kistna," said the Bhaut, with an affecting solemnity of manner, "no longer breathes the polluted air of this wicked world."

A piteous wail seemed to rend the bosom of the unhappy Begum, as she sank on her couch in a state of agony and desolation that set at defiance the boasted powers of language to delineate. Heavy sobs issued from her lips, and tears gushed from her eyes, with a violence it was impossible to control. Suddenly she dashed them from her cheeks, and gazed on the Bhaut with a look as if she sought to probe the inmost recesses of his heart; but the scrutiny appeared to yield her no relief:

"It is impossible," she exclaimed, "that deceit can dwell in those silver hairs, or lurk in those placid features. Truth has placed his signet on those lips, and age has traced a warning on that brow: but still he may be wrong, for the wisest are subject to error. Then say, venerable man, and I will bless you for the confession, that your information may be erroneous—that you speak the language of others—that hope may still be indulged."

The delusion, however, was dispelled by the Bhaut, who assured the Begum that he had been so deeply interested in her fate that, when the rumour of Kistna's death had reached the Droog, he had made a journey, in spite of his age and infirmities, to Srirungaputtun, to inquire into its truth; and the information he obtained was unquestionable. The noble youth, he said, had sought through many lands a clue to the prison of his fawn-eyed maid, but all in vain. He described his interview with the Rajah of Serindib, and its fruitless result. He dwelt on the expeditions he subsequently undertook, in succession, to the Courts of all the royal and rejected suitors of the Begum; at every one of which he had been received with the highest honors and the most generous sympathy: but not the slightest trace could he discover of the beloved object of his search. On his return to Srirungaputtun a deadly sorrow absorbed the faculties of the noble youth; and though the royal mourners tried to quell their own consuming woe for the loss of their peerless daughter, to administer comfort to their adopted son and successor, their cares and sympathy were all in vain. Despair took uncontrolled possession of his faculties; and neither the glories of war, nor the splendors of royalty had the power to withdraw him from the deep and settled melancholy in which he was plunged. His favourite retreat was the Cypress Isle, where he called incessantly upon his Fawn-eyed maid; and there he would cling to the altar of the goddess, beseeching her with tears to restore his peerless bride, or snatch him from a world which was now nothing

more than a cheerless desert. At length the sea-born Lachema seemed to listen to the prayer of her unhappy supplicant; for he suddenly disappeared from the banks of the Cauvery, and it was universally supposed that he had put a period to his sorrows in the sacred stream.

As when the rose bud is blighted by corroding winds, it hangs its withered head and fading hues, so the Fawn-eyed maid, in hopeless agony, sank beneath this deadly blow. The bloom of health forsook her wasted cheek: her feeble frame shivered with unwonted pangs, and fever poured its liquid flame through the veins of the hapless maiden. With wandering thoughts and burning head, the Rajah's once happy child long struggled between life and death, and Fate seemed ready to extinguish her bitter woes in the silent tomb. But youth at length overcame the dire disease, and Lachema regained her former health, though she long remained weak and languid. Her physical malady was accompanied with a mental depression which nothing could alleviate; and feeling as if nothing more was left worth caring for in the world, a fixed and tender melancholy sate on the altered brow of the maiden, and a gloomy apathy usurped her mind, the certain indication of a breaking heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE YOGIE.*

The sun was approaching the horizon, and casting a rich mellow glow over the western sky; while the breeze of evening was shedding its refreshing balm on all those objects of creation whose animal powers had been oppressed by the sultry fervours of the day. The shrill, mournful cry of the jackal was calling forth the echoes of the rocky dell; and the air resounded with the simple lay of the shepherd, the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle, as they wound slowly through the woodland towards the sheltering fold. On a high and rocky mound, that frowningly overtopped the smiling landscape which lay at its base, an aged Yogie lay reclined, absorbed in melancholy mood; while the heavy sighs that poured from his lips, and the tears that coursed each other down his cheeks, indicated the workings of some hidden grief or deadly sin in his agitated breast.

In winding glades and verdant alleys the forest spread around, with all the beautiful irregularity of the picturesque; over which, dimly seen in the distance, the formidable fortress of Savindroog proudly uplifted its lofty summit. The Rock of Death, whose awful head and rugged sides were crowned with towers and battlements, rose like a mighty column from the greenwood bowers that encircled the foot of the hill; where the lordly palace and the peasant's shed, the martial rampart and the holy fane, lay spread around in mingled ruin by the destroying hand of war. Vast, immoveable and high, soaring above the artificial fragments that encumbered its base, the Droog looked like the Genius of Eternity, brooding with hoary front over the ravages of Time.

* A Pilgrim, or religious Ascetic.

Wearied with the labours of the day, and the ruggedness of the road he had traversed, the venerable Yogie lay upon his rocky bed, seemingly unconscious of its rudeness, though a softer couch might better suit his apparently aged frame. As if dead to every mortal feeling, he bade defiance, in stern ascetic pride, to every outward torment; conforming himself strictly to the instructions laid down for his self-denying sect in the Bhagvat Geeta: constantly exercising his spirit in private, being recluse, of a subdued mind, free from hope, and free from perception; his business being the restraint of his passions, and his thoughts being fixed on one subject alone, the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul.

He was, however, a stalwart rover of the desert; and his lofty and muscular form seemed better calculated for the rude encounters of a martial life, than the peaceful, though trying, penances of a pilgrim or a hermit. A turban of enormous size was bound, in numerous folds, over his shaggy brows; which partly concealed a pair of eyes that sparkled occasionally with a fire and vivacity unusual at his apparently advanced age. His long hoary locks descended from his head in wild disorder; and a bushy beard, of silvery grey, enveloped the lower part of his face, and lay in ample volume on his broad swelling chest. His flowing robes, which were more than usually ample, were dyed of a saffron hue, which seemed to indicate that he was bound by a solemn vow on some mission of high import, and that death alone could bring his pilgrimage to a close.

By the side of the Yogie, as if to aid him on his toilsome journey, lay a long knotty staff of massy strength, whose iron head was wrought like the sceptre of his god. A double streak of ochre, or sandal, ornamented the forehead of the Ascetic, and a long string of aromatic Tulassi beads was thrown round his neck; all which denoted him to be a stern unbending Bairagi, or disciple of Vishnu, thus externally distinguished from the Gossains, or worshippers of Siva, the Destroying member of the Triad. The only other accoutrements borne by the Yogie were a scrip, formed of the skin of the black deer, and a Veena of more elaborate form and compass than those instruments usually display.

The Veena was, however, a deviation from costume extremely rare amongst those rigid devotees, who are commanded by the Bhagvat Geeta to make the breath pass through the nostrils alike in respiration and inspiration; and whose duty it is to exclude all external impressions, and to identify themselves with the universal spirit. The pilgrim we are now describing was, indeed, so far an exception to the generality of his class, that he not only sought occasionally to derive a solace from the sound of the Veena, which he touched with exquisite skill and expression, but he also, not unfrequently, departed from the injunctions contained in the Rubric, by opening his mouth and giving vent in measured strains to the hopes or the sorrows that agitated his bosom. This, however, he did with such taste, melody, and expression, that even the most rigid hypercritic of religious observances would have pardoned the heterodox innovation, had he heard the jungle echoes ring with the wondrous tones of the instrument,

produced by the skilful touch of the Yogie, while he thus pensively extemporized the thoughts which filled his labouring breast.

Far in the West a golden gleam
Of splendor rises from the sun,
As o'er the earth his slanting beam
Denotes his glorious course is run.
But I, the last of all my race,
Shall live unknown and die unseen;
Nor leave behind one single trace
Of what I was and might have been.

The gathering clouds their lustre lose,
And take new forms as fades the ray:
How quickly change their rainbow hues!
How rapid is the close of day!
The glorious orb with vivid beam
Shall tint again the orient wave,
But my too transient sunny dream
Is sunk for ever to the grave.

The splendor that so lately shone
Is faded o'er the darkening plain,
While Night ascends her ebon throne
And silence aids her dreary reign:
Ah! thus the fleeting vision gay
That gilded once my fancy bright,
Is vanish'd like the closing day,
And o'er it broods eternal night.

The chilly dews of evening were now descending fast, and dense vapours were gathering around, clothing the jungle in a misty mantle equally damp and cheerless; but the venerable Yogie still lay upon his rocky bed, brooding over his sorrows, and apparently reckless of his fate. The meanest hut of the peasant would seem a palace compared with this unsheltered retreat, but the pilgrim sought it not. Absorbed in thoughtful melancholy, he defied the pestilential breath of those tangled woods, whose fetid atmosphere surrounds the Rock of Death; nor did he seem to anticipate evil from his exposure to the inroads of the snake, the wolf or the tiger; within whose fatal spring he might, for aught he knew, have been that moment lying. The bitter sorrows that made him regardless of danger, also deprived the Yogie of that balmy rest which sooths the angry spirit and comforts the decline of life. All night long that solace of the wretched fled his stony pillow; and it was not till the first grey streak of morning had tinged the eastern horizon that the unhappy pilgrim closed his eyes, and worn-out nature admitted of a short repose.

The strains of early day broke sweetly on the ears of the Yogie, and his chilled limbs were comforted by the genial influence of the sun; whose broad rays were penetrating the forest in every direction, and dissipating the misty exhalations that had sprung from the rank vegetation and fenny hollows during the night. The silver-headed tassel grass sparkled with dew-drops, the flowering shrubs poured forth their richest fragrance, and the lofty trees resounded with the songs of innumerable birds; while the distant note of the Collary

horn, borne over hill and valley by the morning breeze, denoted that the hunter was afoot in the jungle, or the predatory Bheel, both equally in search of prey. Across the narrow rocky path, which led through the mazes of the forest, a little stream, that gushed from a neighbouring eminence, was rippling over its pebbly bed: by its plashy margin the Yogie sat, carelessly occupied with his morning repast; and gazing, with undefinable emotions at the distant fortress of the Bheel, whose massy towers and lofty summit seemed to awaken long slumbering thoughts within his agitated breast.

The simple fare of the Yogie was supplied from the deer-skin scrip he carried; and when the moderate demands of hunger were satisfied, he knelt to slake his thirst at the brook which rippled at his feet. While in the act of drinking, an object met his wondering sight in the limpid stream, which sparkled with unwonted brilliancy and lustre. With eager haste he stretched forth his hand, and drew from amidst the polished pebbles a diamond chain, of great beauty and apparently immense value, which had by some singular accident fallen into the rivulet.

A cry of rapture burst from the bosom of the Yogie as he pressed the jewel to his lips and to his heart, with an eagerness altogether unaccountable in one of his years and self denying creed. He fixed his sparkling eyes on his newly found treasure, as if it possessed the attraction of the basilisk; then gazed wildly around him, as if he feared some lurking Bheel might wrench it from his grasp. The stern ascetic creed of the Yogie, and his death-devoted mission would naturally lead to a supposition that avarice, the stubborn sin of age, was dead within his breast; but, with all the fondness of a lover at the altar of his divinity, he gloated on the costly prize, which had thus unexpectedly fallen into his hands; and lowly, and humbly, he bent his knee to the Deity, for so signal a mark of divine favour. Suddenly his eye fell upon the distant summit of Savindroog: when, as if inflamed with some fearful passion, his powerful frame shook with uncontrolled emotion, while ungovernable fury flashed from his eyes: fiercely shaking his pilgrim staff at the fortress of the Bheel, he sprang with unwonted energy to his feet; and, with a light and active bound, dashed into the mazy windings of the wood.

Absorbed in overwhelming emotions, as he forced his way onwards in the direction of the Droog, through reedy swamps and tangled thickets, the pilgrim sought no relief, under his extraordinary fatigue, from the picturesque beauties that lay scattered around, with all the prodigality of nature; but gazed with the same indifference on the cloudless sky and the blooming earth. The lofty trees that shaded his path were decked with flowering creepers, that hung like garlands from their boughs. The aromatic shrubs that sprang from the luxuriant soil on every side, flung their mingled odour on the pure elastic air; while swift before the steps of the aged man the timid fawn and the startled hare, flew from many a bosky dell, alarmed that mortal footstep should disturb the repose of their sylvan solitude.

But, heedless of the charms that courted his attention, the Yogie still, with vigorous step, pursued his pathway through the forest: and as, amidst the gloom of the tempest, the pilot views the polar

star by which to steer his difficult course, so, with a stern and steady eye, the pilgrim gazed on the embattled crest of the Droog, while sobs of anguish issued at intervals from his labouring breast. Scared by the unwonted intrusion, the peacock spread his gorgeous pinions, and through many a verdant avenue the fox and the jackal scoured from the threatened danger. The wild hog crossed his rugged path, and bared his formidable tusks, unregarded: even when the yell of the tiger was heard, as he sprang on some defenceless fawn in the wilderness, the Yogie still pressed forward as if he bore a charmed life, and totally reckless of the dangers that beset his path.

But he was now immersed in the labyrinths of the jungle, and the lofty trees which overshadowed his path, totally obscured from view the landmark he had chosen as the guide of his journey. From the leafy thickets and reedy hollows, through which he laboured with unabated vigour, the Droog was no where visible; nor could he distinguish a single eminence from which he might again ascertain its bearings. Like a mariner in the vast expanse of ocean, deprived of chart and compass, his only hope of reaching his destination lay in an accurate observation of the heavens: but the sun was in the fierce meridian, and the universal blaze that overspread the sky dazzled his eyes, and baffled his calculations. Nor was he more fortunate when he recurred to the tangible objects which surrounded him: he had long entirely lost all trace of the rugged pathway; and the trees, thickets, rocks and glens, bore so singular a resemblance towards each other, that he could establish no distinctive mark to serve as a clue out of the labyrinth, and finally wandered about, confused and bewildered, as if plunged in a region of delusion and enchantment.

At length, to his great joy, a hoary headed rock rose at some distance before him, and having, with some difficulty, clambered up its perpendicular sides, he looked around, but with astonishment beheld Savindroog, after all his labours, at a still greater distance than when he had started on his journey. To an ordinary mind this would have been a fatal discouragement, and a sufficient warning not to tempt again the bewildering mazes of the jungle: but the Yogie appeared to be endowed with extraordinary mental as well as physical energy, and influenced by some secret stimulus, which bid defiance to all obstacles. Having, therefore, made minute and accurate observations of the bearing of the Droog, and of some intervening rocks that overtopped the jungle, he recommended himself to the guardianship of the "Thousand-titled" deity, whose vowed disciple he was, and plunged once more into the intricacies of the forest.

But, as if the elements had combined with other natural obstacles to defeat the object of his journey, the sky became suddenly overcast with dark and threatening clouds: the excessive sultriness of the day was succeeded by a chilling coldness; heavy drops of rain fell pattering on the dense foliage, and the angry blast of the monsoon swept through the jungle with ungovernable fury, scattering the leaves and branches aloft in eddying whirlwinds, and bending the proudest trees of the forest like reeds to the earth. When the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, strewing the ground with vestiges of its ruinous velocity, a torrent of rain descended from the sable clouds;

as if the sluices of divine wrath had been opened, to obliterate for ever from creation a fallen paradise, polluted by the wickedness of man. The artillery of heaven then poured forth its deafening vollies, and the lurid flashes of the lightning rent asunder the murky veil which had been suddenly cast upon the earth; while the groaning of the trees, as they bowed their stately summits to the fury of the gale, the screams and cries of innumerable birds, dashed wildly and helplessly to and fro, and the terrified yelling of wolves and panthers, whose native ferocity was miraculously tamed by the war of elements, mingled with the howling of the tempest and the deep rolling of the thunder, and formed a combination of horrible sounds enough to quell the spirit of the most dauntless breast.

Drenched to the skin, blinded by the wind and rain, and staggering to and fro beneath the force of the tempest, too powerful even for his muscular frame, the Yogie still endeavoured to pursue his journey; but human strength and fortitude were unequal to the task of contending against the finger of the deity. After many ineffectual struggles, rendered still more painful and unavailing by the rapid approach of night, the Yogie at length hailed with pleasure the appearance of a shattered ruin, which the vivid lightning revealed to him in a rocky dingle; and whose tottering walls and decayed roof might yield, he thought, sufficient shelter through the night from the fury of the tempest, which still raged with unabated and terrific violence.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RUINED CHOULTRY.

The ruinous building which now offered to the Yogie the only shelter that appeared amidst the wide-spread scene of desolation which the jungle presented, had apparently been once a choultry; dedicated by some charitable person to the gratuitous accommodation of travellers. A narrow verandah, supported on wooden pillars, quaintly carved, and retaining still some faint traces of gilding, extended in front, the whole length of the edifice. From this three doorways led into a large and gloomy hall; the chunam floor of which was broken in many places, and the tiled roof presented numerous vestiges of decay and dilapidation; while, through the rents and fissures in the walls, the roots of the Peepul and the creeping fibres of the ivy insinuated themselves; spreading their rank foliage in all directions, and striving with apparent rivalry, for absolute dominion over the deserted edifice.

With the exception of a small detached shed, once dedicated to culinary purposes, this large hall comprized all the accommodation, if it could be so called, of the Choultry; and at one end of it the Yogie took up his quarters for the night, arranging his couch as well as he could with the fragments of a mat, which had been left there by some traveller, perhaps many years before. Cold and drenched as he was he endeavoured to compose himself to rest, to recruit his exhausted strength for the trials and labours of the coming day: but the incessant roar

of the tempest, which occasionally swept off a portion of the shattered roof, kept him for a long time awake and restless; while the unhappy thoughts that filled his breast tended by no means to sooth the nervous irritation of his mind.

At length, in spite of all external obstacles, a gentle slumber was stealing imperceptibly over his senses, when the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps struck his ears; and before he had entirely recovered the possession of his faculties some living things, whether brute or human he could not distinguish, rushed into the choultry, with a velocity evidently accelerated by the force of the tempest. Raising himself upright, the Yogie now prepared to repel the attack of the intruders, if any such were contemplated; and his uncertainty as to the species of the foe was quickly dispelled by the rough tones of a human voice, directed by one of the party to another in the following strain:

"By the skull-Chaplet of Doorga this is the devil's festival, and all the fiends of Patala are let out for a holiday or a skrimmage."

"Nay," cried another voice, "e'en let them fight it out, Ballajee, amongst themselves; and when the battle is won you can step in, as usual, and fill your wallet with the spoils."

"By the Trisul of Mahadeo," replied Ballajee, "your own is seldom empty on such occasions, Chinnapa. But none of your dry jokes, comrade; neither the time nor the place are at all agreeable to the humour I am in at present."

"Heyday!" exclaimed Chinnapa, "you seem to have a fit of the horrors, old boy; which is rather strange for so hardened a rover of the jungle."

"I confess," replied the Ballajee, "that nothing but the infernal racket outside would ever drive me to take shelter in these blood-stained walls, where I have witnessed scenes——hark did you not hear something stir in yonder corner?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Chinnapa, laughing at the fears of his companion, "why, Ballajee, you are getting old and foolish, and mistake the falling of a tile for the footstep of a ghost."

"'Twas not the falling of a tile, I swear," cried Ballajee in a tone of alarm.

"Then 'twas the tread of a jackal," said his comrade in a jeering tone, "but if you have any doubts man, on the subject, go, in the name of Yama, and satisfy yourself."

"Not for the wealth of the Maha Rajah," cried Ballajee, in a tremulous voice, "would I inspect that corner such a night as this; for it was there I stabbed the Banyan, as he lay struggling on his mat, to preserve his trinkets."

"Nay, nay," said Chinnapa, whose confidential tone appeared to be somewhat shaken by this hint, "you think too often and too deeply, Ballajee, on these old-world stories."

"Ah!" exclaimed the veteran rover of the jungle, "had you seen him, Chinnapa, when I struck the blow, you would never forget his dying look—his long white beard was stained with blood—his eyes rolling in the agonies of death—his——"

"In the name of Doorga!" cried Chinnapa, in a voice of trepida-

tion, "strike a light, man, and drive away the fiends of darkness, or let us quit this infernal hole once and for ever."

The fury of the storm, however, precluding the possibility of quitting the shelter they had chosen, without encountering dangers more terrible than the imaginary ones conjured up by the conscience-stricken Ballajee, the latter drew from his pouch a flint and steel, with which he speedily struck a light, and set fire to some withered leaves and branches that strewed the floor of the choultry. The sudden flame illumed the farther end of the spacious hall, and displayed to the eyes of the Yogie two sturdy figures, whose sinister looks and peculiar costume and accoutrements bespoke the hardy marauders of the jungle.

Somewhat reassured by the cheerful blaze of the fire, which they heaped with such fuel as they found scattered around the part of the hall they had chosen for their bivouac, the Bheels now set themselves to dry their drenched garments, and to prepare their supper; without, however, once venturing to look towards the obscure corner occupied by the Yogie, and which their guilty thoughts could not help peopleing with beings of another world. They accordingly drew from their wallets sundry slices of cooked venison and hog's flesh, with barley and rice cakes, which they devoured with the proverbial appetites of hunters; and each producing a horn of arrack, they seasoned their meal with copious draughts of that exhilirating fluid.

Inspired with fresh courage by the creature comforts and deep potations they had so heartily partaken of, the Bheels appeared to forget, or to disregard, not only their own superstitious fears, but the more real terrors of the tempest; and laughed, talked and sang with a vociferous gaiety that was strangely at variance with the sepulchral gloom and thickening horrors of the scene.

"Ah! yes," said Chinnapa, after a hearty laugh at the vanished apprehensions of his companion, "the walls of this old choultry, if they could speak, would doubtless tell many a strange tale, with which we have been all of us more or less connected."

"It has often afforded us shelter," responded Ballajee, "from storms of another description than that which is now blowing: but I doubt if the expedition we were on when we last paid it a visit may not yet end in mischief."

"What expedition do you allude to?" demanded Chinnapa.

"I allude to our famous journey to Srirungaputtun," replied Ballajee, "when we carried off the Begum of Mysore from her booby of a Bridegroom."

A sudden motion in the corner occupied by the Yogie here startled the Bheels, who turned round with a look of terror; but the light of their own position and the gloomy obscurity that enveloped the farther end of the hall prevented them from discerning any object whatever. Applying the horn again to their lips, they took in a fresh supply of courage, and resumed their conversation, though with less hilarity than before.

"I wish the day would break," said Ballajee, "for I like not the midnight noises of these old rookeries: they resemble the whispering of ghosts, or the jabbering of fiends, looking out for the souls of the damned."

"Tut, tut, man," cried Chinnapa, affecting a valour which he did not altogether feel, "quit these cursed fancies that make a child of you, and tell me the particulars of that famous expedition; for, as you know, I was then on a pilgrimage to Juggernauth to wipe off a few of my peccadillos."

"And to take credit for another batch," exclaimed Ballajee; "but you missed as pretty a piece of work as any that a Bheel need wish to figure in. The plot was, however, nearly blown by the failure of Kempé at the tournament, and his subsequent imprisonment."

"From which," said Chinnapa, "he was released, I understand, by that cunning old wizard Rungapa."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Ballajee, "that's all a mistake, man, he had no more to do with the matter than you had."

"It is generally supposed, however," said Chinnapa, "that Kempé was saved on that occasion by the old Bhaut, which may account for his extraordinary influence over the Maha Rajah."

"That influence," replied Ballajee, "has been gained by long and faithful services, by calculating the lucky days for our expeditions, and pleading successfully for the favour of the gods, under the quiet shade of his Banyan Tree. But on the occasion in question, it was Lillah that saved the Maha Rajah's bacon."

"She's a clever lass, is that light-footed Cashmerian," responded Chinnapa.

"You would acknowledge that," said Ballajee, "if you heard the cock-and-a-bull story with which she bamboozled the Begum and her wise parents, about a message from the goddess Gunga, and all the rest of the balderdash."

A long drawn sigh from the Yogie here startled the Bheels, who listened attentively: but nothing further was heard except the roaring of the gale and the loud pealing of the thunder.

"The malediction of Doorga on these rickety old walls," said Chinnapa, "the wind whistles through them like the voice of a human creature: but tell me, Ballajee, how you managed to carry off the Fawn-eyed Begum from the very arms of her spoony of a lover."

"You must know," said Ballajee, "that Lillah coaxed the Begum over to the Cypress Isle, on pretence of saying her prayers in secret to the goddess."

"There," said Chinnapa, "that's what I say, no good ever comes of private devotions."

"We were also there," said Ballajee, "but for a very different purpose."

"I wonder you didn't steal the goddess as well as the Begum," interrupted Chinnapa, "she'd have been a nice companion for the golden Moorut we took from the Ambassador."

"Numskull," exclaimed Ballajee, "that would have spoiled the whole plot; for the cream of the joke was to throw the blame on one of the Royal suitors, and you know they never steal golden images."

"Oh! that's true," said Chinnapa, "they always like their peishcush*

* Tribute.

in the shape of rupees and star pagodas. But who was the scape-goat chosen on this interesting occasion?"

"One, you may be sure," replied Ballajee, "that was not easily got at; and some mysterious rhymes, strung together by the subtle Cashmerian, sent the noble Kistna on a wild-goose chase to Serindib, while we quietly bagged the game at Savindroog."

Another heavy sigh from the haunted corner again smote the ears of the Bheels, whose superstitious terrors were fast consuming the small portion of sound judgment with which nature had endowed them; and they huddled closer together, as they gazed wildly around. Still, however, no object met their view in the thick obscurity, save the bare walls and dilapidated roof; and they continued their conversation in suppressed tones, as if they hoped thereby to elude the vigilance of the disembodied spirit, which they now more than ever suspected was observing their motions.

"It must be confessed," said Chinnapa, "that you had a difficult card to play, but the prize was well worth the struggle, even had it cost more lives than that of Kistna, who they say has drowned himself in despair."

"That is certain," said Ballajee, "the terror of our race is dead, and Kempé need no longer fear the fulfilment of the prophecy; for Kistna now can never wed the Rajah's Fawn-eyed daughter."

"What is to become of the Begum then?" demanded Chinnapa; "will Kempé give her up for a ransom?'

"Under any other circumstances," said Ballajee, "doubtless he would; but he has become so stupidly fond of her highness that nothing, forsooth, will do for him but marriage."

"And will the Begum consent, think you?" asked Chinnapa.

"So it is reported," replied Ballajee, "for since the death of Kistna has been made known to her, she has wonderfully changed her tune. At all events the marriage is actually to take place, with great state and ceremony, two or three days hence."

A terrific groan from the corner where Ballajee had murdered the Banyan broke short the thread of their discourse, and the Bheels sprang upon their feet in a state of indescribable consternation. Gazing wildly towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, they beheld a tall figure with a long white beard advancing towards them in a threatening attitude; and no longer doubting that it was the ghost of the murdered Banyan, they uttered a fearful yell and rushed towards the door with the velocity of lightning. Tumbling over each other in the rapidity of their flight, and screaming as if the fiend had already got them in his clutches, the terrified marauders at length reached the verandah of the choultry, and instantly plunged into the mazes of the forest, braving without a moment's hesitation the still ungovernable fury of the tempest.

Morning at length came, and the storm, which though violent was brief, had entirely past away; leaving the forest strewn with the vestiges of its fury. The sun had appeared above the horizon, and the songs of innumerable birds had succeeded the battling of the elements, when the Yogie awoke from a refreshing slumber into which he had fallen after the abrupt departure of the Bheels. With a frame

invigorated by rest, and a mind imbued with zeal and fortitude in the prosecution of his enterprize, of whatever nature it might be, the pilgrim quitted the ruined choultry which had afforded him so timely a shelter, and proceeded, as before, through the mazes of the forest, and, as well as he could judge, in the direction of the Droog.

Profitting by the errors of the preceding day, the Yogie now took better measures for the accomplishment of his purpose; and having ascertained the bearings of the Droog, with reference to the sun's position and the direction of the morning breeze, which he knew would most probably blow towards one point at least until noon, he proceeded on his journey with a vigorous and elastic step. The difficulties of the way, however, seemed to increase as he advanced: the ground was ploughed up by mountain torrents into deep ravines and nullahs; the trees were more closely planted together; the artificial clumps of bamboo were more numerous, and were also intermingled with impenetrable hedges of aloes and prickly pear, the whole wilderness displaying not a single vestige of human habitation or tillage. Through the long and sultry day, however, he held on his course, amidst tangled wilds and shaggy glens; and it was not till the shades of evening began to fall that he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Droog, which, by some strange mysterious spell, seemed irresistibly to attract the footsteps of the venerable pilgrim.

The gloom of night was now fast falling on the jungle, and the moon being obscured by heavy clouds, there was not a single ray of light to cheer or guide the pilgrim on his way, while struggling from rock to rock over the rugged ground, or plunging into the deep ravines, whose hollow beds were frequently concealed by shrubs and brambles. At times the straggling branch of a tree would rudely strike the Yogie, as he pushed forward in the dark; or the jungle hen, startled from her nest, would cross his path on whirring pinion, with a noise resembling the spring of a tiger from his bosky covert. Difficulty and danger were, however, alike disregarded; and nothing had power to turn aside the Yogie from his course, till at length, in strong relief against the sky, the Droog uplifted proudly its embattled head in silent gloom and solitary grandeur.

His heart beating with powerful emotions on having thus at length reached the long-sought object of his wishes, the Yogie stopped for a brief space to reconnoitre the formidable fortress of which he, in common with all others, had heard such wonderful accounts. With the exception, however, of a light which occasionally sparkled here and there towards the summit, the whole rock appeared to be one undistinguishable mass; rising perpendicularly into the heavens, like a wall, from the spot whereon he stood. While musing on his present position and future plans, the moon broke forth in splendour from behind a cloud, which had hitherto obscured her beauty; and showed at a little distance a mountain stream, which fell softly into a green and grassy dell, whose whole extent appeared to be overshadowed by a magnificent Banyan tree. Within the sacred shade stood a small snow-white temple, whose simple form appeared in strong relief against the dark umbrageous screen. There, on a sloping mound, the

aged Rungapa, with hoary head and thoughtful brow, sat musing in the midnight air.

With wondering eyes the venerable Bhaut beheld the tall majestic pilgrim, with beads and scrip and staff in hand, thus suddenly revealed to view; as if the earth on which he stood, made sacred by its proximity to the temple, had actually given birth to the unexpected vision. With becoming respect the Yogie mildly saluted the Bhaut, on whom his silver hairs and flowing beard, joined to the melodious gravity of his voice, did not fail to make a favourable impression. The venerable Rungapa rose, and with a reverential air, crossing his arms upon his breast, he returned the salute of the stranger, whom he invited to share the hospitality of his hermitage. The invitation was frankly accepted; and the Yogie having partaken of a frugal meal, composed himself to rest on the simple mat prepared for his use, where a profound slumber, won from the labours of the day, very soon steeped his senses in forgetfulness.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

FIRST SERIES.

SONG III.

IMOGEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Now must we to her window,
And give some music to her ear."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WHILE softly she reposes,
Let heavenly music speak,
And wake those virgin roses,
That slumber on her cheek:
Go, tell my fond devotion;
Touch every thrilling string,
Till earth, and air, and ocean,
Of Imogen shall sing.

Sweet Imogen, awaken!
The air blows fresh and free;
The spousal morn hath taken
Her bridal blush from thee;
The chaliced lilies borrow
The whiteness of thy brow,
And, as in gentlest sorrow,
Their flexile heads they bow.

Wake, Imogen, the fairest
Of all created things!
The brightest and the rarest
That hath not angel wings!
The vernal grove rejoices,
And pours, for thy dear sake,
A thousand tuneful voices—
Wake, Imogen, awake!

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SIR EDWARD SUGDEN IN IRELAND.

It is not our purpose to write a memoir of Sir Edward Sugden. He is among but not of us,—bound to this country by the slender thread of office, and therefore, not strictly within the rules which we have prescribed to ourselves. But to all general rules there is an exception; and when we consider that he fills the highest judicial office known to the law in our country—that he stands at the head of all existing men for the soundness and universality of his professional attainments—a noble monument of that which has long been held to be the proudest boast of the British constitution, that a man of ability can set his heel on the accidents of birth or fortune, and rise by his talents to the first dignities of the state—it is not altogether then out of place to devote a chapter to such a man. There is no analogous instance, in which a man so successful has been so little indebted to fortune or lucky accidents, or so exclusively the architect and builder of his own success. Luck gave him nothing—she worked with him only as a friend, not as for a foundling—oftener she stood neuter, and suffered him to work for himself. Somers, Thurlow, Eldon, in England, Avonmore, Plunkett, and others in Ireland, afford similar illustrations of the triumphs of genius. But there were circumstances in the lives of those men which are not to be found in the career of Sir Edward, contributing to their success. He is one of the most perfect examples on record of intellectual power trampling down a very rampart of difficulties. We hear your "men of genius" sneering at the idea of "intellectual powers" in a cold, crusty, most unimaginative lawyer. Such men as Lord Brougham is their archetype of grandeur; how then can his extreme opposite be worthy of such a character? On this head we must avoid argument, save to this extent, that power is not confined to one department of the understanding, and that as much solid mental strength may be displayed in analyzing the dull doctrine of uses and powers, as in the more brilliant and attractive task of translating the *De Corona*, or digesting theories of government for the Society of Useful Knowledge. It is become the fashion to talk contemptuously of able men, because they are not showy, or witty, or eloquent; because they have done nothing to advance popular liberty, or improve the condition of mankind. We sympathize with such generous actions, even though the weakness of pride or popularity lurk at the bottom. The restriction, however, is unsound and untenable. It was ability of no mean order that raised Sir Edward Sugden from the drudgery of an inferior clerk to the head of the Chancery Bar of England, and the rank of Lord Chancellor of Ireland. We confess our admiration of the man who could shuffle off the coil of most adverse circumstances, and command the loftiest dignities. He demands our esteem, because he extracts it. All this we conceive to be an adequate apology for violating our original canon;

if not, we can prop it with additional matter. Sir Edward is likely to exercise a very decided influence on the practice of our equity courts: he has already introduced considerable improvements, and in progress of time will infuse a new and beneficial spirit of reform into the method of business both at the bar and without it. This may be not flattering to our self-conceit, but it is nevertheless true. He is the intrepid, impartial, independent magistrate, intent on doing the right and punishing the wrong, where he discovers the necessity of either. Of these qualities we shall speak more hereafter. After all, it is a strange thing that a man should be panegyrized for doing equal and simple justice—the first of human obligations, the plainest principle in morals, which suggests itself alike to the mind of the civilized and savage. He is the theme of universal praise, because he disdains faction, and, according to his judgment, acts for the universal good. How anomalous must be the condition of that country, on what false and miserable principles of government must it be conducted, how must the inviolable sacredness of law be perverted, when a people kneel almost in thanksgiving, because a Tory Chancellor dismisses a turbulent Tory magistrate, for some gross offence to justice or authority? We raise monuments to the memory of men who have only done their duty. That which in England is regarded as ordinary right, is looked on here as extraordinary favour. When it was proposed to erect a testimonial to the memory of the late-regretted master of the Rolls, it was the just observation of Mr. Holmes—"Ireland is the only country in the world where men are almost deified for doing their duty."

When Sir Edward came over in 1835, he was received with tumultuous hosannas by one party, and profound silence by the other. The bar, particularly that large section which rejoices in extreme principles, knew no bounds to their enthusiasm. The Chancellor was such a true politician, so faithful to the venerable cause of church and state, so thoroughly infected with the principles of his party, and so largely sympathizing with his oppressed brethren in Ireland under the worse than Dioclesian persecution, to which they had been exposed under the Whigs! The relief of Derry was nothing to the relief of those gentlemen, just as if they had been living on horseflesh since the reform bill. Men went about congratulating one another as if some formidable calamity had been averted. Sacrifices were offered at many a dinner table to Peel the Preserver; and many a gentleman, with curled whalebone on his head, flattered himself with the prospect of a comfortable place for life. Lord Plunkett, that sour old Whig, was delegated for life to Old Connaught, to make way for the new luminary, who was to shed light and heat on so many desponding hearts. Sir Edward's first levee was thronged with the wheat and chaff of the bar. His reception was most flattering, perhaps a little too cringing, a practice which he never followed himself, and deeply detested in others. For the short time he presided in Chancery, he gave the utmost satisfaction. All, of course, had been prepared for the consummate lawyer; but the easy rapidity with which he cleared the list, surprised them not a little. He reversed several decisions of his predecessor on rehearing, which threw the Tories into ecstasies.

How signal were the merits of *their* Chancellor! Sugden *v.* Plunkett —Tory *v.* Whig. Such is the spirit of faction. Whether it was that Sir Edward was delicate about disobliging his friends by immediate acts of hostility, or that he felt the insecurity of his office, or that the time was too short for any display of that unyielding resistance to party which subsequently characterised his conduct, he did nothing to create their dislike. No case, so far as we could learn, for any strong exercise of his authority, presented itself; and when the day of his departure arrived, he was honoured with a most affectionate valediction. A sorrowing bar complimented him on his ability, impartiality, &c.; and each, with a big tear in the corner of his eye, lamented the cruel fate which tore from them such a pearl of justice. The Chancellor, on the authority of a government newspaper, "was vehemently moved. He read his reply with feelings of profound emotion!" Kind-hearted Chancellor! In truth, says the same high authority, with exquisite pathos, "it was hard to know on which side the distress was greatest." Such was this most touching separation, so creditable to the leathern hearts of all the lawyers, who we suppose must have had shalots in their waistcoat pockets, for we cannot otherwise account for eyes as dry as summer dust giving "vent to their emotions." Sir Edward departed, and we rejoice that he did, not because our political belief is different from his, a matter to him of very little consequence, but because he was enabled to judge more carefully of the country, and reflect on that line of policy which he has since carried into salutary effect. Had he continued in Ireland, it is highly probable that he could not have extricated himself from the maze of faction, however good his intentions. He departed with more of the wisdom of experience than he brought with him. Short as the interval of his administration was, he saw quite enough to satisfy himself that partial government was impolitic and dangerous—that there ought to be a systematic abandonment of all the old arbitrary modes, revolting to every just idea of order and liberty; and that public opinion could only be satisfied, and public justice vindicated, by the results which appeared under a liberal government, and which might easily be secured by a fair and temperate policy. He had no real sympathy with the Irish Tory party. As an Englishman, he could not understand their exclusive claims to favour and protection. It seemed to him an anomaly in everything pretending to the character of a government, that a set of presumptuous partisans should crowd all the avenues of power. This knowledge came upon him, and was carefully garnered up for use, if ever the opportunity should again occur. He arrived at the conclusion, that Ireland must rather revert to the ancient system of disorder—the vicious and barbarising struggle of factions—or a totally different course must be pursued. On some few occasions, in the House of Commons, he spoke kindly of the Irish people; once when defending Sir Robert Peel's administration, when it was attacked in the matter of the "vagabonds" of the middle gallery. Thus ends the first chapter of Sir Edward in Ireland.

That last Whig folly, the removal of Lord Plunkett, created an unusual ferment at the bar. To Lord Campbell, personally, there could be no objection, but professionally an irrefutable one—an utter

ignorance of all but the general principles of that department of the law he came to administer—of the practice he could know nothing. On that occasion, a remonstrance was prepared, claiming the reasonable right to have all judicial offices filled by Irishmen, a demand founded on justice, omitting altogether the national question involved in its assertion. To this declaration of independence there was one powerful objection, that in Ireland, where, administratively and executively, jobbing is the established rule of public men, it would invest a single family with the means of unbounded provision for the catalogue of innumerable friends or flatterers—that it would not only contribute to nepotism on a sumptuous scale, but also elevate one political party in proportion to the depression of the other. On the same reasoning, it may be answered, an English Chancellor ought to be taken from Ireland. Not a shade of parallelism between the cases. There is the seat of government—there sits the parliament, ready to institute an immediate scrutiny into acts of malversation and corruption—there is a vigilant and jealous public opinion, to summon the delinquent official to its all-powerful bar, and take punishment of his dishonesty. We are remote from the tribunal which takes quick cognizance of such things: our public opinion, which, to be strong and influential, ought to be the voice of a middle class, is weak, because the body from which it should emanate is without strength. The conviction that an English gentleman, untrammelled by local connexions, and without the same sordid motives to prostitute his office, would be preferable to a native "to the manner born," deadened the efficacy of the Bill of Rights. The great body of the Tories refused to sign. They argued, we are as indignant as you are, that a mere common-law advocate should be forced on our bar, but we cannot go the length of rejecting every Englishman. It would, for instance, be unexampled folly to object to such a man as Sir Edward Sugden, the first of judges and most condescending of gentlemen, with more bows and smiles than Lord Plunkett had growls. This diversity of opinion generated a counter address, which was plainly pointed to the return of Sir Edward, if ever his party were in power, an event at that period anticipated, and in a few months after realized.

After Lord Campbell had dispatched a few motions of course, he retired. The Irish seals were in due course offered to Sir Edward, and he refused. He knew the tempest he had to weather—the immense difficulty of steering fair, so as to avoid the general distrust and hostility of the great body of the nation on the one side, and the furious opposition which even a semblance of moderation was sure to awake from the old Ascendancy faction on the other. With a mind in repose, and a splendid income, he might well have hesitated about committing himself to the stormy sea of Irish politics. Mr. Pennefather happened to be in London while the negotiation was in progress—he happened, too, about the same time, to pay a visit to Spring Gardens, to inquire about the Premier's health. When Sir Edward declared off, he was sent for—invited to accept the seals, and did accept. As he was on the point of starting, with his commission in his pocket, Sir Edward relented of his sacrifice. The Irish seals were

poor compared with the great object of his ambition—the Chancellorship of England—but then they were not trifles, which might be had for the asking. A polite apology was offered to Mr. Pennefather for his untoward disappointment, and shortly after Sir Edward a second time honoured our island of discords. If his course was dangerous before, it was doubly so now. A new or untried person had his policy to choose, and act thereon. With no prior engagements to involve, no half-promises to retract, he could strike boldly into the path of his own selection, and follow out without trembling, though not perhaps without trouble. It was all different with Sir Edward, but he did not for a moment hesitate as to the consequences. He resolved at once to resist, with all his power, the high-handed violence with which the least declination from old Tory courses was sure to be received by the ministerial party in Ireland. He seemed to have laid it down as the governing principle of his conduct, if he could only in all cases adhere to it, to exercise a fair and impartial judgment, and act by all men according to their merits. This is, however, far too ideal for practice, and he found his mistake, but with no reason to inculpate himself. Sir Robert Peel announced, on coming into office, that he confided his Irish government to men of known moderation, who would administer its functions with the most perfect impartiality, and unyielding independence of party—who without favour or without fear would prefer men for their fitness. Beautiful chimera! This system had been tried before, and on every occasion signally failed, just because it is impracticable in any and every government whose influence depends on party. The Marquis Wellesley tried it, by raising Tories with no merit into office; so did the Duke of Northumberland; so did the Marquis of Anglesey. But where are the fruits of this policy? Who are the men honoured for their merits? Are they five per cent. out of the mob of knaves—slaves and hypocrites? The scheme ended in each and all of them being committed in the most thorough hostility to the popular cause. Sir Robert's was only the renewal of an oft-tried experiment, under circumstances also highly unfavourable to its success. The Lord Lieutenant was a set-off to the Chancellor and Secretary. Whatever good they might endeavour to accomplish was certain to be neutralized by him. He was for the Ascendancy folk—the old and declining rump of an almost prostrate faction,—by his very nature likely to fall into the clutches of the crafty plotters who swarmed about the Castle; and he was tightly grasped,—for when Sir Edward made a fair appointment, in spite of all remonstrances—that of a good lawyer, and unobtrusive politician—the Lord Lieutenant apologized to the Orangeman for the mistake. Still the Chancellor resolved to work out his policy as best he could. He was denounced at the meetings of the Conservative Society as particularly Popish, and a rebel to the principles which raised him to office. He bore the abuse with equanimity, but it produced a very different effect in his independent mind from that contemplated by his calumniators. Instead of deterring, it doubly confirmed him in his resolves. The support he received from the Liberals in this furious onset on his authority, inclined him strongly in their favour. They saw his intentions were good, and though the perform-

ance might have been better, the instalment of comparative justice was received with thankfulness. The next matter which sorely irritated his adversaries was in itself trifling, but quite sufficient to repoint their indignation. There was a vacancy among the Benchers, and in the list of candidates was Mr. Farrall, insolvent commissioner, and a Roman Catholic. Sir Edward not only supported him, but used every fair degree of influence to obtain his return. Here was rank Popery, defiling the Great Seal! A Lord Chancellor canvassing for a Catholic! Lord Plunkett might have done so, for he was notoriously in league with the Propaganda—but a Tory Chancellor! Israel ought to look to her tents, for the Philistines are menacing the Temple. The *Mail* thought there were grounds for impeachment, and promised the heads of a bill, with the aid of the Recorder, who would move for a committee of management. The Chancellor, no doubt, was seriously alarmed, but "on he went, careless of blame," as Popish as ever in his predilections—so much so, indeed, that on a late occasion, when the bishopric of Meath was so long in abeyance, it was currently murmured in the hall that the Chancellor promised his influence to any "*respectable Catholic bishop*" who would come forward. Certain it is that he dislikes the exclusive and antinational remnant who seem so dear to Lord De Grey. He has washed his hands clear of their grievous violence. Mr. Locke has long ago told us, that injury is injury, though it come far short of fire and faggot—injury inflicted, or which is the same thing, rights withheld, is as certainly persecution in one case as the other. It is persecution to prefer a less to a more meritorious candidate for any office or honour, because his religious or political opinions may be distasteful to the dispenser. Sir Edward would dissipate this most absurd prejudice, and hold the scales even. For this he must be prepared for the consequences which, in Ireland, have ever attended an honourable discharge of duty. The demons of mischief, in the shape of newspaper paragraphs, will flap their wings over the peace of the Chancellor; but to all this he can afford to prove impervious. Let the Recorder's broad sheet, like the little devil of Father Rabelais, amuse itself—the *diablotin* only raises a tempest, after his fashion, over a bed of parsley.

It was once thought that Sir Edward Sugden could no more screw himself into a solid and decided personage, than he could divest himself of his neat kid gloves for a pair of coarse Berlin. But this estimate of his character fell far short of the event. Whatever were the petty jealousies and littlenesses which, it is said, marked his conduct at the bar, he has shown a capacity to rise with the situation, and however of "outward show elaborate," he could be "of inward *more* exact." The first retrograde step of Lord De Grey was the dismissal of the stipendiaries. From that, Sir Edward sought to dissuade him. The policy was mischievous, while the plea of a clipping and scanty economy could not stand a minute's reasoning. It was the reduction, after all, but of a few hundreds, while it was the reduction of the little justice that had been dribbled out to Ireland. Let the chief Governor conceal it as he may, it was done from a desire to conciliate the gentry, and remove the only check to that vicious abuse

of power which is rooted in the constitution of the local magistracy. As Sir Edward did not sanction the enlargement of an authority which ought to be kept within the narrowest limits, so he has exhibited no desire to let it run the old course. All the turbulent and disaffected gentlemen who had been superseded by the last government for their loyal disdain of authority, calculated each on his *dedimus*, as if he had the same in his breeches pocket. The venerable colonel who toasted the Diamond heroes, had a sharp look-out at the Armagh post office, for one of those oblong missives which bear the impress of the great seal. But alas! for unremembered martyrdom—it never came, and while Sir Edward is in Ireland, never will. The chapter on magistrates is the best illustration of the Chancellor's independent spirit—in dealing with them he has come prominently before the country—the subjects, too, are so amusing, if a deeper and more painful truth did not lie beneath—that we shall linger over them at some length.

In the last days of the Whig government, when the fanatic and the bigot thought he might insult it with impunity, there came, among others, a return to an election writ from the sheriff of a northern county. This representative of her Majesty, to whom, in the happy times of old, was committed the dispensation of justice among his countrymen, had the admirable sense and taste to return his writ in one of the most offensive shapes that a malicious ingenuity could invent. Ordinary sheriffs and ordinary orangemen would have been content with a sheet of foolscap, while he, with independent bravado, decorated his communication to the authorities with sundry ells of blue and orange ribands. Nor was this all. There was a step in advance of this gross outrage. Beside the pedlar's pack, he pressed into the service of intolerance the "graver's cunning art." Who the modern *Myron* was who traced on stone that rare device and motto for the sheriff of Fermanagh, we have not heard, but his name is worthy of record in every lodge from Cavan to Coleraine. The seal of the worthy sheriff had this Christian representation—his holiness the Pope in a flood of well-pointed flames—the spires rising above his chin; the rest of his body immersed in "sulphurous and tormenting fires." Above him stands a grinning devil, duly tailed, hoofed, and horned, in the attitude of Hercules destroying Lycus—holding a priest, ready to dash at the pontiff. At the other side is one of the ministers of his majesty dropping a *consecrated host* into the flames, and round the border the sacred words—"The Pope in Hell, and the Devil pelting him with Priests." With such adornments did the sheriff recommend his return. He was instantly deprived of his office, and suspended from the magistracy. When Sir Robert Peel thus discountenanced the outrage, a county meeting was held, in which the sheriff's neighbours denied all participation in his feelings. After the mutual exasperation of minister and supporters had subsided, and the offender himself displayed symptoms of soul-felt contrition, a memorial was presented to the Chancellor, beseeching his restoration to the magistracy. The old plea of election-excitement was offered in his favour. They acknowledged his guilt in the case of the seal, but *actio non* as to the blue and orange tapes, because they were the co-

lours of his family. Judge Ball was summoned as a witness, to whom the same curious apology was made, when he refused to enter the sheriff's coach, profusely, and, as he conceived, purposely decorated with these noxious colours. The Chancellor was not to be taken with such an ill-baited hook—he peremptorily refused to admit him. He offended the crown in offending its officers—he insulted justice in the display of vulgar party feeling. How could such a man be an impartial magistrate? He is now retired into private life, like Colonel Verner, and long may they enjoy the recollections of their good deeds. Never more will their magisterial staff "shoot forth leaves and flowers;" like Agamemnon's sceptre, it is barren and bare, and until better times come there is no hope of reproduction. The next case is another admirable illustration of the Chancellor's firmness and inflexible sense of justice. Lord Normanby's policy found little favour with the country gentlemen, whose little despotisms he broke up, caring nothing for their anger or insolence. The Galway magistrates were in rebellion. The ancient feuds for which that district was once notorious, revived in the persons of two of its leading men, and they, who should be the first to support, were the first to violate law and authority. Magistrates, at the head of their clansmen, fought a pitched battle, not figuratively, but with *bona fide* "force and arms." It was none of your fictions in trespass on the case, but a downright injury "against the peace of our Sovereign Lady;" and the subsequent imprisonment of one of the traversers established the disgraceful fact. The people wished for a stipendiary, and a gentleman of rank and experience was sent down by the government. Mr. St. George, being a man high in authority, refused to act with the government officer; and in a very intemperate letter to Lord Normanby, set his authority at defiance, and insulted himself. The answer was an instant dismissal from the bench. Soon after the Chancellor's arrival, he sued for his restoration, as of course. A decided reply in the negative! The Chancellor could not sanction any relaxation in that respectful submission which every subject was bound to render to the representatives of the crown, of whatever party. The depositories of power, whether Whig or Tory, should be treated with becoming dignity, and whoever offends against so just a rule must abide the punishment. Mr. St. George, in his pride, could not submit to the humiliation of confessing a wrong. He threatened to retire beyond the seas, and find refuge in some land of liberty from such intolerable tyranny. He penned an affectionate farewell to all his good tenantry, which appeared in the "*Great Western Intelligencer*," with a display of double leads to give it importance. In a separate paragraph, directing the attention of the world to the address, the editor stated that Mr. St. G. would seek safety from persecution in Malta! A memorial to Lord De Grey, who might be more facile than the iron Chancellor! He received it with strong feelings of sympathy for the case of Mr. St. G., but then he could not act without the consent of the Chancellor, whom no entreaties could seduce from the terms he had dictated—"An apology, not to me, but the public authority he insulted." Pride and ambition struggled in the breast of the suppliant—the stronger prevailed, and the apology was made. It was

not so ample as the Chancellor desired, but as it contained the principle of atonement, Mr. St. George was not suffered to exchange Galway for Valetta.

These matters magisterial are very edifying. They swarm through our Irish policy, and prove the necessity of a thorough correction of the entire system. But we have more cases in point, and as they are not without amusement, we will give the most amusing of all, and which throws the preceding into deep shadow. A Mr. St. Clair O'Malley went a poaching on the preserves of Lord Lucan—those preserves being an illimitable morass in the classic region of Connemara, undefined by metes or bounds. Lord L.'s keeper summoned Mr. O'M. for the trespass and offence against the game laws, to the Westport sessions, at which his lordship had the good taste to preside as chairman of the magistrates. Mr. O'M. was also a magistrate, and with a judgment not inferior to his lordship, he also took his seat on the bench. A very primitive state of justice, where prosecutor and prosecuted were dispensers of the law to others! But there was something more primitive still in the manner which Mr. O'M. used to "wrest the law to his authority." He brought a powerful cudgel into court, and laid it oblong-wise on the bench before the president, to answer any complaint which his lordship might think proper to prefer. Highly delighted were the good people of Westport to see this display of magisterial decorum. The scene opened with Mr. O'M. asking Lord L. whether he intended to try his own case? No answer. If he did he was as arrant a rascal as ever cased his shoulders in broad cloth. Silent still, Mr. O'M. fast rising to the highest point of fever. Interrogation continued. Did his lordship shrink from the responsibility of an avowal? His lordship sneers—Mr. O'M. foaming like a Connemara torrent. "How, was Lord L. a coward and poltroon?" Answer. "Let that ruffian be removed from the court?" But who would undertake the perilous task? "If I had you outside, I would beat you until not two fibres of this stick (flourishing it over his lordship's head) held together." The court of justice was dissolved, and the mob went shouting at the heels of Mr. St. Clair O'Malley, for they delighted in seeing the crest of the haughty humbled. What an instructive example did the scene afford! Two magistrates on the bench interchanging epithets which would dishonour a shambles! Sir Edward removed the worthy pair from the magistracy, though both were Tories, and one a nobleman of great influence though small discretion. As for the sanction of the law which the other would inflict with a cudgel, it is a mode of administration not often resorted to even among the irritable grandees west of the Shannon; for an Irish gentleman has a better knowledge of his duties than to resort to shillelagh law in vindication of his innocence. There is one case in which Sir Edward did not act with his habitual determination, and which somewhat weakened him in public esteem. We can only ascribe his forbearance to the fact that one of the offenders was the son of an earl and a member of parliament.

When the old system prevailed, it seemed as if the Orange party were entrusted with the execution of the laws. All were violators, gentry and commonalty alike. It was not as justice willed, but as

they willed. They acted as though they claimed a patent right for injustice. So did they despise the injunctions of superior power. The last two administrations vigorously controlled this violence; but it emerged again into activity, under the direction of Lord Northland. The Temperance Society of Dungannon proposed to establish an asylum for the destitute sick, and, to raise the fund, invited to a festival the teetotallers of the surrounding districts. A large body came from the country accompanied by their band. It would have been no infringement on loyalty to let them pass on their mission of humanity. But it did not so please Lord Northland or Mr. Henry Poole. They dreamed, we suppose, "of marches, ambuscades, Irish pikes;" and so they galloped off with a retinue of police to stay the civil war. They met the band playing the charter air of temperance, "We'll ne'er get drunk again." His lordship instantly dashed his horse among the crowd, and ordered the rebel tune to cease, rebellious only against whisky and crime. When one of more boldness than the rest asked in what they had offended, he was handed over to the police. Another was forced against the polished flanks of his lordship's steed, and he too was committed. The mockery of the Riot Act then took place;—the crowd quietly dispersed, and the prisoners were lodged in jail. Throughout this outrageous proceeding the teetotallers acted most strictly within the law—not a hand was uplifted except in amazement—not a voice raised save in remonstrance and deprecation—the public peace was only broken by the magistrates themselves. The Riot Act was only read to throw a frail shield over their enormity. The innocent festival was held, though not without additional molestation. Lord Northland's tenantry, better known as the "Killyman wreckers," the most brutal race of men perhaps in existence, marched in from cantonments in the evening, and demolished, in their old fashion, the windows of the temperance hall. Mr. Nixon's motto was in ample request. The Pope was sent a myriad of times to comfortable quarters, and poor Father Matthew after him. Lord Northland was within hearing of this unparalleled ruffianism—he had, too, the dispersing enactment about him, but he forgot to read it. Had not the police checked the insensate madness of these Orangemen, the scene of Maghera might have been enacted over again. Actions for false imprisonment were brought against his lordship and lieutenant. Did they plead in justification that they apprehended violation of the public peace? Did they attempt to extenuate their unconstitutional conduct? Not at all, so far as it went to compromise for their illegality. They paid each ten pounds, and so ended the private wrong. But the public wrong, was more serious and should not be compounded by parliamentary support. If Connaught gentry were superseded for a squabble, ought Lord Northland and Mr. Poole be retained? The very fact of a compromise demanded investigation, but it was not extended. Lord Northland is member for Dungannon. Any man may act illegally without intention, but there were circumstances in his lordship's case, which argued the absence of any decree of fitness for the magistracy, not because he acted illegally, but because he did so from the worst motives. In retaining him, we must confess the existence of an unfair sympathy in the mind of the Chancellor—a too great deference

to rank and power. Lord Plunkett, who was not over active in summoning magisterial delinquents to his bar, would have instituted a rigid inquiry, while Sir Edward suffered the matter to pass *sub silentio.* This too, was the first attack on temperance—it was sought to involve its members in a riot, that they might stand on the same disreputable footing with the Orangemen, who have been tried and punished in hundreds for breaking the peace, while not fifty teetotallers out of five millions have been convicted of any serious charge. That great body looked to his lordship for protection; and though no other influence than strict justice ought to bear on his mind, there were at least grounds for inquiry.

This case is the sole exception to the impartial firmness of the Chancellor. It is possible that facts may have been submitted to him to warrant the deviation, but they never were made public, and at best, must have been partial; the receipts in full negative every presumption of offence on the part of the teetotallers. However, one censurable act is not sufficient to outweigh, in value, many meritorious ones. He has purged the magisterial order, and contributed much to its respectability by well qualified selections from all parties. In some of the old chronicles, Euric is said to be the first foreign king who gave the Goths a catholic law. If Sir Edward will unlearn to screen the Lord Northlands and follow up the policy which he has generally pursued, his will hereafter be the consolatory boast of having given a catholic law to the Irish people. The foundation of the sanctuary of justice is impartiality. Without it the noblest of all moral structures, the Campanile of Pisa, will decline from its perpendicular, and its beauty and proportion are lost. Sir Edward has laid the base of the temple of his own fame on solid grounds—let him finish what he has so auspiciously commenced. He can afford to despise the marvellously foolish gentlemen, who discover radicalism and Normanbyism in his efforts to take off a little of the load of distress from those points where it presses the hardest. Faction, says Burke, will make its cries resound through the nation as if the whole were in an uproar. In Ireland, the cries which so long distinguished it are almost smothered. The outstanding remnant still gives occasional vent to clamour, but their despair oftener takes the form of sulky silence. In proportion as their numbers and power have diminished, they would cling closer to their artificial holds on authority, but their advances are received with suspicious coldness. Exasperated by the growing intelligence which they see rising and swelling round them, they would widen the narrow bottom on which their party stands in Ireland, by reviving the old courses, such as was attempted by the chieftain of the wreckers. But there is a time for all things, and that of murder, rapine, and power beyond the laws is passed away, never more to disfigure the fair face of order, peace, and progress. If Sir Edward were properly seconded by those to whom the active government is committed, he would leave behind him a name among the foremost of our benefactors. But his designs of good are neutralized by the covert agency of the inferior minions of authority, who, if they dared, would be "architects of ruin," but are fortunately limited to the hod-work. As they cannot revive the old, they seek to obstruct and embarrass

the new system; yet is it gradually acquiring extension and solidity. Lord Elliott thinks evenly with the Chancellor. They are the only two now who hold together Sir Robert Peel's government. They are honourable and straightforward—anxious to do good if unimpeded in the execution. Notwithstanding the strong antagonism of Lord De Grey, Sir Edward has succeeded in giving a sort of popularity to Toryism which it never before enjoyed. In the eyes of the Irish people any tradition of horror descends by inheritance on a Tory cabinet. He has mitigated the universal execration. He is respected and admired. Perhaps he would not venture the experiment; but if he passed through the very heart of Tipperary, instead of injury or insult, he would everywhere be received with acclamation. Above all things under heaven, the Irish love justice.

It has been observed by an old writer, "That the Chancellorship is not a chariot for every scholar to get up and ride in." Saving this one, perhaps, it would take a long time to find another. Our laws are the wisdom of many ages—consisting of a batch of customs, maxims, intricate decisions, which are *responsa prudentum*. He is altogether deceived, that thinks he is fit for the exercise of our judicature, because he is a great rabbi in some academical authors. Quintilian might judge rightly on the branches of philosophy and oratory; but our law is a plant that grew alone, and is not entwined into the hedges of other professions; yet the small insight that some have into deep matters, causes them to think that it is no insuperable task for a deep man to be the chief arbiter in a court of equity." Bring reason and conscience with you—the good stock of nature, and the thing is done." *Equitas cuique optimo notissima est*, is true enough of a certain kind of equity, but that scholar or rabbi would find himself wofully mistaken, who trusting to abstract principles, and the directing light of conscience, would adventure on the artificial duties of our modern Lord Chancellors. The woolsack, in truth, would be a very uncomfortable chariot for a philosopher to ride in, inasmuch as, to descend to the language of the road, he would soon be rolling in the mud. Cicero's boast, that if the jurists of his day would anger him, he would learn the entire system in three days, may be quite possible in the simple courts of the Prætors; but we would very much wish to hear him argue a tough demurrer before Chancellor Sugden after his tridual study. We suspect, with all his academic erudition and flowing eloquence, the Chancellor would tell him he knew nothing whatever about the matter, and would refer him to the general orders. He indeed did not acquire his extraordinary knowledge by that summary mode—he worked much harder for his equity, and a deeper insight into its multifarious complexities was never gained by any English lawyer. The information of Goldsmith's schoolmaster was a picture, but the Chancellor's is a reality. His head is a small one, and marvellous it is that it should contain so much. If it were submitted to the cranioscopists. they would inevitably be at fault. We guess what their guesses would be, but in deference to his lordship we will not, at present, pass publication. We may, however, say that none could conjecture, that within its narrow compass was contained an extent of knowledge in the most difficult of acqui-

sitions which was before him ever realized in the same degree. There is scarcely a decision, from the first attempts at chancery reporting down to the last case in Simms and Stewart, of which he does not remember the facts and the law. He must have had the very peculiar faculty of mastering intricacies at a glance, and remembering them after without an effort. His intellectual, or rather mental organization, is wholly *sui generis*. It resembles in its nature that which entered into the casuistry of the middle ages, in which there was such prodigious learning mixed up with cold-blooded technicalities. The likeness holds good only so far, as that the casuist and Chancellor are busied about cases alike—the first to give a colour to his follies, the other to determine the most solemn of realities. A long and successful practice has of course rendered him perfectly familiar with all the leading cases. Any lawyer, in good business, ought to be equally at ease in calling these to mind, for, compared with the great multitude of the unimportant, they are few. They form, as it were, the landmarks in the boundless ocean of authority. But Sir Edward is not conversant with these alone. Equity jurisprudence, in all its extensive ramifications, is spread out before him as a chart, which he can take in at a glance. He has sounded every bottom of that illimitable sea—he has mapped all its bold promontories as well as its retired bays—the deep and the shallow—the open main and dangerous quicksand are registered in his mind with all the accuracy of an Admiralty chart. We do not often indulge in metaphors, for they are not of our art, but we know no better mode of describing the extraordinary command which Sir Edward has over the principles and practice of equity. He sits composedly in his great chair, his sharp chin resting on the thumb of his left hand, while the forefinger extends to the corner of his watchful eye. In this tranquil attitude he listens to the arguments of counsel; so long as they tread their weary way after a manner satisfactory to his lordship, he listens without interruption; but the instant they wander from the high road, and seek to raise a mist on the affidavits or otherwise, he withdraws them from their devious wandering with a suggestion; and if they persevere he becomes irascible and fretful. This propensity to say sharp, and to gentlemen, very hurtful things, though he may not wish to offend, is the great failing of the Chancellor. He is prone to ill-tempered, not to say ill-natured, ebullitions, which are very distasteful to the bar, and detracts from that high respect which would otherwise attach to his character. He deals with men of learning and education, with minds as feeling and susceptible as his own, and if in the discharge of their duties they should trespass on his patience, there is a mode of reducing their arguments to his standard of brevity without carp or cavil. The following dialogue is a specimen of this irritating interruption.

"*Sergeant Newman* stated, among other facts in a cause, that one of the parties, who was about to emigrate, declared to his friends not to be surprised if they received a letter with an account of his death, as he wished to see how his wife would act.

Lord Chancellor. A very impertinent curiosity.

Mr. D—, on the other side, submitted that there was no default until death was proved.

Lord Chancellor. The defence is most vexatious—let an account be taken, and defendant pay all the costs.

Mr. D—. It appears to me the defence is not vexatious.

Lord Chancellor. I have unfortunately to decide the question—you have not.

Mr. D—. Your lordship will not decide without hearing

Lord Chancellor. I have heard you, and then decided.

Mr. D—. My client did not know of the death until the Attorney-General's evidence was given. I submit there are no grounds for costs.

Lord Chancellor. This is most irregular after the court has decided it."

This is scarcely an average specimen of the running fire that goes on between his lordship and the bar. We choose it as the most favourable. Such displays very much weaken the general respect, and add nothing to the authority of the Chancellor. He can be rapid in dispatch without resorting to the offensive. A conciliatory demeanour is just as easy as a fitful and fretful one. Justice gains nothing by judicial irritability; on the contrary, it takes away much of the weight of justice. His habit of speaking hard things has the merit of being universal in its application. Favour or exemption is extended to none when the Chancellor is in the vein. Even the Master of the Rolls fell under the sharpness of his tongue, and a most extraordinary instance that was, of one high functionary impugning the knowledge of his brother.* The Chancellor entered on his very se-

* In the case of *Hemphill* and *M'Kenna*, which was an appeal from the Master of the Rolls, granting an injunction to restrain the defendant from keeping a ferry on the river Liffey, a very lively dialogue took place between the Chancellor and counsel at the bar, in which his lordship's opinion of the Master of the Rolls was evolved.

The Solicitor General, on the part of the plaintiffs, contended, in support of the injunction, that the bill sufficiently stated title, and that, even if it did not, defendant's case was so wholly destitute of equity, that the Master of the Rolls was perfectly warranted in making the order he did.

Lord Chancellor. Was this case argued before the Master of the Rolls as arising in a possessory bill? I should like to have a note of his Honour's judgment.

Solicitor General. I was not in the motion.

Mr. J. J. Murphy. It was argued as a possessory bill, and as nothing else, and the Master gave his judgment on that ground.

Solicitor General called on the court to sustain the Master's order.

Lord Chancellor. Mr. Solicitor—do you give up the case as that of a possessory bill?

Solicitor General. I will not press it on that ground.

Lord Chancellor. You put in your bill a title upon which you never could sustain an injunction; nor can I collect anything from the bill which would authorize the court to interfere.

Solicitor General. I feel bound, my lord, to say that the pleadings might be more comprehensive.

Lord Chancellor. It is the most naked bill I have seen. I don't know that I ever saw such a pleading.

Solicitor General. It would certainly have been well if the pleader had gone more into detail. The bill was not prepared by either of the counsel now concerned. But still, I think enough can be inferred to warrant the injunction.

Lord Chancellor. Not at all, not at all, Mr. Solicitor. When you call on the court to support an injunction, you cannot ask me to maintain your case in anything you did not bring forward yourself. Indeed, the case is presented to the court

vere attack without an accurate acquaintance with the facts, and the following day he made an apology in open court for his precipitancy. We are sorry to witness this infirmity, although in palliation, it may be said, that it proceeds not from the heart. We believe so. The manner is bad, though the motive is not. It seems to spring from a strong sense of his own superiority, and a desire to exhibit it. "We every one of us," says Lord Bacon, "have a peculiar den or cavern, which refracts or corrupts the light, either because every one of us has his respective temper—education, course of reading, or from the difference of impressions, as they happen in a mind prejudiced or prepossessed, or in one that is calm and equal." Lawyers love their "dens," and those too of the greatest refracting power. If the law has a tendency to quicken and invigorate the understanding, it has also the opposite tendency of illiberalizing and narrowing the mind. Unless controlled by an amiable disposition, or sound moral and mental training, the practice of the law generates petulance and excessive pride, and makes spoiled children of the law as well as the nursery, and we take the Chancellor to be of them. Herein lies the origin of that blemish of which we have spoken with freedom, because its correction is simple, and would leave a perfect judge behind.

Sir Edward, with all his accumulations, does not possess that grandeur and originality of intellect which occasionally shuffles off the dead weight of authority, without hazarding a reputation for safety,

in the most extraordinary manner I ever remember. I do not recollect a more singular case than this.

Mr. George (on the same side with the Solicitor General). I must apologize for troubling the court with a few observations.

Lord Chancellor. You need make no apology, Mr. George. I am most anxious to hear any argument that can be advanced.

Mr. George. The defendant has made no title to the ferry in question.

Lord Chancellor. What do you mean by the ferry in question?

Mr. George. The bill states that the limits mentioned in the patent are those demised by lease.

Lord Chancellor. I ask one thing; you answer a totally different thing. This is really the most naked case on the part of a plaintiff seeking an injunction I ever saw.

Mr. George. In fact, the weakness of our adversary's case is the strength of ours.

Lord Chancellor. Show me that, according to the practice of the court, you can support your case by the weakness of that of your adversary. I would very much wish to have a note of his Honour's judgment, that I might see whether he treated it as a possessory bill.

Mr. Murphy. There is no doubt that he took that view. In the short note I took of his Honour's judgment, he commenced by saying, "This is a possessory bill."

* * * * *

Throughout this spirited dialogue, the Chancellor was aiming a severe though secret blow at the judicial skill of the Master of the Rolls. He would give anything "for a note of his Honour's judgment," to know how he dealt with this "most singular case." We all knew that he valued the anxiously-sought note only that he might hit at the supposed incompetency which suggested it. But the Chancellor was too hasty in condemnation. The state of facts on which he anticipated a triumph was not submitted to the Master. He did not treat the bill as a possessory one. The Chancellor conferred with his Honour, and, on discovering his mistake, purged the Master from the imputation of gross ignorance.

or compromising well-defined principles, such as Lord Hardwicke, Sir William Grant, and Lord Cottenham often ventured with success—and to which boldness we are indebted for many valuable improvements. Equity is in perpetual danger of running into that stringency and severity of construction which has locked up the law, and against which equity provides by doctrines and rules more consonant with natural justice. A great mind now and then appears to re-open the sluices, and make the current flow more broadly, purely, and healthfully. Sir Edward is not a lawyer of this high order. He limits himself to known learning, in which he is copious to a wonder, and extracts from a crowd of cases the precise principle he requires. His analytic power is very great, in which no lawyer ever surpassed him. In this his skill is unrivalled. "Artem, quæ docet universam tribuere in partes—latentem explicare definiendo—obscuram explicare interpretando—ambigua primum videre deinde distinguere—postrema habere regulam quâ vera et falsa judicarentur et quæ, quibus positis, essent, quæque non essent, consequentia. Hic enim attulit hanc artem, omnium artium maximam quasi lucem ad ea, quæ confuse ab aliis aut respondebantur aut agebantur." Every part of this felicitous sketch applies with as much truth to Sir Edward Sugden as Quintius Scævola. Besides the analytic or disuniting faculty, he has also that power of combination which can gain the proper point of view for contemplating a question as a whole, as well as of breaking it up into parts, and peering microscopically through the details. He never hesitates about the conclusion at which he should arrive, though many a conflicting authority suggests a cautious reserve. Confident in his own superior powers, he takes his view, which is in most cases sound and unexceptionable, and having satisfied himself of its justice, proceeds to bring the cases up to it, stripping off fold after fold of difficulty or doubt—sifting, reconciling, and often seriously shaking decisions once "worth their weight in gold," as Burke Bethel said of Radford Roe's collection of curiosities. This he does with extreme perspicuity and neatness of arrangement. He selects the plain and obvious, and throws away neither argument nor language. He invariably employs only the reasons or remarks requisite to explain or prove his positions, so as to carry these distinctly and forcibly home. No man can refuse his assent to what he decides. He picks out every important fact, setting aside the superfluous or irrelevant, or touching on them to show the value of the topics he selects—and these he combines and marshals with singular clearness and consecutiveness. He then proceeds to apply the law to the several propositions into which he has deduced them, and this he does with a fastidiousness of manner which seems to say—all these judges were, no doubt, excellent lawyers, but they are not to be compared to Sir Edward Sugden. One judicial authority—suppose Sir John Leach—he throws aside with a sneer—another decided on a very erroneous principle—a third was most remarkable in that judgment, for it was at direct variance with a former decision of the same judge in the case of so and so. In this manner he runs riot through the domain of authority. He plays as familiarly with those "great lights of our law," as if their judgments were so many toys which he might take

asunder and put together at his good leisure. In some such style as the following does he now and then disport himself: "I confess I am at a loss to discover on what grounds Lord A. arrived at that conclusion, more particularly as the same learned judge, in a state of facts precisely similar, in the case of ——, arrived at the very opposite. That judgment I take to be of no value as an authority in the present case. With regard to that case in Atkins, Lord Hardwicke expressed a well-founded doubt, and it always astonished me that so able a lawyer as his lordship was should have hesitated on so plain a principle of equity. That case in Mylne and Keene can scarcely be called an authority; and as for that in Simms and Stewart, I was counsel in that case, and, on looking over it, I find the report incorrect." While he goes through the process of nullification in this easy and off-hand manner, clearing, correcting, crucifying, according to the humour he may happen to be in, you feel that you stand in the presence of a great master, a judicial oracle, who is profoundly versed in all he expounds, and compels your admiration by the extraordinary extent of his knowledge. He explains every proposition so perfectly, that we follow his reasoning with a degree of pleasure, though the subject may be cramped and technical. There is in his style neither elaborateness nor pretension; the arguments flow from him smoothly and without effort, in plain, sensible English, whose great merit is its unambitious conciseness. Beyond this level he seldom rises, though his language is sometimes delivered with a force and simple energy which is not far removed from one kind of eloquence. When the Chancellor is deeply moved, as we have on some occasions seen him, he speaks rapidly, and with powerful effect. We remember one case, in which a mother petitioned his lordship to be allowed to visit her children. In the discussion some matters appeared which, it is said, bore a resemblance to his lordship's own domestic affairs. In delivering judgment, he spoke rather with the feeling of a mutual friend than the stern coldness of the judge, and read one of the most impressive and touching lessons we ever heard on the relative duties of wife and husband. We did not think he could rise so high in the philosophy of life. He was then eloquent, because he felt, and spoke under the strong influence of his feelings. Chancellors seldom shed tears—his lordship did so then.

Sir Edward is certainly the best Chancellor we ever had in Ireland. With all his defects of manner, and little *desagrèmens* of temper, he is very popular with the bar. He understands well his duties, and discharges them with satisfaction. Energetic and indefatigable in business, he applies himself actively to its execution, and the paucity of appeals from his decisions is a proof of public confidence in their soundness and justice. He follows worthily in the footsteps of the late lamented Master of the Rolls, in saving as much as possible the public pocket from the heavy drainage to which, under a very imperfect and expensive system, it had been long subjected. Every rule and order which was but a well-glossed excuse for extracting money, underwent a thorough purgation in Sir Michael O'Loughlin's court—he saved suitors many a thousand pounds by acting immediately on his own judgment, instead of waiting for reports to refe-

rences—as cunning a mode as ever was devised to identify right with ruin. That must have been a very prolific fund which escaped from the Remembrancer's or Master's office without being shorn of half its golden honours. There must always be cases for that subordinate jurisdiction, but the truth was, that an intelligent and conscientious judge might have settled the majority, whereas every trifling matter was referred to the Master. Sir Michael, during the five years he was in the Rolls, determined the enormous number of *twenty-six thousand* cases, solely by withdrawing them from the procrastination of the Master's office. How long would it take Lord Eldon to get through that list? Sir Edward dispenses as much as possible with those costly proceedings, and in other respects he is not regardless of the public interests. While Lord Lyndhurst is inventing new processes to sweat out more money from unfortunate suitors, Sir Edward is about to innovate seriously on the former relations between the Court of Chancery and those who seek its interposition. We understand that a new code for the regulation of Chancery proceedings will soon be promulgated, assimilating the Irish practice to the new rules of 1840 in England, with some additional orders to correct the bad effect of the English rules. There are murmurs already among the interested parties—attorneys and barristers—and this we take to be prophetic of their excellence. One crying cause of complaint was the accumulation of counsel in decrees taken by consent, and after merely formal proceedings. It was no unusual thing to see a dozen barristers start up, like Rhoderic Dhu's sharpshooters, from the back benches, each with his representative apothegm, "I open the answer for so and so." This was the amount of their highly laborious duties; they sat out the argument as silent as storks, sometimes paring their nails, and sometimes, like that leading advocate in "*Pickwick*," subsiding into a tranquil doze, until the moment came for applying for costs in behalf of some nominal party, who is brought before the court on the authority of Mr. Calvert. The fund is to be fleeced in the payment of costs to this indifferent multitude, though they have no direct, and scarcely a remote, interest in the result. This is a positive mischief, and ought to be abated. Another useless drag on justice is the process for contempt; that by which a defendant is compelled to appear and answer is long and expensive. In the first rude commencement of courts of equity, when the courts of common law regarded their intrusion with jealousy, and men were not yet made amenable to their jurisdiction, this caution might be necessary; but it is now useless to encumber a suitor with such heavy costs. An answer can be obtained without attachment with proclamations and absurd commissions of rebellion, which are never practically enforced, but are always paid for. These will go the way of all that is spiritless and worthless—things which have outlived their objects and their age. Another grievance of surpassing magnitude is the length of pleadings. Whole deeds are set forth, whereas a brief and well-digested summary would answer all the purposes of the pleader and the court—but, then, costs must be made, and this is a most productive fountain to the solicitor. These will be shortened so as to meet the ends of justice, and save the unfortunate suitor. Dolorous tidings

these for our "Nicholas Flams." The Chancellor will carry through his reforms unflinchingly. We hear of petitions being presented; but better save the parchment, as they will be declared "frivolous and impertinent."

There is another subject connected with his office to which he has devoted himself with the most praiseworthy assiduity, and which shows him to be gifted with kind and generous feelings. Before his time, the law affecting lunatics was in a most shameless state; stripes, fetters, cold, darkness, solitude, the absence of every bodily comfort and mental enjoyment, were long the established discipline of receptacles for the insane; and the wretched lunatic, already labouring under the most awful visitation to which human nature is exposed, was the victim of this complicated misery—not for hours, days, or weeks, but, in general, for the whole period of his wretched existence. This monstrous cruelty was partially remedied by the act of 1806, but still the poison of the system remained. There were no proper legislative regulations—not merely for the protection of the insane, when properly confined, but still more to guard and redeem sane persons from the horror and degradation of the falsest and most iniquitous imprisonment. If there be any one description of prisoners that demands protection more than another, it is that of persons in the better ranks of society immured in solitude, under the custody of men who must be interested in restricting their comforts and withholding the means of their release. The first case which attracted the attention of Sir Edward Sugden, and put his humanity in motion for this suffering class, was that of a Mrs. Jones. She was an English lady, the daughter of Sir Broderick Chinnery, who left her over thirteen thousand pounds, and four hundred a-year, to be paid to her separate use. She married a Mr. Jones, whom she limited in supplies of money, and which he could ascribe to no other cause than insanity. She was, in fact, rather eccentric in that respect, and went a little beyond the habitual ways of the world in hoarding it up carefully. Her husband wrote to a Dublin physician, who went to Cheltenham, and crimped from her own fire-side the unfortunate lady. She had five hundred pounds in her possession when she was placed in the asylum. Her brother, Sir Nicholas Chinnery, who was also a trustee, applied for permission to see his sister, with an eminent English physician, in order to ascertain the condition of her mind. This was refused, on the ground that it would operate injuriously on her health! The result of the whole was, that the lady was discovered not to be so insane at all, and all her money was dissipated. The Chancellor laid a very heavy hand, or rather tongue, on the keeper of the madhouse. He subsequently made extensive inquiries, and discovered the whole system to be an accumulated mass of abuses. There was no protection of any kind. The sanest person in the community, whom it was the interest or pleasure of perverted relatives or corrupt attendants to treat as insane, might be gagged and imprisoned without the possibility of detection. The security of a medical certificate was dispensed with—there was no inspection, no guarantee to the public that such institutions would not be perverted to the most dangerous and criminal purposes. To Sir Edward we owe the very salutary im-

provements contained in the 5th and 6th Vict; he it was who urged it last session through both houses. The primary good is the appointment of inspectors, whose free access, for the purpose of inquiry and the prevention of abuse, will check the indiscriminate crimping of sane and insane. No person can be confined unless fair grounds of unsoundness be established by the certificate of two physicians. In short, everything is done to establish the fact of mental unsoundness before immurement, to facilitate the approach of persons interested in the patient's welfare, and to divest the name of a madhouse of that mysterious horror that, with too much justice, had been associated with it. But his lordship will not stop here. The properties of lunatics must be as vigilantly protected from fraud as their persons from abuse.*

Our imperfect sketch is now drawn to a close. We have omitted many things which some may deem worthy of notice, and included others which perhaps ought to have been withdrawn from the public eyes. In the selection we exercised our judgment, and dealt with each topic with a regard to nothing but truth. We shall now conclude with an abstract of the duties of a Chancellor, leaving our readers to conclude, from the information we have supplied, which of these Sir Edward Sugden fulfils, and in which he fails. A Chancellor should look down from the lofty height to which his merit has raised him with care, patience, and impartiality, on the profession which is subjected to his authority. No matter what others may think of that profession, he, at least, ought to regard, and respect, and advance it in credit, dignity, and public esteem, for to it he stands indebted for all his worldly wealth, his reputation, and all his honours. His power is great and absolute; he should learn to exercise it with calmness and forbearance. He should remember the advice of Lord Bacon—"Not to affect despatch by a quick and captious hearing of counsellors at the bar," for patience is among the first of judicial virtues. He ought to obtain a noble victory over animosities and resentments, if they should enter his mind, and subjugate the natural frailties of the man to the transcendent dignity of the judge; he should deal with all according to their merits, and trample under foot the importunities of power or the assiduities of interest, should they attempt to cross his lofty path. Such is our model.

* In addition to procuring the passing of the above-mentioned act, Sir Edward addressed, on the 18th March, 1843, a most important letter to the magistracy of Ireland, relative to their powers under the 1st and 2nd Vict., c. 27, which must be productive of very great good.

THE GREEK CHILD.

A TRANSLATION FROM "LES ORIENTALES" OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE Turks have passed there—all is ruin and grief,
Chios, th' isle of wine, now's scarce more than a reef,
Chios, crown'd by its vineyards of yore,
Chios, whose green woods and whose palaces cast
Their lines on the waves, whilst at eve often pass'd
Bands of damsels who danc'd on the shore.

A desert 'tis now—but not so—for alone
A child with blue eyes, near the blacken'd walls stone,
Sits in silence, and hanging his head:
His shelter a bush, a whitethorn tree, a flower,
Forgot, like himself, in the terrible hour
Of destruction, and ravage, and dread.

"Alas, my poor child, thy bare foot meets the rock,
And tears fill thine eyes—eyes so blue, that they mock
The bright hue of the sky and the sea!
Will no spark of play, no quick lightning of joy,
Flash o'er their deep azure at thought of some toy,
And raise up thy fair forehead for me?

"What wilt thou, my child—say, what gifts can I bring,
To bind up thy locks, and make each golden ring
Fall in curls on thine ivory neck?
That hair which ne'er yet has been cut from thy brow,
But weeps round it still, as it wildly doth flow
Like the leaves which the willow tree deck.

"What then will dispel the dark cloud of thy woes?
The lily, so blue, that by Iram's well grows,
Quite as blue as thine own eyes, they say?
The fruit of the Tuba, that tree of such size,
That ere a swift horse from its shade ever flies,
A full century passes away?

"Wilt thou by a smile earn the wonderful bird,
Whose note like the clash of the cymbals is heard,
And then sweet as the sweet hautbois calls?
Flower, fruit, or bird—say, which most wouldst thou prize?"
"My friend," said the child, the Greek child with blue eyes,
"I wish but for some powder and balls!"

G. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER VI.

"Love, human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust."

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.

"TO THE COUNT DE R . . . . . (*La Poisonière.*)

Naples, Oct. 6, 1788.

"I HAVE just arrived from Mount Vesuvius, upon which I have passed a part of the night. I regret at this moment that I am no longer upon its heights. Vesuvius seems to have reserved to itself the power of making those who undertake to climb it, lay down all thought of prudence at its feet; and if it gives you it all faithfully back again at your return—especially if you have made the sacrifice to it of your shoes, your stockings, and the skin of your feet—you would willingly, even at that price, lose it all again for *its* sake. However, I have no hope of climbing it again, and it has struck my imagination too deeply to pass soon away.

"M. de la Bourdonnaye, the commandant of Malta, was of our party, and we were glad to find ourselves, amounting to the number of six French and one English, as the guides, who are rather suspicious characters in this country, are not always safe company for a solitary stranger. Our little rapid Neapolitan horses, which seemed scarcely to touch the ground, were left at the foot of the mountain; and, mounted each upon an ass, and escorted by our guides, we wound our way in a long file for two hours along narrow paths traced in the old courses of extinguished lava, before we arrived at the foot of the cone. The sight of the arid, dry, and ruin-heaped earth which we traversed, and which rose before us, gave rise to the most striking contrast when, pausing for a moment to take breath, we turned towards the site of Naples. I doubt if earth can hold another spot where Nature is so luxuriant, so brilliant, and so varied. We overlooked, as we stood, the whole of its unrivalled gulf; that rich capital spread along the valley to our right, and to the left a crowd of towns and villages lay among the hills—while beyond Naples stretched the Capuan plains, and nearer to us the laughing meadows that cover the base of Vesuvius blossomed at our feet, shaded with poplar trees and vines, whose stems and branches, climbing and interlacing, formed garlands of the grapes which produce the famous Lacryma Christi.

[1] Continued from p. 268.

"From this green champaign rose the white walls of Portici, with the long lines of villas that connect it with the neighbouring bourgs; and overlooking these, the eye lingered upon the blue waters of the gulf, with its barks and skiffs, while further yet the sight reposed upon the isles of Capri, Procida, and Ischia, behind which, where the waves met the far horizon, the sun, which all day defied our gaze, seemed allowing us to contemplate, at his setting, the pomp with which he departed from our hemisphere to go and enlighten the western world.

"The brilliancy of its fires, and the softened splendour of its level rays, surrounded with clouds of dazzling colours edged with gold, seemed, as they were reflected in the waters, to trace across the sea to where we stood, the path which led to Paradise; while behind us seemed the gate of hell—the dark and fearful chaos of the volcano, with its flame-lighted gloom.

"The night, which advanced with rapid steps, soon changed the aspect of things, and, quitting our asses, we each of us took the arm of a guide, to which a strap was attached for our firmer holding. The fearful concussions we already felt in the ground beneath our feet, and the terrible and hollow noise under ground which announced their coming, and which augmented in proportion as we advanced, cast over our minds a sort of awe which it is easy to conceive, but which was unable to stop us in our course. We had even begun to forget the danger, when the subterranean noise and the shaking of the ground, to which we began to accommodate our steps, were suddenly followed by a dreadful roar, with which ascended from the summit of the cone a burning column, composed of red hot stones, which, after having risen to more than a hundred feet in the air, spread itself into a sheaf, and let them fall majestically till they reached the sides of the mountain, down which they rolled with such rapidity, that they looked like rubies scattered over a ground of ebony.

"The column was not extinguished when a fresh hissing announced another, which was followed by another and another, presenting spectacles too gorgeous as well as too vast to paint: while, armed each with a staff, and clinging to the leathern strap of our guide, we continued to ascend the hill of shifting scoriæ and cinders, till the red and burning stones, rolling fast around us and between our feet, warned us to arrest our steps. Our conductors had already been earnestly entreating us to do so, urging their wish with all sorts of dismal stories, either from real fear on their own part, or the hope of a higher salary; and at last we were obliged to yield—not, however, to *their* representations, but to the stones, great and small, which rushed past us, and the rain of cinders and small pebbles which, driven by the wind, showered down upon our heads.

"We persisted, however, in our determination to examine the current of lava which we saw serpentine from the farthest distance like a fiery brook, offering another kind of picture from that which had hitherto engaged our attention. Our guides had promised to conduct us to it, but they now seemed unwilling to keep their word: they talked together in an under tone, and when we reproached them with

their conduct, and threatened not to pay them their salaries, they replied that the streams of lava were still at a great distance from us, and that much danger must be incurred in reaching them. This account of things we paid no regard to, but again setting forward—only that now we proceeded in a direction parallel to the base of the cone, without approaching nearer to the crater—we made our way through obstructions which were now considerably augmented by the frequent ravines we had to leap. It was never certain, in setting one's foot to the ground, that it would not sink seven or eight inches in the scoriæ, the rugged fragments of which cut our ankles. On we went, however, sometimes upheld by our guides, sometimes upholding them, and picking each other up in turn, till suddenly we came to a flood of subterranean lava which was making its way at a very little distance below the surface, and which descended the whole length of the mountain, so that it must be crossed before we could arrive at the grand stream, the anxious object of our pursuit. The transparent current of this intervening lava-course—which we could see passing three or four inches below the surface of those very scoriæ into which we were continually sinking to the depth of seven or eight—made our guides stop short, and they declared there was no possible means of going any further. We now held a council as to what was to be done. We were but two hundred feet from the torrent whose splendour had allured us, and which now flowed enclosed in a narrow valley. To lose it after so much pains taken, to go away without seeing it, appeared such hard necessity to us, that, while awaiting the decision, I hazarded an attempt to step lightly, and without resting for a moment, over the buried stream. I found that the upper part of it was more solid than we imagined, and I was soon followed by my companions, who made their way in a similar manner over a second and third torrent which interrupted our way, without suffering any other inconvenience than a tremendous heat, which mounted up through our whole frame into our faces.

"At length we found ourselves on the burning shore which bordered the grand stream, and our eyes were suddenly dazzled with a glow that was perfectly resplendent, while we were obliged to rest first on one foot, and then upon the other, changing incessantly in order to endure the heat of the ground, which the flaming lava was mining beneath our feet, while the warmth of its glittering current pierced through the scoriæ till it reached us. It was impossible to hold out in such a situation long, the scorching heat was so vivid and fearful! but we forgot it for a moment in the sight of the river of fire we had sought so eagerly. It was, truly, a thing beyond imagination, and none who have not seen it could conceive it. Picture to yourself a flood of melted and burning metal, more than a hundred feet in breadth, whose majestic flow bears along masses of stone and burning cinders of various size and hue, as a river carries the flakes of ice that are impelled along its current; while sometimes hemmed in between enclosing heights, its deepening course becomes more rapid, or at others, arrested by some obstacle, it changes its direction, and assumes precisely the aspect of a fiery river, which winds, meandering like a serpent, along the mountain-side.

"On the point of being suffocated by the heat and sulphureous smell, our feet burning, and our whole frame feeling as if on fire, we summoned resolution to leave its brink, but not without turning our heads from time to time as we passed away, to look back at this marvel of Nature's splendour once more.

"We had the hardening lava-floods to recross, and above our heads that eternal battery which, by its awful roar as the column rose, might have made the most intrepid soldier of artillery tremble; while the rushing stones and the rain of ashes, with the hollow rumbling and shaking of the ground, continued without ceasing, and our spirits, no longer intoxicated with the sight of what lay beyond, were now more awake to sensations of peril. With slow steps we regained the place where we had left our asses, but with no other accident than that of incessantly stumbling and falling as we climbed down the cone; and mounting our animals, we drank off each a cup of Lacryma Christi, made our way to where our calèches were waiting, and reached Naples two hours after midnight. * * *

"I profit by the rest of to-day to relate the history of yesterday to you; indeed my mind is so full of Vesuvius, I could not turn my attention to any other subject, and I owe it to you to consecrate this morning to you, since but for you I should not be at Naples. Receive once more my thanks and my adieu, with the renewed assurance of my respect and my attachment."

M. De R. was more fortunate than a son of the Earl of Bristol, who approaching too near, was wounded severely by the falling stones in the eruption of 1766, during which, as described by Sir William Hamilton, "the adjacent ground quivered like the timbers of a water-mill."

His next letter to his father is after visiting Pompeii, which he describes at great length, and very minutely, remarking the deepened feeling excited by treading a spot so long lost—so lately found—at the very moment the volcano which had engulphed it was lifting before his eyes its fearful column of dense smoke, and menacing to overwhelm the surrounding cities.

"I went there yesterday, entering a place discovered but a few years since by a vine-dresser, who was planting a tree—and passed under one of its ancient gates, which human foot had never done for seventeen hundred years; but they are now removing the calcined earth above, and sweeping out the streets of this unhappy city.

"The gate is constructed of enormous stones, and resembles that of a fortress, having a double arch, and two postern ways for foot passengers. I can little describe to you, my dear father, the different feelings which thrilled through me as I trod along the broad Roman pavement, and watched the track of their cars, still leaving the rut their wheels had worn.

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"A little water thrown upon the frescoes that decorate the walls, revives their faded colours for a moment; and those within apartments which the outward air has not reached, preserve their lustre

still; so that I saw the gold and azure of their garlands and arabesques glittering as if the painting had but just been finished.

"The Cicerone who accompanied me was one rather famous of his class, Antonio Sicuterato; but they are a race of men abounding in these countries, and whose explanations of surrounding scenes, if sometimes useful, are often fabulous and absurd; they are always amusing, however, by the variety of their jargon, above all when they intermingle with it a few learned dissertations."

A long description of the temple of Isis follows, with a smile at the confidence with which their guide pointed out the place where her priests hid themselves, "*to deceive the people*"—(it may be that Messire Antonio lived long enough to inoculate Lytton Bulwer with the same doctrine; he certainly has made over his place to him:) making us observe he continues behind the altar the little chamber where these priests took their refreshments, and that in which they deposited for their own benefit all the offerings which were brought to Isis.

The houses with their covered galleries were next explored; the desolate dwellings of the gay Pompeians, with their courts paved with mosaic, and their silent and long dried up fountains, in which

> "The stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
> Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread"—

where the lion and the cross we call of Malta glimmered on the quaint floor, and the "*Salve*" was uneffaced above the doorway; and after visiting the baths where the lamps that lighted them lay scattered, the *Caserne*, where the idle soldier has left his frequent name written upon the walls, amid the rough draughts of fingers that have perished for ages; the barrack-prison, where the iron still held the mouldering bones of those whom no one thought of in the hour of fearful escaping; and the long corridor, where those six skeletons were found, overtaken as they were hurrying one after another, the first with a lantern lying by his side, the last against the door of which he had the key.

"I could not tear myself away," he says, "from this city, which seemed so much more interesting to me than any I shall ever see again! But day began to close, and after one glance at the *riant* environs that lay around it, we took our road back to Naples, lighted by the fires of the volcano.

"A subterranean river was pointed out to us at some distance from Pompeii, whose current, which was very rapid, flowed at a considerable depth underground; we were shown it through several deep holes, which had the form of cavern-like wells; and on whose brink one's footing was rather fearful. What we were told on the spot appeared very probable,—that at some remote period its course in the upper daylight had been interrupted by the effects of an eruption, and its waters had worn their way to the sea, through the beds of lava which intercepted them."

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"*Naples, Oct.* 1788.

"I went yesterday to Portici, to see the museum there, and visit Herculaneum, a place still more celebrated than Pompeii, whose fate it shared. It is found in the present day at the depth of sixty feet below Portici; strange that they should have chosen there the site of this new city, without suspecting that Herculaneum lay beneath. But the beauty of the spot accounts for the fact. Herculaneum, nearer to Vesuvius than Pompeii, was submerged by its rivers of lava, instead of being merely covered by a hail of stones and ashes.

"It is to a search made in the neighbourhood fifty years ago by the Prince d'Elbœuf, for pieces of marble, that we owe the refinding of this ancient town, lost so long to earth, and almost vanished from the tradition of ages. Churches, palaces, convents, rise above; far beneath, long galleries have been excavated, through which you penetrate by the light of torches, and tread the chambers that have been dark and silent for ages."

In the Museum, which he describes at full length, few things seem to have struck him more than the collection of papyrus manuscripts found in the cold cinders, and which an aged monk was unrolling and transcribing, with patience and perseverance that seemed more than human.

A description of the tedious process follows, by which scrolls, ready to crumble with a touch, are unfolded and decyphered, in fond search after the lost treasures of antiquity. Little besides a treatise upon music had *then* been discovered among the libraries of the contemporaries of Sallust.

His last notice is of the lacrymatories, which he says have occupied his thoughts a good deal; while, the soldier of France breaking through the Italian tourist, he exclaims, while confessing that the use of them, treated as affectation by others, appears touching to *him*;—"Had this been *our* custom, we should see to this day these *ex voto* offerings on the tomb of Sully; and thou, monarch without an equal, *notre cher Henri Quatre!* with what thousands would not the earth be covered round thy mausoleum!"

England knows better than France, how well such testimonies might be strewn round the grave of a village priest; yet I believe many "a venerable Curé" might be found in the scattered hamlets of her distant provinces as deserving of such shows of sorrow not unreal, as our author goes on to declare. There is more room for the pastoral character to develop itself among the quiet vineyards of the Loire, than in the stormy arena of unhappy Ireland.

"If the Romans," he concludes, "had destined these phials to contain the tears of blood which they shed, those I saw from Pompeii and Herculaneum would have little held them; for this beautiful land was the immediate theatre of the cruelties and abominations of a Tiberius and a Nero!"

CHAPTER VII.

" I am in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies
Thou art in ROME! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images,
And I spring up as girt to run a race!"

ROGERS' ITALY.

The letters which follow describe visits to the Grotto of Pausilippo, which reminds him of the Canal of Languedoc, where the same difficulties are conquered,—the warm baths of Saint Germain, and the remains of baths along the whole length of the enchanting shore of the gulf of Pozzuoli, with a glance at the spot whence parted Agrippina's fated vessel,—the ruins at marvellous Piscenum, and the temple of Jupiter Serapis, the galleries of the Cumean Sibyl, the extinct crater of Solfatara, with its supposed communication with Vesuvius beneath the ground on which Naples stands,—the little hill of Monte-Nuovo rising where slept the Lucrine Lake; and on his way back to Naples, the tomb of Virgil, with its crowning laurel.

In the evening the music of Italy as much enchanted him, but he exclaims, " *que les Italiens sont insupportables!* " at the thought of all the noise they made, their unbounded applauding, just at the moment when he wanted the deepest silence.

The Royal Chateaux of Capo di Monte, with its magnificent staircase, constructed like that of Chambord, and of Caserte, with its aqueduct, next occupy them,—with the Chartreuse overlooking that world of beauty,—and the good old monk, who answers to each exclamation of the admiring traveller, " Ah, it is beautiful for those who are but passing guests!"

The Church of St. Philip de Nèry, with its columns of Egyptian granite, the Farnese bull, and the Farnese Hercules, with the exquisite statues in the Chapel of San Severo, are pourtrayed with enthusiasm, and a sketch of the streets and inhabitants of Naples succeeds; the faded gold of the decayed noble's fringed liveries, with the beggar who holds his hollow hand for a spoonful of your sherbet, and the Lazaroni at the hour of the evening Ave Maria, gathering men, women, and children round the stoves where the macaroni is dressing in the streets.

" There have been occasions," he says, " when these turbulent beings, a tribe dangerous as well as disgusting, by the corrupt state in which utter idleness holds them, have given law to authority, and even to their sovereign himself; but their affection for the king is very strong, and an instance of it which happened while I was there, showed this feature of their character, as well as the mode of displaying it. One of the king's children had fallen ill; the report spread that he was in danger, and the people became alarmed. The Lazaroni persuaded themselves that the evil was even greater than appeared, and determined to ascertain it for themselves. They went in a crowd to the palace; the guard would have opposed their entrance into the courts, but they threatened to break through every

thing to judge for themselves of the state of the little Charles, so great was their anxiety respecting him. Officers and soldiers were obliged to yield, having probably the king's orders not to fire upon them, and became spectators, while the throng filled the court, and, demanding with loud cries to be shown Don Carluccio, continued shouting his name under the windows till the poor little invalid was brought and exhibited to them, when, having satisfied their uneasiness, they departed content.

"The same character manifests itself in their acts of religious worship, which appear merely external. If they love God, they love the Virgin and Saint Januarius much more; the Madonna, because she preserves them from shipwreck; Saint Januarius, because he prevents Vesuvius from engulphing them. On the day when the miracle, which consists in the liquefaction of his blood, is shown, and the innumerable crowd direct themselves to the chapel where the reliquary is deposited,—in order to content the people, it is needful that the miracle should be operated without any delay; and if this takes place, they demand its performance of the saint with confused cries, and striking upon their breasts, exclaiming 'San Genaro, fa dunque presto!' *Saint Janvier dépêche toi donc!*

"The mixture of manners corrupted to excess, with religion so ill understood, which one meets with here, and that among all classes of the Neapolitans, has a something of grievous and unaccountable in it to the mind of the observer, who, in this earthly paradise, would rather hope to meet only the deeds of the righteous and the images of truth. Adieu my father, adieu Naples, for I set out to-morrow, and with a happy heart.

"Your most devoted son."

"*Capua, Oct.* 17.

"I left Naples this morning, taking my place in a hired cabriolet, by the side of a Pole who does not speak a word of French. We shall try, however, to understand one another by the help of a little Latin, and a few words of Italian. This journey will be a repose from the fatigue and noise of Naples, and while our horses are dining, and some bad Italian ragoûts are preparing for us, I thought I would begin a fresh journal for you, which I shall go on with at Rome.

"Unhappily I have to begin by a vast descent; for I have fallen from the clouds in entering Capua. Will Paris, which to-day is so full of all charms, ever become what now is the once unnerving Capua! a miserable bourg composed of wretched houses surrounded with a few fortifications ill kept up!

"*Velletri, Oct.* 19.

"I would not tell you anything last night, my dear father, while I was at Terracina, where I slept. The town is in the Pontine Marshes, the pestilence-haunted district of Italy. Horace passed a very bad night there, and would not even sup on account of the bad wine they drink; and though my passing through it was so many ages after his, I did not the less take a host of precautions to escape the bad air, which the October rains have not dissipated. I supped indeed, but

very ill; and the night appeared as long to me as to Horace. The house was full of travellers, and the servant came after supper into the *salle à manger*, to couple us all two and two, like hounds, with a deliberate air and without the least distinction, just as we sate. Chance had placed me by the side of my Polish companion, but the draperies of the bed allotted to us were not such as it was possible to seek repose in, the sheets being merely taken, just as they were, from under the bolster where they had been rolled up in a heap in the morning; so after vain attempts to obtain something better by invectives against both maid and mistress, I drew out one of the mattresses, and laying it on the ground, stretched myself upon it with my cloak wrapped round me: it was all one to my Polish room-fellow, for he fully resolved not to go to sleep at all, lest he should, while sleeping, become the victim of the malaria; so he spent his whole night in burning aromatic herbs, paper, sugar, &c. &c., of which he had laid up a great provision; coming every now and then charitably to pull my cloak, in order to prevent my sinking into slumber.

"You may imagine after this, what sort of air we breathed, and what sort of night we passed. It is quite another thing *here*. We are at Velletri, the ancient capital of the Volsci, which stands in a charming country and in fine air.

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"I should not care to find myself alone, among the wild oxen of the Pontine Marshes. Pius VI. has just set on foot some undertakings for improving this tract of country on the side nearest Rome, and he pursues them with great interest. We hear much of his praise as a sovereign, and he is said to be as holy in his life as he is wise in his government.

"*Rome, Oct.* 20, 1788.

"I am *there!* I am *there!* from this morning I have been, my dear father!—On entering I saw the Coliseum, that superb amphitheatre, destined to the combats of the gladiators and the other Roman shows, and so much was I struck at the sight, that I could not rest till I had returned to it! I have looked at and examined it long and well, but I shall see it again, I doubt not, with the same amazement. It is more than fifteen hundred feet in circumference, and the whole constructed of such broad and massy stones, that imagination loses itself in endeavouring to conceive what means those wondrous men could have employed to elevate such blocks to such a height.

"Its vast arena is half filled up with the broken fragments of arches which once supported the seats; they say it held eighty thousand people; and many of its long circular galleries are still in part standing; but they are overgrown with briars, and the ivy and wild shrubs crown the ruin with their garlands. A crowd of thoughts carry the mind back to the period when this piece of architecture, then in all the freshness of its beauty, contained the world of Rome. One sees for a moment that mass of heads so variously attired, stage above stage, through its vast enclosure; the murmur of thousands upon thousands breaks upon one's ear; and suddenly all is hushed into

deep silence, as Vespasian or Titus appears upon one of the richly decorated benches. You hear the low roar of the tiger and the lion, as their keepers unclose the entrance of their dens, while some holy and noble victim of a better faith waits their onset in the depths of the arena, and the last sigh of the dying reaches you in the now desert and silent place.

"How is it changed! All the clamour, the stir, the throng of men—the wild beasts, the martyred victims, are replaced by a solitary cross, and some small altars, where the faithful kneel; while here and there a stranger, standing or sitting among the ruins, admires the giant proportions of this proud monument. Ah! it is in the presence of a ruin that man may well learn to think! But I will leave the Coliseum, lest it should turn away my thoughts to-night from the true object of my affections—from you, my dear father. Good night.

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"You will wonder that I can go to rest without having seen the interior of St. Peter's! but the night overtook me before I had finished admiring the magnificent colonnade which surrounds it, the beautiful façade of the church, the obelisk, that granite needle, seventy-two feet in height, brought from furthest Egypt to Rome, and the fountains with their abundant waters, flinging their sheaf of diamond spray towards the heavens.

"I can little tell you how the whole scene struck me! But for night I should be there still! Its ranges of rich columns,—its roof crowned with colossal statues,—its façade, which, closing the view, seems to realize all the marvels of fairy land! *How* beautiful it is! I have passed a day of delight, and cannot close it more to my own satisfaction than in recounting my extasies to you. Now I shall sleep content. Good night.

"*Oct.* 21.

"I rose very early this morning to hasten to St. Peter's, and, arrived at the square before it, closed my eyes as I hurried across it, lest night should again surprise me, the mighty basilica still unseen. It was seven in the morning when I entered it,—and I was at first less struck with its vastness, than with the richness of the marbles it is decorated with and their workmanship, for its proportions are so fine, that it is only by examining each part separately, one becomes sensible of its extent. The chapels, for instance, which appeared to me of mediocre size at the first glance, were become so many churches when I entered them; the figures that support their vase of holy water, which seen from the door are little angels, are colossal when you approach. The bronze columns which sustain the baldaquin, placed nearly under the dome, are enriched with ornaments arranged and chiselled with a lightness and elegance nothing can approach; the statues without number you meet at every step, are all of admirable sculpture; but I can give you *no* description yet; they all confound themselves in my mind.

"More than a hundred pictures by the first masters, some on canvass, some in mosaic, yet confuse my head! Domenichino has certainly

more deeply touched my soul with his pencil than did ever sermon on the Eucharist. What deep comfort is Saint Jerome receiving from nourishing himself with this divine bread, ere he goes down into his grave! how are the faces of those infant angels beyond the loveliest of earthly children!—Yet it is but the copy in mosaic of that wonderful painter.

"But I must stop here—not indeed for want of themes to treat of,—but I fear to abuse the kindness with which you read. Give me your full thoughts on the subjects of my relations, and be assured I shall be amply repaid for the moments I pass in writing them, if I am assured they give you pleasure.

"Your son and devoted servant.

"*Rome Oct.* 24, 1788.

"I went yesterday to Albano, my dear father, where the Cardinal de Bernis* usually passes the autumn, to pay my respects to him. What an amiable old man!

"After dinner he said very kindly to me that he was hourly expecting to return to Rome, and that he hoped I would frequently visit him. As all the highest society from every foreign kingdom of Europe which meets in Rome, is to be found at his house, it will be a good *point d'appui* for me in the capital.

"Independently of his Eminence, I have made another agreeable acquaintance, the Marquis of Agincourt, a gentleman of Angoulême, to whom the mother of the superior Counsel in Bastia was so good as to recommend me as if I had been her own son. He is a great amateur in the fine arts, which have fixed him at Rome, and a friend of the cardinal's,—and being a man of extensive learning, his remarks, as well as his advice, will be most useful to me. He has already shown me the kindest interest.

"I have passed a day in the streets of Rome, with their multitude of fountains of rich architecture and abundant waters,—and their columns and obelisks of such a height, so massive, and of such rich workmanship, that you have hardly passed by, when, unable to believe that it *was* so, you turn round again to assure yourself that the image in your mind is real.

"It was thus that the column of Trajan drew back my steps when I had a long way passed it, and on viewing it a second time I felt myself penetrated with still deeper admiration than at first for those who had reared it, and for him to whom it was due. But for many days this feeling has seldom left me; and I must confess to you that all that is ancient takes much deeper hold of my mind, than even modern constructions of equal merit.

"This column of Trajan's, however, never has had, and never will have, its equal; unless a second Michael Angelo is born to copy it, as that powerful genius did the Pantheon, lifting its cupola upon the basilica of St. Peter's: try as we will, we are but the copyists of the Greeks and Romans, the true discoverers of the sublime.

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* The French Ambassador at the court of Pius VI. It is well known, remarks the "Journal des Débats," with what magnificence this Cardinal represented at Rome the monarch whose ambassador he was. He used to say himself, that he kept "dans un Carrefour de *l'Europe*, l'Auberge de *France!*"

"Forgive me, my dear father, if I often leave my pen at liberty to wander on into the reflections without number, which present themselves to my mind at the sight of objects of which I had not formed the least idea, and by which I am stupified.

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"*Oct.* 26.

"I passed the afternoon of yesterday at the Villa Borghese: its apartments are tenanted by a crowd of statues. In that of Curtius, precipitating himself to save his country, the distinction is finely drawn between the hero who abandons himself to the fate before him, and the animal who shrinks from it. And Seneca dying in his bath! He lives *still.*

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"The three hours I spent in these saloons yesterday, sufficed so little, that I returned for five hours this morning, and I hope to go thither again. I am neither painter nor sculptor, but all that I see is so beautiful, that you have only to look at it to become enthusiastic. The idea of being an amateur makes me smile, when I think how few ideas I had about the fine arts six weeks ago, in the midst of the Corsicans.

"This same *esprit d'amateur* drew me this afternoon into the Borghese palace, which is in the interior of the city. It contains an immense collection of paintings belonging to the prince its owner, who lives upon the second floor with his family, at very little expense, spending most of his income upon pictures and statues, the chief luxury of the Roman lords, who rival one another in this display.

"But I shall not try to speak to you of all the fine compositions I saw in this museum; it would be more easy to me, I think, to make these thousand and one creations speak themselves, than to give you a just idea of the expression of countenance, and the moving life, that Titian, Paul Veronese, Bernino, Domenichino, and Raffaelle have given to the different subjects of their pictures. I must confine myself to pourtraying to you only my affection, assuring you it is as deep as was their skill.

"Your son.

"*Rome, Oct.* 28.

"I returned to-day to St. Peter's, which appears to me vaster and more beautiful than at first; the more it is examined, the more it astonishes. Its mosaics are incomprehensible! their clouded pebbles give to the flesh and to the draperies all the flexibility of the pencil.

"The weather was superb, and I took advantage of it to ascend to the cupola, where I found myself in a little city; and thence to the lantern, and the inside of the gilt ball that is under the cross. We were six within it, but it would hold thirty. My head turns round still.

"Points of view of excessive interest meet one's eye from the lantern, which overlooks the city and the whole campagna of Rome.

"*Oct.* 29.

"I have not done much to-day; that is to say, I have not *seen* much

which is what they call doing here. I have been visiting, however, two other beautiful churches, St. Mary the Greater, and St. John Lateran, both of very ancient foundation, but retouched and restored so many times that they are become modern. St. John Lateran, the façade of which is most beautiful, is the episcopal church of the Pope, and consequently the first in the christian world. Nothing can approach in magnificence the white marble columns of St. Mary's.

"But in telling you just now that I had not seen much to-day, I forgot that I had met the Pope, quite accidentally, for he passed through the street where I was. I saw a long way off a cross in the air, carried by an ecclesiastic in his surplice; he was mounted on a white mule, and preceded by a piquet of horse. I guessed the Pope must be behind, and seeing his carriage, hastened to place myself in his way; and upon my bending slightly, as I saw every one else do, he gave me his blessing. His countenance is very fine. I am told that I shall see him officiate in great pomp at the church of St. Charles, on the fourth of next month. I shall not fail to go, and to describe to you all I see; but for to-day, having spoken to you of the Pope, it is impossible I should return to the chapter of statues; so I am going to wish you good night, sharing with you the benediction I received."

(Who that has read 'Three Years in Italy,' does not remember the beautiful incident of little Annie's meeting with the Pope, as they passed his carriage in the street?)

M. De R.'s next letter is dated on the day he mentions, and describes the occurrences he witnessed in the church of St. Charles, the long file of heavy gothic carriages, overcharged with gilding, which slowly conveyed the cardinals into the square; till after a hundred had come and departed, that of the Pope approached, drawn by six white horses, and preceded by the white mule of the priest who carried the cross. The Swiss guards escorted him, and a detachment of cavalry, with several saddle horses, in case he should wish to use one, as well as a litter borne by two white mules, and a chair covered with gilding.

As soon as his carriage arrived at the foot of the staircase, the Pope descended, to enter the arm-chair, in which twelve men, in singular dresses, carried him to the entrance of the church, where two files of cardinals awaited him, their trains, of five yards each in length, establishing, M. de R. remarks, an infinite distance between each member of the sacred college.

"There was something," he says, "majestic and singularly imposing in this procession, especially in the sight of the pontiff,—wearing his tiara, and enveloped in rich ornaments,—as he passed along bestowing his blessing as he went on the immense crowd, who intreated it on their knees; while two beadles, richly dressed, carried by his side two enormous fans of ostrich plumes, elevated as banners, to shade him from the sunlight, and cool the air before him; an ancient usage practised here, as among the princes of the East.

"Arrived at the sanctuary, he descended from his chair to kneel at the foot of the altar, and then placed himself in his throne to be present at a mass of superb music; after which, he went away as he came.

"I am rejoicing in the thought of being a witness to his celebrating mass himself on Christmas Day in the cathedral of St. Peter's, where the display of plate must add to the éclat of such a ceremony. There will also be a greater number of cardinals present.

* * * * *

"This afternoon, the sight of the Pantheon has produced a deep effect upon my mind. This proud relic of the magnificence of the Romans, formerly consecrated to all the gods, has since been dedicated to all the saints; to which idea of the Pope's it owes its preservation. Its diameter is one hundred and thirty feet, but such is the harmony of its proportions, that it does not at first astonish one. The only opening for light is in the centre of the vault, and is twenty-seven feet across. The nine altars which encircle it are all buried in the depths of the wall, in the form of chapels, each having in front of it two beautiful columns. I know not how to cease attempting to express to you the feelings of awe this church flings over the mind.

* * * *

"The magnificent pediment above the sixteen giant columns of red granite which sustain its portico, is inscribed with the name of Agrippa, under whose consulate this beautiful edifice was probably reared, or perhaps only its vestibule. The interior of its immense dome is ornamented with mouldings which were formerly covered with bronze, but, whether rightly or wrongly, it has all been carried off, to make the baldaquin of St. Peter's.

"Here I must stop in my description of the marvels of Rome, to express the pleasure given me yesterday by a letter from Anjou!—a letter only eighteen days old—a letter of six pages, and which tells me of my father's affection. I have read, and I read it still, and ever shall, with fresh delight.

"The return of Cardinal de Bernis, and the introductions I have had to different houses, will deprive me, my dear father, of the pleasure of thus spending my evenings in discoursings with you, as I have been wont, but I shall take care to fill a long epistle every week.

"This ambassador is extremely kind to me, and I dine several days in the week with him: I believe it would be impossible to do the honours of his saloons and his table with more grace and affability than he displays, notwithstanding his great age. In the evenings you often have delicious music there; two hundred guests at least, from all the European nations, fill his halls; twenty valets circulate incessantly among the throng, with ices and refreshments, each recommending their sherbets as the best, and pressing their viands upon the company; and it is the same at table; their extreme attention is such as one meets nowhere else, and can only arise from the repeated orders of their master.

"The cardinal plays a very conspicuous part at Rome, his magnificent hospitality contributing to this as much as his intellect and learning. He is an ambassador who does honour to his government, and to the character of the French nation. Foreigners abound in his assemblies, and, princes, nobles, or private men, they are all treated with that delicacy which it is not given to every one to

know how to exercise. After dinner, he generally relates some amusing anecdotes which make a crowd gather round him, but he usually finishes by dropping asleep.

"The last time I was at his house, very few guests having arrived, he made me sit down near him, and, entering into conversation, inquired if I had heard anything new, to which I replied that I had just heard several letters read from Paris, and they announced that an assembly of the States-General was about to take place. The cardinal looked at me with an air of astonishment and superiority which startled me, then taking my hand, pressed it as he said to me, "My dear friend, remember what I tell you—you will never see the States-General assembled!" His sententious manner, and the silence which followed these words, made a good deal of impression, not unmixed with vexation, upon me; for I feel persuaded, like many others, that the States-General are necessary to the welfare of France; while he, on the contrary, appears to *fear* their assembling, and to think that the king will not give his assent to it.

"Many times have I recollected," says M. de R. in a note, "these words of the Cardinal de Bernis! Louis XVI. was surely not advised by *him* when he consented to the *double* representation of the Tiers-Etat. Unhappy concession!"

Professor Smyth's observations on this subject are probably fresh in the reader's mind:—"Necker's decision was, that the Tiers-Etat should equal the two other bodies (of the States-General,)—a decision to which he seems to have been led more by popular clamour than any higher consideration. But then came the question, 'How shall they vote? By order? or by head?'

"Necker committed the *unpardonable fault* of assembling the States without deciding these questions!—that is, he left the decision, in fact, to the Tiers-Etat. The Tiers-Etat voted themselves the National Assembly, and, with or without the other orders, resolved to proceed to business. The king had to entreat the unwilling nobility to join the haughty democrats in their own house, and from that hour Louis XVI. was a cipher in the state."

But we are forestalling. The time of trouble only comes too soon.

THE BETROTHED.

A LAY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

HASTE, fair betrothed, the time seems long,
Our town abounds not with new comers,
And you are named by every tongue
The plighted bride of Edward Somers:
Your image occupies each brain,
And while some long, some fear to meet you,
I, "the historian of the plain,"
Prepare a few brief lines to greet you.

Yet hold—what praise can I impart?
I marvel much if you are pretty,
Or "rather plain with such a heart,"
Or keen, satirical, and witty:
Do you arrange your hair in bands?
Floats your white robe in careless graces?
Or come you forth from Carson's hands
A doll of gauze, and blonde, and laces?

I know not if your reading lies
In metaphysics or romances,
If fancy fairs you patronise,
Or like charades and carpet dances;
If tales of scandal you pursue,
And welcome gossipping conjectures,
Or "deeply beautifully blue,"
Take notes at scientific lectures!

Perhaps on waltzing you are bent,
Perhaps a politician zealous,
Perhaps you play the instrument
That some call "educated bellows!"
Perhaps you have "an artist's eye,"
Or give to chess each leisure minute,
Perhaps you keep a diary,
And write down all one says within it!

Be what you will, our wrathful town,
Trust me, shall visit you with railings,
Reading your virtues upside down,
And magnifying all your failings;
Girls who were rivals long ago,
Shall link together to abuse you,
And "own themselves perplexed to know
How the misguided man could choose you!"

Yes, you have darkened many a brow,
And banished sleep from many a pillow,
Roses are at a discount now,
And nothing worn but rue and willow;
Hair is uncurled, duets unsung,
The milliner suspends her labours,
And I bewail my nerves, unstrung
By all the woes of all my neighbours.

Last evening, good old Lady Clare
Gave the best supper of the season,
But Edward Somers was not there,
And all the world knew well the reason:
I tried to cheer the lonely ones,
Once smilingly his notice waiting,
They looked just like so many nuns
Exchanging welcomes through a grating!

Miss Dashwood bore the trial well,
And was the gayest of the party,
Until that Marplot, Captain Bell,
Asked her to join him at *écarté*:
The startling "I propose," he said,
Her heart's deep wounds at once unclosing,
Alas! her trouble, luckless maid,
Came from the loved one *not* proposing!

And Fanny Hope, with laughing eyes,
  And dimpled cheeks, and ringlets sunny,
Who sang gay vaudeville melodies
  Almost as well as Mrs. Honey,
Refused at first to touch the harp,
  Till urged to do so by her mother,
And then, in tones weak, thin, and sharp,
  She faltered forth—" He seeks another."

The proud cold beauty, Helen Blake,
  Her feelings plainly racked and tore her,
(Her aunt reports that Doctor Drake
  Thinks Hastings may perhaps restore her;)
But sadder looked sweet Lucy Wade,
  Once so contented and so placid,
Tears mingled with her lemonade,
  (I hope 'twas not oxalic acid!)

Poor Clara Blandford stays at home,
  Regardless of her new pink bonnet,
And daily writes, to soothe her gloom,
  A dirge, two lyrics, and a sonnet;
From man, false man, she seems to shrink,
  Deeming his vows but empty vapour,
Her world is now a sea of ink,
  Her chart, a ream of foolscap paper.

For me, I am from rest deterred,
  And image fifty horrors daily,
(I wish that I had never heard
  The woful ballad of Miss Bailey!)
I view yon cliff in dire dismay,
  It is a spot I dread to stay on,
For twenty Sapphos there, each day,
  Walk, to bewail their faithless Phaon.

There is a brook by Farmer Lee's,
  Where temptingly the water gushes,
'Tis shadowed o'er by osier trees,
  And bordered with green waving rushes:
I cannot lose, strive all I can,
  The fear that some desponding daughter
Of grief, will try Ophelia's plan,
  And have like her, "too much of water!"

You, fair Betrothed, who thus have checked
  Our hopes, and cast depression o'er us,
Have you the conscience to expect
  A nuptial lay, and bridemaid's chorus?
I will not cheat your trusting youth,
  By any flattering prediction,
But tell an anecdote of truth,
  (Though bards, they say, deal best in fiction.)

A lady-killer once averred,
  When he his blooming bride presented,
That ninety-nine fair girls he heard,
  Were by his choice made discontented;
And further said—(oh! bride-elect,
  Deem not the moral harsh and hateful,)
" *Soon to the number, I expect*
  To add the name of one ungrateful!"

TALES OF A TOURIST.—No. 2.

PATRONA-CALIL.

CHAPTER I.

Zara. Vile ingrate, too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love,
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills, which thou so long hast mourn'd
Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd !
The Mourning Bride.

Solyman Whence
These shouts that tear the sky ? Osman, what news ?
(*Enter Osman.*)
Osm. My lord, a sudden mutiny spreads swift
Among the troops. The Janissaries chief
Pour from their tents, and cry aloud to arms.
(*Enter Rustan.*)
Rust. Appear, great emperor, or all is lost !
The soldiers armed, and furious in their rage,
As if one soul of treason reigned in all,
Surround your palace.
Mustapha.

THE famous Hippodrome of Constantinople, in changing its Greek name, so famous in the annals of Byzantine magnificence, for the Turkish one of At-Meïdaun, has never ceased to be the starting point for every popular and military revolt. 'Tis at the foot of the obelisk of Theodosius, a quadrangular block of granite, serving formerly to mark the centre of the Stadium, that the Janissaries were wont to assemble to whet their already sufficiently inflamed passions; there also was accomplished the deposition of more than one sultan. There likewise, as if in expiation of its past crimes, speeded the fatal order, which, in the month of June 1826, for the last time caused the blood of that turbulent militia to flow.

One of the loveliest mosques in all Stamboul is, without contradiction, that which Sultan Achmet III. erected on the southern side of the ancient circus of the Greek emperors. That splendid fairy palace, with its stone traceries, delicate as lace work, its columns of Egyptian granite, its gates of chiselled bronze, and its six lofty minarets, a chef-d'œuvre at once of architecture and sumptuous poesy, which a sultan, an accomplished poet, a finished artist, bade rise in illustration of his name and country, was one of the most fruitful causes of his ruin.

Achmet III. was rather a voluptuous Pantheist, formed for the rose beds of Sybaris or Pæstum, than such an emperor as the Ottomans required in the commencement of the eighteenth century, amidst their wars with Peter the Great and his successor, Catherine. The

contemplative languor in which he passed his life, the taxes with which his ministers oppressed the people in order to satisfy his costly tastes, his extravagant appetites; the swarms of women, the unnumbered profusion of birds and rare flowers, he maintained in his harems of Europe and Asia, his effeminate course of life, the soft slumbers in which his soul delighted to indulge, cradled by the soothing splash of falling fountains, the melodies of his odaliks, or the warbling of his nightingales, were in truth ill-timed, when Germany, Russia, and Persia were, each in his own way, battering on the cuirasse of strong places, which the Solymans, the Murads, the Mahomets, had forged with their own right hands.

In the month of September, 1730, popular discontent had reached its height. The erection of the mosque had exhausted the treasury. Whilst the grand vizir, Ibrahim Pasha, published, throughout the cities of the empire, the Hatti-sherif, which laid a fresh tax on retail articles, the sultan, retired within his seraglio of Mirrors, elegantly occupied himself in composing inscriptions in verse for the magnificent fountain that bears his name. During the same time also, the At-Meïdaun became crowded with idlers, and soldiers weary of peace, and ready to adopt any cause. Groups were formed under the shade of a few trees with which the Hippodrome was scantily studded, and the necessity of revolt openly insisted on.

A fruit-seller, carrying a small table, covered with a napkin of embroidered cotton, on his head, appeared to be the orator of the most numerous circle. Janissaries from all the regiments of the Odjak pressed closely round him; some leant on their staffs of office and tucked up their mustachios with a menacing air; others, squatted quietly on their heels, smoked their long pipes of jessamine or cherry-wood. Some silent movements of the head, which caused the singularly shaped pieces of felt, that served as caps for those dangerous defenders of the state, to wave in the wind, testified their entire adhesion to the seditious propositions enunciated by the vendor of dried fruits.

"Well said, Muslou," would one of them remark at intervals, and Muslon continued:

"To whom do you owe the disgrace of the vizir, Kioprouli-Oglou? To Sultan Achmet, who replaced him by the infamous Ibrahim, in order the more easily to rob and plunder us of our hard-earned gains. Who allowed Valachia to be overrun by those dogs and sons of dogs, the infidel Germans? Sultan Achmet again! Who, by their infernal spells, brought total destruction on the ever-victorious army of the faithful Osmanlis beneath the fatal walls of Belgrade? Who, I say—who but Sultan Achmet and his Vizir Ibrahim (may they broil in Kehanum!) Of fifty thousand soldiers, almost all Janissaries, and the flower of those illustrious warriors, thirty thousand scarce escaped! Who surrendered Temesvar and Belgrade to the Djaours? Sultan Achmet! Who laid a tax on the export of grain? He again! Who sent to France for printers, with their impious machines, for the sole purpose of reducing the scribes of the empire to utter ruin? He still! Who has just allowed the Persian heretics to make themselves masters of the glorious city of Tauris?

Who has just added to the burdens, under which we already groan, the tax of the bedeat, levelled against us poor retail dealers? Still —still—Sultan Achmet! God has judged him. May his righteous vengeance fall upon the guilty!"

A murmur of satisfaction rose through the auditory. The various groups drew closer together, and repeated to each other, with manifest approval, the bold words of the indignant fruit seller.

A second personage stepped forth from the crowd and took his place beside the orator. Like the first, he was one of the people. A copper vessel, which he carried in his hand, with a few cups of porcelain, announced that he followed the trade of a coffee seller.

"'Tis Ali!" said Muslou, holding out his hand in sign of protection; "God preserve his faithful servants!"

Ali laid down his copper vessel and porcelain cups on the edge of a seat; then, raising his arms to heaven—

"Of what use is it," he cried, "that the prophet has written, 'Wear not silken attire; for, certes, he who puts it on in this world, will never wear it in eternity?' Wherefore has the great, the holy, Omar said, 'A robe of silk is the favourite dress of souls, reprobate and condemned to eternal fire?' What profiteth it that we read in the Koran: 'The fire of hell will rage like the roaring of a camel in the belly of such an one as eateth or drinketh out of vessels of gold or silver?' Sultan Achmet, day by day, commits all these crimes! Broussa is powerless to fabricate, if you'll believe him, stuffs rich enough to wrap his enervated limbs in! That son of a slave eats only out of gold and silver; sits upon pearls and rubies—lavishes on birds and dogs the subsistence of a thousand families—wears, like a woman, rings of gold on every finger! He forgets that the prophet only used a silver seal, and that one day meeting a man with one of gold, he indignantly repulsed and turned his back upon him. I ask you, therefore, one and all, does not Sultan Achmet deserve the execration of every true believer? and will not he who rids the empire of an infidel deserve the blessing both of God and man?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the crowd; "Sultan Achmet is accursed. He must be dethroned, as was his unworthy brother Mustapha, a thousand times less guilty than himself."

"Let's arm ourselves, and march on the seraglio," said Muslou.

"We will!"

"Let's call for the heads of the five ministers," added Ali, the coffee seller.

"Yes, yes, their heads," repeated the excited groups.

"But who will be our leader?" interrupted some one; "who will take on himself the responsibility of the revolt?"

There was a moment's silence. Each man recoiled a step, as if to protest against accepting so dangerous a power.

"Well!" resumed Muslou, "is there not one stout heart ready to take in hand the cause of religion and the people?"

"I will!" cried a strong voice from amongst the startled groups, which instantly opened to admit this new actor into the deserted circle.

All gazed with mute astonishment on the man, who thus offered himself with so much assurance to fill a post so perilous.

His harsh and savage features, the fire that flashed in his eyes, the athletic form, with which nature had endowed him; all corresponded to the idea, which naturally suggests itself to the mind, of a man of courage and execution.

But the miserable garments that covered him gave reason to believe that it was for want of understanding it that he so boldly dared a peril, from which others better instructed shrank. However, despite his more than equivocal exterior, despite his hands, browned with sun and hard with use, there was an air of grandeur and decision in his attitude, that was felt at once.

From beneath the folds of his muslin turban his close-shaved temples stood out in bold relief, and finely developed the well marked protuberances of his intellectual brow. Thick black mustachios depended from his upper lip. His right cheek was scarred throughout its whole extent by a sabre wound, that in healing had left behind an unsightly blue line. When he had slowly gazed around on the circle that surrounded him, he let a packet of clothes, which he was carrying on his right shoulder, fall to the ground, and crossed his arms, as if waiting some confirmation of the title he had just given himself.

A Janissary approached him.

"Who art thou?"

"I see," replied the popular hero, "thou art not of the Eyoub quarter, or didst serve against the infidels the time they won back from us the town of Peter-Wardein in Hungary."

"I am too young for that," replied the soldier.

"No doubt, or otherwise thou wouldst have heard speak of the Janissary, Patrona-Calil, serving in the 24th oda, and now a poor dealer in old clothes, for the benefit of true believers, who cannot purchase new."

"Patrona-Calil!" repeated several old Janissaries; "yes, we remember him. 'Tis a name registered amongst the most glorious in the muster-rolls of the Odjak."

"Patrona-Calil!" resumed Muslou and Ali, "we shall be proud to execute thy orders."

"Ali and Muslou," replied Patrona, "I choose you for my lieutenants. Come to consult with me this evening, at my house near the mosque of Eyoub. In the mean time, do you, Muslou, distribute the fruits in your basket gratuitously amongst these brave fellows here, and you, Ali, do the same with your coffee."

Muslou and Ali obeyed the voice of their newly-appointed chief without a murmur, and all present pledged themselves by oath to repair by day-break, the next morning, to the At-Meïdaun, armed and ready to march. When the frugal collation was finished, Patrona quitted the mat, whereon he had sate, and addressing the ranks of his followers with that air of authority, with which his manly physiognomy was naturally imprinted:

"My friends," he said, "I am not rich; yet I needs must give you an earnest of my gratitude."

As he uttered these words he seized from the packet of rags he had brought, three fragments of different coloured stuff, and turning to Ali and Muslou:

"Receive from my hands," he said, "these two standards, they shall lead you to victory. I keep the third for myself. Rest satisfied that you will never see it in the rear."

"Allah-Hou!" shouted the conspirators, brandishing their staffs and knives above the head of Patrona-Calil.

'Twas the only consecration, which that intrepid chief of a revolt, which had for its end the downfall of a powerful monarch from his throne, received. After a last adieu, the conspirators separated, and Patrona went quietly on his way home to prepare for the reception of his two expected guests. It was dark night when he reached the quarter of Eyoub.

The residence of Patrona was perfectly in accordance, as respected its absolute want of common necessaries, with the miserable exterior presented by his dress. A mat, a few earthen platters, and a coffee-lamp, comprised all the furniture it contained. He lighted the lamp, filled one of the platters with pilaf from a neighbouring cook's shop, and placed a cruse of water beside the only goblet he possessed. Then he filled another plate with oranges, apples, and raisins; and sitting down on the threshold of the door, waited, his legs folded under him, and a long pipe in his mouth, until his guests should make their appearance.

By and by he heard the sound of steps afar off in the deserted street. A shadow rose on the wall, and a person, close shrouded in an ample cloak, stood beside him.

"Thou art welcome," said Patrona, re-entering his cabin, whose door he carefully shut.

"Peace be with you!" replied a gentle voice.

Patrona frowned on recognising neither the tones of Muslou or Ali.

"A woman!" he murmured, recoiling with surprise. "Wherefore come you hither?"

"Thou shalt know anon," said the mysterious personage, as she threw her mantle on the mat.

Patrona's astonishment was at its height: before him stood, he could not doubt it, a woman of the loftiest rank. Her attire, of silk and velvet, flashed in the feeble lamplight with embroideries of gold and pearls; she had not, however, laid aside the double veil, that concealed her features in its envious folds, in accordance with the custom of the country; but, by the harmonious sound of her voice, the supple elegance of her person, the dazzling whiteness of her hand, loaded with rings of vast price, he could not doubt that she was young and lovely. In presence of this unexpected apparition, Patrona testified more astonishment than the sight of twenty sabres levelled at his head could have occasioned. He excused himself for his inability to offer his beauteous visitant a reception more worthy of her, and begged her, with hesitating compliment, to honour him by taking a seat on the cane mat, which covered the floor.

"I am come to sup with thee, Patrona," said the lady.

Patrona placed his right hand on his breast, then carried it to his lips with a low bow, to testify his joy and respect.

"Lovely princess," he replied, "at this moment do I, for the first time, regret that fortune has not shown me greater favour; I had not then have felt the shame of offering thee a collation so utterly unworthy your deserts."

"What matters it?" interrupted the lady, throwing back the wide sleeve of her robe, and disclosing thereby an arm of such perfect outline, that it resembled a piece of sculptured ivory—"what matters it? when it's the heart that gives, who could reproach the hand!"

These words were accompanied by a look so tender, so expressive, and so long sustained, that Patrona cast his eyes to the ground, dazzled as though he looked the sun in face at noon-day.

"Alas!" resumed the lady, after a moment's silence, "how many men wallow in riches and honours, who are not worth the value of the pelisse they wear, or the divan on which they repose! How many others, on the contrary, would merit all the wealth of the imperial treasury, did fate but measure her gifts by the qualities of the soul! Viewed in that light, ought not Sultan Achmet and his unworthy vizir to sleep here on this miserable mat; and thou, Patrona, is not thy rightful place beneath the gilded ceilings of a palace?"

"I feel ambitious of naught," said Patrona, "save in being instrumental to my country's happiness."

"Patrona, God has marked thee out to deliver the empire from the traitors under which it groans."

"If he deigns to second me, beauteous princess, I trust I shall show myself worthy of the task he has assigned."

"What wilt do, Patrona, if to-morrow success should crown thy arms?"

"Demand from the sultan the abolition of the bedeat, and all the other unjust taxes of which the people complain."

"And after that?"

"The exile of the five ministers who counselled those iniquitous measures."

"And what then?"

"Name others in their place, who will no longer disregard the sufferings of my fellow-citizens."

"'Tis well, Patrona; but that's not enough."

"What must I do then?"

"Demand the ministers' heads, that their example may deter others."

"But you are not ignorant that Sultan Achmet will refuse to deliver up his unworthy favourite."

"I know a way to compel him."

"How?"

"To enter the seraglio by force of arms, with thy own right hand to cut off the heads of those insolents, who would show thee no mercy didst thou chance to fall into their power. To depose the impious Achmet III., and raise his nephew, Mahomet I., to the throne."

Patrona-Calil gazed long and fixedly on the lady; then he seemed

to hesitate and reflect profoundly. Meanwhile, the lady gently unfastened the two veils which masked her countenance, and presented herself in all the splendour of her charms to the stupified and enraptured eyes of the chief of the revolters. According to Oriental manners, this action was most significative, for it amounted to a declaration of love. Patrona, subjugated, overwhelmed with transport, stammered out all the exaggerations and compliments that occurred to his bewildered mind. He drew near the lady, and ventured to press in his own coarse, bony palms, the hand she yielded to his passionate grasp, a hand fair, small, and perfumed with delicious attar. The lady but faintly repulsed Patrona's audacity.

"'Tis time to sup," said she, clapping her hands.

The same instant the door of the cabin flew open, and two slaves carried in a small table of mother-of-pearl, loaded with an exquisite repast, and covered with a muslin napkin, embroidered with silk and gold. The lady helped her guest with her own white hands, and, taking up a flagon and silver cup from off the board, poured out a bright red, sparkling liquor, and presented it to Patrona, after having first pressed it to her lips with the most graceful air imaginable. Patrona followed the example of his lovely mistress; and anon the wine of Tenedos producing its effect on his excited brain, his amorous frenzy rose to its height.

"Yet one more glass, Patrona," said the beauteous unknown, throwing back the long black tresses of her shining hair, which fell in rich profusion from beneath the folds of her costly turban.

"I drink it to thee, empress of my soul!" cried Patrona, emptying it at a draught.

"And I drink this to the death of the infamous Vizir Ibrahim. Thou hast promised me his head, Patrona, remember that! I shall come for it to-morrow."

"Thou shalt have it, enchantress!"

"That's not all: I must have others also!"

The lady's countenance, voluptuously reclined on Patrona's shoulder, expressed at this moment more hatred and fierce passion than love. Her trembling lips were contracted; fire flashed from her dark eyes. Patrona was enraptured; his fascinating gaze only read the assurance of his present happiness in the lovely features of his incognita.

Suddenly the door of the cabin opened. 'Twas only to admit Muslou and Ali, who were come to the rendezvous fixed by Patrona.

His mistress herself did the honours of the table to the new-comers, whom she constrained to sit down by her side, and the supper recommenced with its merry jests, its copious libations, its words of love, its bloody projects.

Daylight was struggling into existence when the lady arose. Her countenance suddenly assumed a gloomy and deliberate expression. She unfastened the magnificent Cashmere shawl that confined her slender waist, then threw it on the table, with three poniards hid in its soft folds. The three guests watched her with an astonishment not unmixed with a secret feeling of alarm. Two of the weapons

were richly chased with gold; the third was of the commonest sort of steel.

"Muslou, Ali, and Patrona," said the lady, "before nightfall you ought to have fulfilled your vow; before nightfall, your enemies and mine ought to have ceased to live. May he who breaks his plighted word burn in eternal flames! Ali, I make thee a present of this shawl: use it to bind the hands and feet of the perfidious Achmet, whom Mahomet I. will replace on the throne of the Osmanlis. Muslou, take that poniard, with hilt and sheath of gold: thou wilt plunge it, for my sake, in the accursed bosom of the Sultana Esma, the Sultan's daughter, and lawful wife of the Vizir Ibrahim Pasha, the most execrable of all Achmet's ministers. Thine, Patrona-Calil, is that other poniard, sparkling with diamonds and rubies: thou wilt reserve it for the vizir himself; and when thou hast severed his detested head, be sure thou keepest it for me in payment of what thou hast received at my hands—remember!"

Each of the guests took possession of the present assigned him. The lady placed the simple steel dagger in her robe again.

"Why dost thou keep that weapon?" asked Patrona-Calil.

"Thou shalt know anon," she replied, gazing on him fixedly. "To bind a sultan, a Cashmere of price is needed; to put a vizir and a sultana, the wife of a pasha, to death, poniards of chiselled gold, incrusted with the rarest stones, are required; but to slay a man of vile origin, to pierce the bosom of a slave, a weapon, cheap and vulgar, is all that need be used." As she uttered these words, she left the cabin.

Muslou, Ali, and Patrona, waited until broad daylight to rejoin their friends on the At-Meïdaun.

CHAPTER II.

The Palace of Mirrors, and the magnificent gardens that surrounded it, are almost the only recollections which Sultan Achmet has left in the memory of the people. More than a century has passed away since their destruction, and the inhabitants of Constantinople yet speak of the marvellous forest of flowers, planted and cultivated by Achmet himself, amidst the vast parterres of the present seraglio.

They were covered in throughout their whole extent by gaily striped curtains. In the winter time a warm temperature was constantly kept up in them by means of stoves. The natural products of every part of the globe were forced into existence pell-mell in that odoriferous paradise, whose atmosphere was rendered still heavier and more intoxicating by the fumes of thousands of pastiles, that burnt there in chafingdishes of gold, enriched with precious stones.

Along the walls arose immense aviaries, latticed with golden wires, in which myriads of nightingales sang night and day, mingling their harmonious strains with the soothing falls of fountains and cascades. At night this fairy scene was lit up by an innumerable quantity of small crystal lamps, disposed with infinite art. This last invention

belongs, say the Turkish historians, to Ibrahim Pasha, Achmet's grand vizir, who made his first trial of it in honour of his master, in one of his kouaks, situate on the shores of the Bosphorus, beyond Bechiktaah. That luxurious entertainment is recorded by history under the name of Lala-Tehieaghain, that is to say, "illumination of the tulips." The passion of the Ottomans for that description of flower, which was a peculiar favourite with Achmet III., is well known.

We have not finished our account of splendours yet: the walls of the garden were almost all hung with Venetian mirrors, in which were reflected, with dazzling brilliance, the flame of the lamps, the varied plumage of the birds, and painted petals of the flowers.

The 30th of September, 1730, whilst Patrona-Calil was preparing, on the square of the At-Meïdaun, the ruin of his indolent sovereign, Sultan Achmet reposed on a divan of silver brocade, amidst his calm-breathing parterres. The divan was overshadowed by a canopy of green velvet, decked all round with horse-tails appended to globes of copper. Above the royal head glittered a sabre, rich in precious stones, flanked on either side by two muslin turbans: they are the emblem of absolute power amongst the Turks, and occupy the place of our sceptre and diadem.

Achmet was listening indolently, his pale brow rested on his hand, to the concerts of his birds, the murmur of his cascades. He followed with languid eye the rapid flight of the pretty songsters from one end of their gilded prison to the other, brushing with their wings the graceful tenants of the many-hued parterres, that, all bathed in bright sunlight, seemed to bow their slender heads, crowned with golden circlets, before their voluptuous lord. Absorbed in enervating reverie, his whole soul was steeped in harmony and perfumes. Whilst seeing the limpid pearls of his fountains spring into air and fall back again with a tinkling splash, to their basins of jasper and agate, the haughty monarch of the Osmanlis, the shadow of God, little thought that his own happiness was about to flee away, and be for ever lost to him, like those streams of pure water in the bowels of the earth.

Sultan Achmet roused not from this state of ecstatic contemplation save to unfold a roll of vellum, on which his femininely delicate hand lightly traced characters, whose elegance would have done credit to the pen of the most skilful artist.

The established custom requires each sultan to follow some mechanical profession. The Koran makes it a matter of religious obligation. Is it a lesson of humility which it thus gives him? Mahmoud I., the successor of Achmet III., excelled in jewellers' and goldsmiths' work; Osman III. was a joiner; Mustapha III. with his own hands coined the money of his empire; Abdoul Hamet I. finished off arms and pointed arrows; Selim III. painted on muslin; Achmet III. exercised the trade of a public writer; Korans written by him, with surprising elegance and beauty, are yet to be seen.

The sultan was interrupted in the pursuit of his labours by the arrival of Ibrahim Pasha, his grand vizir and son-in-law. The family ties that united the vizir to his master, and the great favour he enjoyed, rendered all ceremonies between them unnecessary. No

officer of the seraglio appeared even to announce him; he advanced directly to the sultan, whose hand he kissed, and then remained standing and silent until it pleased his sovereign to address him, which he did anon in the following terms:

"With the grace of God and our holy prophet, O friend Ibrahim, the most eminent of our vizirs, I have just finished this copy of the Koran, which I destine for the Casba of Mecca. Look, and tell me if I have not exceeded myself."

"I entirely agree with your highness—'tis exquisite. But permit me to inform you without delay of the grave motive for my present visit. Your highness must know—"

"Vizir," interrupted Achmet, "I was well pleased with your last feast of tulips; but I am proud of my ability to show you a variety that your superb collection wants."

"I doubt it not," replied the vizir; "but I entreat your greatness to condescend to listen to my information. The last news from Persia have been unfavourably received by the people; the tax-collectors meet with obstacles and insult in levying the new impost."

A cloud seemed to pass over the monarch's brow. Thought was too great a weight for his enervated intellect to endure; he remained a few minutes without answering, then, resuming his usual serenity,

"I intend, vizir, that the new plans brought from the court of Versailles be executed in the seraglio gardens; I would fain turn King Louis XV. pale with envy on learning that I have surpassed his marvels."

"O, my beloved master!" sighed Ibrahim, "is this a time to speak of such vain matters, when revolt yells aloud in the squares of your imperial city, when, perchance, at this very moment—"

"Give orders, vizir, that it be put down."

Ibrahim, a man of sense and energy, let his head fall on his breast, and despaired of saving his master.

Achmet continued unmoved:

"Let the etiquette of the seraglio be forgotten to-day; I devote its hours to pleasure and happiness alone. Seest thou how the sun darts through the feeble barrier of these painted draperies, and seems to joy in caressing those happy flowers that ope their calices to welcome him? Dost hear how sweetly the birds sing in their golden cages, how harmoniously the agate basins echo to the fountain's fall? Regard these smoking cassolettes, and drink in the perfume of their intoxicating vapour. Our prophet, Mahomet, has said, 'God created two things for man's happiness—perfumes and women!' Ibrahim, hast brought hither the lovely Georgian whom thy friendship surrenders so obligingly in my favour?"

"Khadidja," replied the vizir, "only awaits an order to appear before you."

"Heaven be praised!" resumed the sultan. "Thou wert about to make her thy wife—I saw and wished for her—thou didst not hesitate, but gave her up at once; and I, not to be behindhand, have given thee my celestial daughter, the sultana Esma (may her life be long and happy!) in exchange. Ah! Ibrahim, I know that thou didst love Khadidja, and will recompence thee for the sacrifice."

"I only did my duty," said the vizir, bowing with a sad and gloomy air.

In obedience to a sign from Achmet, a woman appeared in the centre of the pavilion. She threw aside her veil on entering. Her mien, her attitude, were not those of a trembling virgin; her haughty gaze glanced boldly round; her hair, of blackest jet, mingled with the spotless folds of her muslin turban, fell over her right shoulder in shining plaits, strewn with bouquets of pearl; her lofty and majestic form swelled proudly out from beneath a robe of softest silk, that served not to conceal a single beauty of her singularly well-shaped person. Her perfect contour reminded you of the finest models of Grecian sculpture. Such was Khadidja. As she advanced, she darted a look of severity and withering contempt on the vizir, who seemed to shrink before her eagle gaze; then, prostrating herself at Achmet's feet,

"My Lord," said she, "dispose at pleasure of thy slave."

The vizir seemed greatly moved; he would fain have retired, but Achmet insisted on his presence.

The voluptuous monarch was never tired of contemplating Khadidja's beauty, and saw, in the extreme care she had bestowed upon her toilette, a secret desire to please her new master. He only remarked one singularity in her costume: the iron sheath of a poniard of commonest workmanship peeped from above the shawl that bound her waist, and contrasted oddly with the gold and jewels with which every other part of her attire was covered. Etiquette forbids any one appearing armed before the sultan, therefore the sheath alone was all that Khadidja could be allowed to wear. Achmet questioned her about her strange choice of a weapon.

"I have no other at present," she replied: "I have given them all away. This, besides, is the only one I like to wear, as I have made a vow never to lay it aside until I have found a suitable place for it, as I have done with the rest."

Without waiting for any fresh question, Khadidja entreated the sultan to condescend to judge for himself whether the vizir had deceived him as to her talent for singing and accompanying her voice on the tabourah. Achmet bowed assent with a smile.

Then the lovely Georgian seized a sort of long guitar, which she had laid down by the door on entering, and sang, with a voice full of sweetness and expression, some of those monotonous Turkish romaunts that are often so perfectly enchanting, despite the singularity of their modulations. Achmet listened to her in an inexpressible rapture that almost amounted to ecstasy; scarce was his attention for an instant attracted by a distant sound, that made Ibrahim start, and which alarmingly resembled the roar of a cannonade. The features of the syren songstress became more and more animated, her voice rose higher and higher, and the chords of her instrument poured forth a louder gush of harmony.

Meanwhile the vizir was in an agony of suspense. The sounds without were thrice renewed, and seemed every instant to grow nearer; a fresh explosion at length forced a cry of terror from his trembling lips.

"They are fighting in Stamboul!" he cried—"listen!"

"'Tis only the Janissaries," interrupted Khadidja, "practising in their quarter."

"No, no," faultered out the terror-struck Ibrahim—"not so; the noise comes from the sea-shore. They are fighting, I say, under the very walls of the seraglio. Will your highness permit me to show myself to the rebels?"

"Do no such thing, vizir," resumed Khadidja, with a mocking smile, "for they would believe you were afraid. If it is really true that the sounds we hear proceed from a revolt, leave the faithful Janissaries to execute justice in the name of your powerful monarch; and should the whole orta prove insufficient to put a handful of madmen to flight, are there not the bostandjis of the seraglio, the baltadjis, and the chamber of pages, to lend them aid? Let it not be credited that the mighty Achmet disquieted himself about the sedition of a few miserable fools!"

The sultan approved a counsel so congenial to his indolence, and ordered the vizir to remain.

Khadidja then, throwing aside her tabourah, snatched up a pair of ebony castanets, and hung a tambourine, tinkling with silver bells, round her ivory neck; next beating a quick and lively measure with her small feet, buried in velvet slippers embroidered with seed pearl, she threw her round and polished arms above her head, and fell to dancing with the lightness of a kid leaping from cliff to cliff.

Achmet, enraptured with such various charms, seemed to have surrendered up his soul at the feet of the lovely slave; he followed with entranced delight each one of those voluptuous movements that constitute the dance of the Orientals. Khadidja excelled in the art, and exerted herself to display her utmost powers of seduction, so as to absorb the sultan's whole attention. Achmet, in fact, had never once remarked, so utterly was he spell-bound, that the uproar from without had increased with frightful intensity. It became, however, so alarming, that the four ministers, impelled by fear, rushed in wild confusion into that tent of flowers, where their indolent monarch was regarding the dancing of his new mistress.

At the cry of despair they uttered on entering, the vizir Ibrahim saw all was lost. Khadidja, rapidly resuming her veil and mantle, profited by the pell-mell that accompanied this intrusion to escape unperceived.

"Why come you here without an order?" said the sultan, in an angry voice.

"My lord," replied one of the ministers, "the rebels have dispersed the soldiers of your harem."

"My lord," said another, "the Janissaries are beaten and put to flight. The leader of the rebels himself tore the standard of the Odjak from their agha, threatening him, if he resisted, to hoist his vest, stained with his own blood, on a lance-point."

"What do they want?" demanded Sultan Achmet. "Gold?—let them have ten mules' load."

"Alas!" resumed the vizir, "it is not that."

"Who are they, then?" said the sultan, who could not conceal his extreme surprise.

"Three wretched men, from the very dregs of the people, who do not between them possess enough to buy a sheep at the shambles; they are Ali, the strolling coffee seller, Muslou, who sells dried fruits, and Patrona-Calil, the hawker of old clothes."

"But how," cried the sultan—"how have they found means to rally so large a multitude around them?"

"By their courage," said the grand vizir—"their courage and their energy!"

"And cannot we win them over by means of gold?" repeated Sultan Achmet."

"They have poured into the public chest, to the credit of the state, the produce of the pillage of our palaces."

"Patrona-Calil," resumed another minister, "has even strewn the streets with the treasure of the governor of Galata and Pera, in order, as he said, to restore to the infidels what that insatiable robber had forced from them by his endless acts of extortion and rapine. On pain of death, not a Mussulman is to touch a single para of it, and Patrona-Calil's order has not been once infringed."

Sultan Achmet was mute and overwhelmed. He who only commanded slaves—even he—enervated, indolent, luxurious—could in the depths of his soul admire and envy a virtue so savage, a self-denial so heroic.

"I'll see these three leaders of the revolt," he said. "What do they demand of me? Their complaints shall be attended to."

The five ministers recoiled a step with blanched cheek and trembling lip on hearing these words of their master, for Patrona-Calil had sworn never to lay down his arms until he had obtained their five heads. They persuaded the sultan that all conference was useless, and that force was only to be repelled by force.

Sultan Achmet rose, therefore, from his divan. His sabre was girded to his side, his turban placed on his head; the standard of the prophet was displayed, the guard of the seraglio flew to arms, and the sultan breathed a sorrowful sigh as he cast a last fond look on his flowers, his birds—his earthly paradise, in short.

Just as he was about to pass the threshold of that balmy retreat, a soldier, covered with blood and sweat, ran up with a basket of fruit in his hand.

"Splendid and respected vizir," he said, putting one knee to the ground before Ibrahim Pasha, "here is a present which Muslou sends thee, the son-in-law and prime minister of the mighty Achmet."

The sultan and his ministers admired the beauty of the fruits sent the vizir by their enemy. Ibrahim took the basket with a trembling hand; a sudden pallor blanched his visage, for a fatal presentiment warned him that some terrible misfortune lay concealed beneath the outward garb of the mysterious present. The sultan imagined that perhaps his offer had seduced one of the principal leaders of the revolt, and that amongst the fruit there might be found a submission, under Muslou's hand; he therefore hastened to examine the dainty piles.

A woman's head rolled, ghastly, bleeding, on the downy cushions of the divan.

A poniard with handle and sheath of gold were fastened to one of the long tresses of the clotted hair.

Achmet and Ibrahim uttered a horrible cry of grief-struck despair—they recognised the head of the sultana Esma. The poniard was a present made by the grand vizir to his slave Khadidja.

TO A. T.,

ON HEARING HIM EXPRESS HIS PERFECT CONTENT WITH THIS WORLD AND HIS UNWILLINGNESS EVER TO LEAVE IT.

BY MISS AGATHA STOLTERFOTH.

Surely such words thy thoughts belie—
For nothing better dost thou sigh?
Content for ever in this world
To live, thy spirits' pinions furl'd?
It cannot be—for all aspire
To something purer, nobler, higher!
Thou! who with Nature communest,
And with a heart to love her blest,
Doth not her magic influence raise
Thy thoughts above terrestrial ways,
And 'mid her streams, her trees, and flowers,
Yearns not thy heart for heaven's own bowers;
The balmy breath of Spring, the sight
Of clouds with sunset radiance bright,
When Autumn steeps in richest dye,
Purple and gold, the evening sky,
Do these not stir the soul within,
Intent its glorious home to win?
We are as pilgrims here below,
Who travel on, through pain and woe;
No unmixed happiness is here,
But Hope divine our path may cheer;
Howe'er so dark grief's clouds in hue,
That blessed light can pierce them through,
And sometimes intimations high
Of the soul's immortality,
In its own deep emotions sought,
And in the mysteries of thought,
We shape our contemplative mood,
May serve this purest Hope for food!
Then do not disavow, my friend,
Thy birthright—Hope; nor downward bend
Thine eyes on earth's imperfect joys,
So fragile that a breath destroys;
But oh! indulge each grateful sense
Of God's supreme beneficence!
Cast, cast thy earthly bonds away,
And give thy better nature sway.

LOVE'S IGNIS FATUUS.

FROM THE FRENCH. BY M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIII.

Conclusive Evidence.

BERGERAC was one of those powerful characters, who take the more pains to obtain a mastery over themselves, from a conviction of their own violence of temper.

Half a dozen turns on the deck calmed down the raging of his blood, and put him in a condition to reason before he proceeded to act.

Two very simple questions proposed themselves to his mind: Was d'Harcourt alone in fault? or had Madame Bergerac encouraged him? The second case seemed to him so very improbable, that he hardly paused upon it at present, though he reserved it for consideration hereafter. The first question was, therefore, that with which he had principally to deal.

In the first place, who or what was M. d'Harcourt? The little mysteries, metamorphoses, and contradictions, which the captain had at first attributed to eccentricity or affectation, came now to assume a more serious aspect. Bergerac had at length a vague suspicion that they were ruses and stratagems of seduction; he needed not to reflect very long on certain peculiarities in the manner and bearing of his young passenger, to come to the conclusion that the self-styled *artist* was in fact an *amateur*. Only, taking this for granted, his conjectures became more anxious and confused, until he arrived, at last, at this further question:

Has this gentleman, then, assumed a disguise, and taken a passage on board my ship, with the intention of paying court to my wife? And, if so, when and where did this courtship commence?

The first circumstance to be considered in this chaos, was how he might throw light upon the mystery in which d'Harcourt had shrouded himself.

The honest mate, M. Ledru, who had received and inscribed him as a passenger, might be able to furnish some information on this head: the captain went at once in search of him.

M. Ledru was one of those upright, straightforward, simple subordinates, who always scrupulously obey orders, and never venture out of the beaten track of their duties; finding in the accomplishment of that double object full employment for the share of intelligence and activity with which their Creator has endowed them. No society could exist, no business could be carried on, without men of this stamp, who have but one merit, and an all-important one—abnegation of self.

M. Ledru pushed his to the extreme of considering himself as a passive instrument in his captain's hands, even when, as often happened, the whole charge and responsibility on board were confided to him. Bergerac, on the other hand, full of sincere friendship and

well-merited esteem for his lieutenant, had made him, during the last ten years, a sharer in the advantages of his voyages, inasmuch as he made over to him, as has been already stated, every sort of profit upon the passengers he carried. When these were sufficiently numerous, as in the present instance, to fill all the poop-cabins, M. Ledru sacrificed himself, with the best grace in the world, to their convenience and his own interest, and took up his own abode in a small dark berth between decks.

It was in this humble cell that Bergerac now proceeded to visit his mate. He found him busily engaged in looking over the steward's accounts, by the light of a smoky lamp. On hearing some one approach, M. Ledru shaded his eyes with his hand, as was his custom, and looked out to ascertain who it might be.

"Ah! is it you, captain?" he said, as soon as he had recognised Bergerac.

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and offered it obsequiously to his commander, seating himself upon the single stool that completed the furniture of his apartment.

Bergerac, who had no difficulty in making the worthy man's intellect take whatever direction he chose, brought round the conversation, in half-a-dozen phrases, to the subject of Henri d'Harcourt.

M. Ledru was loud in his commendations of the artist. The honest mate passed his life in singing the praises of the world generally, and of the passengers individually.

"I have a suspicion," said the captain, in a tone sufficiently indifferent not to betray his secret thoughts,—no great concealment being necessary with the lieutenant.

"What suspicion, captain?"

"I have some reason to suppose that this young man has deceived us with regard to the object of his voyage, his situation in life, and, perhaps, even his name."

M. Ledru opened his little grey eyes, until they became as round and as restless as a rabbit's; and, resting his two hands upon his hips, he looked at Bergerac for some time in silence.

"Really, captain?" he said at last, doubtingly. What can have made you think that?

"A good many things," replied Bergerac; and, going straight to the point, "M. Ledru," he resumed, "how did M. d' Harcourt present himself to you to take his passage?"

"*Ma foi*, captain, much as any one else would present himself to do the same thing; only he seemed very anxious to sail with us, although he was rather late in making up his mind about it, and made no objection to the price of the passage, like M. d' Argentières."

"He did not show you his passport?"

"His passport, captain! You know that regards the police; we have nothing to do with—"

"Very true," interrupted Bergerac."

"I merely requested him to inscribe his name, with the rest, in my passengers' book. The book is here, captain, if you would like to look at it."

And, without waiting for Bergerac's answer, he drew forth an ancient and greasy volume, bound in parchment, and secured with two bits of tarred string.

He opened it at the page where d' Harcourt's name was inscribed, and submitted the writing to the examination of his chief, lighting him, as well as he could, with his dull lamp.

"There it is, captain, and a very pretty signature it is; as finnikin and lady-like as Madame Bergerac's."

Bergerac had cast a careless glance upon the register, in no way anticipating the discovery he was about to make; but, as d'Harcourt's signature met his eye, that glance became suddenly animated, and seemed to devour every word. A sudden remembrance, a wonderful similarity, had just attracted the eye and the attention of the captain. The writing, too peculiar, too characteristic to be mistaken, was the same with that of the note Bergerac had intercepted at Nantes! He thoroughly assured himself of the fact by rapidly and attentively comparing the two; then, darting out of the cabin, he left M. Ledru astonished at his precipitancy, although he was far too discreet even to guess at its cause.

Bergerac now knows all! He can appreciate the value of a presentiment! The young man whom he has just seen kissing his wife's hand is the same person he had remarked upon the Quai la Fosse; who had so openly expressed his admiration of Juliette's beauty; who had, on the following day, endeavoured to convey a letter to her.

So! This gentleman is not an artist, travelling with a view to his profession! He is rather some Don Juan on a small scale, running after other men's wives to seduce them—one of those enemies to the happiness and repose of Bergerac whom the little two-faced demon had shown him in that dream whose tortures he so well remembered. The seducer has taken a passage in his ship, for the purpose of seducing his wife! Bergerac has received his enemy into his domestic circle, when he fancied he was giving him the slip; he has shut him up for a couple of months with himself and his wife! Fatality! fatality!

What is to be done? Shall he strike the traitor to the earth, like a robber whom he has discovered with his purse in his hand? Shall he tell him to his face that he is an impostor, and challenge him? No! Bergerac has already killed one man in a duel!

Nevertheless, one way or another, he must have vengeance for his wrongs. And, above all, how is it with his wife's truth? how is it with his own honour?

When Bergerac had taken all these circumstances into consideration, he came to the conclusion, that, for the sake of his own satisfaction, and to make his vengeance complete and appropriate, he must act with the greatest coolness, and take no step without mature deliberation.

"Either my wife is, to a greater or less degree, an accomplice in this man's stratagem, or she is but the passive and innocent object of his culpable pursuit. In the first case, she is unworthy of me, and carries dissimulation to the length of false-heartedness; in the second,

she merely requires to be protected from offensive importunity, and the effects of a silly fascination. To-morrow morning," added he, in conclusion, "I shall know better how to decide."

Thereupon he rejoined his wife on the poop, from whence they adjourned to dinner. During the evening, he concealed his feelings sufficiently to study the thoughts of Albert and Madame Bergerac, as far as their manner expressed them, without allowing any one to read his own.

PART III.

A HEAVY BLOW, AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.

CHAPTER XIV.

A man beyond price.

Gentle male and modest female reader, who deign to take an interest in Madame Bergerac's fair fame, I hasten to tranquillize any fears you may have entertained for the fate of that delicate flower, round which, for a month and more, so perfidious and so seductive a butterfly has been fluttering.

The flower has nobly resisted up to this moment, but the butterfly, repulsed with too much gentleness perhaps, is hovering nearer and still nearer to the sweet calyx that attracts its wings.

In other words, Madame Bergerac might perhaps, with a little firmness, have prevented Albert from kissing her hand, but, at the same time, he certainly did so without her permission. It was done by surprise—in such a way, that the lady felt no remorse, and the gentleman no discouragement.

For the rest, the fascination of the first is complete; she has need of all her principles to defend herself; and should such occasions and circumstances occur frequently, I should advise Bergerac to look well to it, or I do not know what may be the consequence.

After a careful observation of d' Harcourt's manner towards his wife, and a conversation with herself, managed with all the diplomatic skill of which he was master, the captain was confirmed in the persuasion that her virtue had suffered no stain, and that the truth lay in the second supposition of the dilemma which he had taken for granted. This conviction, though it inspired him with more indulgence for his wife, only added to his indignation against his rival, whilst he felt, at the same time, that any premature outbreak would greatly diminish the immense advantages which his discoveries gave him over his enemy.

He now conceived a project of chastisement, at once mysterious and original, equally calculated to satisfy his revenge, to humiliate his rival, and to open the eyes of Madame Bergerac. This project had but one defect, namely, that it could not be executed at once; but the captain reasoned thus:—

"For a few days longer, nothing can be more easy, in the narrow arena in which we are enclosed, than to watch my antagonist so

closely as to make it physically impossible that he should attempt any insult to my wife, or even have any private conversation with her. If, in the meantime, I find any opportunity to punish him, I shall always be in a position to profit by it; if not, my plan still holds good, and the honours of the day will be the more entirely mine, that I shall have obtained the most important of all results—I shall have avoided scandal!"

This reasoning was, no doubt, perfect; but the enterprise was a bold one, and Bergerac, in spite of all his convictions and all his skill, could not but feel that he was playing a deep game.

His first and most important care was to organize his daily surveillance in its most minute details, and in such a manner as to make it both secure and imperceptible, without trusting his secret to the discretion of another. To this end, he was obliged to neglect his duties as captain of the ship, and to entrust the chief charge of the Magnificent to his lieutenant. This he might easily do, so long as the voyage continued as prosperous as it had hitherto proved; but, should any untoward accident occur—should one of those tempests which so frequently occur in the latitudes he was now reaching suddenly interrupt their present favourable course, and demand at once all the science and all the resources of the commander, all the skill and all the activity of his subalterns—would Bergerac have the courage, would he have the right, to make over to another the responsibility of a moment so critical, involving as it did the safety of his crew, of his passengers, of his wife?

Would not the captain in such a case become the most dangerous rival to the husband? Would not the care of his ship and of his honour be at complete variance? And which would carry the day? The alternative was a cruel one, the interests were equally dear, and it was important to come to some decision beforehand.

But how was he to reconcile what seemed irreconcileable? In vain Bergerac racked his brains, there was but one way of avoiding the difficulty: to admit an assistant into the management of the business.

He would hardly, however, have been able to bring his mind to so extreme a measure, but that he had on board a man, framed by nature expressly for the case in question—a man capable of sharing the surveillance, without for a moment dreaming of sharing the secret.

This man was the master's mate, by name Anspect.

Although he makes his appearance rather late in this history, the important part he is about to play in it, makes it necessary to give some details concerning him; and, besides, his personal appearance is worth the trouble of description.

Maître Anspect was certainly not the handsomest man on board. His head was flat, and perhaps a little broader than it was long; he had no forehead, or, if any, so little that his hair and eyebrows, which were both of a bright red, were scarcely separated; a pair of whiskers of the same hue, met at the corners of his mouth, and gave his face the form of an isosceles triangle; his eyes were yellow, and his mouth so large that it cut considerably into the dimensions of his

cheeks; his nose was flat, and rivalled his mouth in size, and over all was a skin, as hard and horny as that of a bison.

These different parts composed a whole of which it would be difficult to give an idea; and as though his physiognomy were not already sufficiently characteristic, Maître Anspect had a habit of depositing in the cavities of his jaws a quid of such enormous size, as to give to one of his cheeks a most remarkable prominence over the other.

The effect of this artificial wen was the more conspicuous, from the circumstance of its being surmounted by a triple-headed wart, adorned with a dozen or so of long hairs sacred from the razor.

To conclude, the master's mate's figure was far from corresponding with this imposing head; he was barely five feet high, so that a Newfoundland dog, who was his constant companion and brother-in-arms, was obliged to stoop to lick his face, when he stood upon his hind legs. On the other hand, Maître Anspect was far more richly endowed morally than he was physically. In fact, he was the best natured fellow in the ship, and was idolized by all the ship's boys, who passed most of their leisure time in riding on his back, or standing upon his two hands. This feat of strength was the habitual recreation of the master's mate, and the single pleasure he seemed to enjoy here below, in conjunction with the chewing of tobacco.

But I am slandering him: Maître Anspect knew one happiness, greater than either I have mentioned;—that of obeying orders. Passive and implicit obedience was his mania. When his superiors had no orders to give him, he was always willing to take them from his inferiors, and when that resource failed him, he betook himself to his dog, whom he had trained for that purpose.

This faculty of obedience was accompanied by another, not less rare;—that of never reasoning upon an order given him. He executed the most difficult, the strangest, the most unexpected command without a question, and with all the mechanical docility of an automaton, and the thing once done, he never again troubled his head about the matter.

To return to Bergerac and to our tale, you may now understand, that, for his purpose, Maître Anspect was a man beyond price.

At the moment when the captain sent for the master's mate, the latter was busy, preparing his dog's breakfast. He suspended this touching employment, at the name of his captain, gave the dog a gentle pat on the head, by way of leave-taking and recommending him to make a good meal, and, after passing his fingers through his whiskers, he ran aft.

Bergerac, who was standing at the foot of the poop ladder, received him with a benevolent smile, to which the master's mate paid no attention, preoccupied as he was with the idea of the order he was about to receive.

"Any orders for me, captain?" he asked, according to his usual form of address.

Bergerac beckoned to him to come nearer, and taking him by the button of his waistcoat,—a favour that would have made him blush, had such a thing been possible:

"Maître Anspect," he said, in a low voice, "I have long known you for a faithful and trust-worthy sailor,"

The master's mate made no reply; he cared not for praises; he had come for orders, and looked upon the captain's speech as quite irrelevant to the matter in hand.

"I have a mission to entrust to you," resumed the captain.

A mission? The phrase was rather unusual, but seemed a little more to the point. The worthy man pricked up his ears.

"A mission," pursued Bergerac, "which will require the greatest care and most constant attention . . . . . ."

Mission—care—attention—that was all very well in its way,—but the order! the order! when was that to come? Maître Anspect was ready to cry, with the judge in *Les Plaideurs*, to the point! to the point!

"Listen to me," said the captain after a pause.

"At last!" thought the sailor. "Yes, captain," he replied with the confidence of a man, ready for any service.

"Do you see the signal I am making to you now?"

Bergerac had brought the thumb of his right hand to his left shoulder, as though he were pointing with it to some object behind him.

"I see it, captain."

"Shall you always recognise the signal wherever I make it?"

"Yes, captain."

"Well, then! whenever I make that signal, this is what you will have to do——"

Maître Anspect's eyes sparkled with pleasure; his tastes were about to be fully gratified.

The captain resumed, speaking with great distinctness.

"You will go and take your station in the boat that is slung at the stern."

"Yes, captain."

"From thence you can see, through the stern-ports, without being yourself visible to those within, everything that passes in the two after cabins."

"Yes, captain."

"You are to keep your eyes constantly fixed upon them both."

"Yes, captain."

"Should a lady be in either of them, and should any one come to bear her company, you are to give me notice of the fact by a low whistle.

"Yes, captain."

"And you are to allow yourself to be killed rather than betray a word of what I have said to you."

"Yes captain."

"That's all . . . you understand . . . when I make this signal."

Bergerac trusted he might never have occasion to make it; but now, everything was arranged, in case he should be forced to neglect his wife for his ship.

Maître Anspect returned to the post from whence he came, perfectly indifferent to every word of his commander, except what had

relation to his orders, and finding in them no more subject for reflection than if he had been told to take in a reef in the mainsail.

But from that moment there was, at all times in the day, an individual on the deck of the Magnificent, whose eyes were constantly turned towards the captain, following his slightest motion and his most insignificant gesture. That individual was Maître Anspect, looking for the concerted signal. This occupation so absorbed the worthy man, as to make him sometimes forget his meals, and neglect even his friend the Newfoundland dog.

CHAPTER XV.

The little Demon again.

Three days passed without any event of greater importance on board the Magnificent, than a bilious headache on the part of Madame d'Argentières, a fall on the part of one of the Smyrniotes in the prosecution of his gymnastic exercises, and a lover's quarrel or two on the part of M. Champlein and Mademoiselle Hyacinthe.

In the mean time, the ship was running swiftly before the wind, and was already approaching the blue and transparent waters of the Mediterranean.

Bergerac, with impatient joy, saw the moment approaching when his secret project might be put in execution; nevertheless, he in vain feasted, by anticipation, on the delight of his promised vengeance; in vain he guarded against the dangers of the present, and calculated on the security of the future. His peace of mind was troubled, and his happiness poisoned. He experienced moments of depression, and even of remorse, when he seriously accused himself of having created a subject for real jealousy, in following the dictates of a jealousy that was groundless.

One night, when, worn out by the heat of a broiling day, he had fallen into a feverish sleep, he dreamt a dream that may give a just notion of his present state of mind. He fancied he saw again the little demon who had so tormented him on that memorable night, the last but one previous to his departure from Nantes. The imp, with his double face, armed as before with bells and dagger, took up his position on the captain's bed, alternately jeering and threatening him; then, turning towards him his serious countenance, and pointing again to the sleeping Juliette, he spoke as follows:

"You made a mistake, captain, you made a great mistake, when you fancied that, in your own ship at least, your wife would be fully secured against lovers. Wherever there is a pretty woman, there, be sure, will lovers throng. You have been too cunning by half, and whilst you thought you had given them the slip, you have taken the most dangerous of them all into your own home.

"How on earth could you do such a thing, captain? If you were resolved on making yourself ridiculous, why did you not carry out your folly to an extent that might have answered your purpose? Why did you not bring your wife away alone? And if you had still a grain of good sense left, how happens it that you did not feel that it was a

thousand times better to leave her at Nantes, surrounded by a score of admirers, than to shut her up on board ship with a single one?

"At Nantes, she would have had amusements and pleasures to prevent her mind from dwelling on ideas of love and romance. She would have had society, and its frivolities save twenty times more reputations than they destroy. Should she even have listened, in the morning, to the tender protestations of your rivals, she would not have had leisure to muse on them, and them only, all the rest of the day; or in the evening, in the midst of a crowded quadrille, or a giddy valse, she would have been too much fatigued and worn out to dream of them all the rest of the night. At worst, the one would have made her forget the other, and the whole thing would have been but sport, and such sportiveness is often a safety-valve, captain, to carry off more dangerous feelings!

"And if your wife had even played the coquette, to amuse herself a little in your absence; if she had permitted some silly worshipper to sigh at her shrine, to feed on his own ecstasy,—a single tap of her fan would have reduced him to obedience, had he ever been tempted to forget himself; and how much the worse would you have been for that, eh, captain?

"Instead of all this, what have you done with your wife? You have imprisoned her for two months in company with a young man who adores her, without any other distraction for her mind than to watch the waves as they roll by, in endless succession, and the conversation of half-a-dozen good folks who are more monotonous than the very waves; with nothing to engage her heart beyond the attentions of a husband, who is obliged to divide even a husband's attentions between his wife and his ship!

"How happens it that you did not foresee the thousand dangers of such a situation? That you did not remember that your wife is scarce twenty years of age, and that her imagination (your most redoubtable enemy) must furnish fuel for the whole fire of her mind in the calm and uniform life she leads at sea? That her imagination, driven to every sort of shift and expedient, would not be long in seizing upon this companion of her solitude, turning him into an Adonis, if he had any pretensions to good looks; into a hero of romance, if his face was pale or his temperament melancholy?

"How happens it that you never remembered that this young man, unless he were made of ice, would have nothing better to do than fall in love with your wife, and would naturally make known his passion, were it only to while away the time, and give some little interest to his voyage; that, in such a case, your wife could scarcely shut her eyes and her ears, or avoid indulging in some little dreams of romance, if she did no more; and that, though your honour might not be touched, your repose would not be less disturbed; and, if so, it was hardly worth while to carry your wife away with you to Smyrna!"

These satirical remonstrances of his tormentor were all the more galling to Bergerac, inasmuch as they were seconded and borne out by the reproachful voice of his own conscience.

He had endured for more than two hours the presence of the imp, and the restless sleep which had conjured him up, when suddenly he

was roused to consciousness by a reality no less disagreeable than his dream.

"Captain," shouted a voice, at the cntrance of the poop, which he recognised as that of M. Ledru, "it has been blowing hard, and there is now a squall coming on that promises us no good."

At the same moment, and as if to justify this ominous prediction, the stern of the ship received so violent a shock, that all the passengers, awakened at the same time, shouted in surprise and alarm, and that Bergerac, who was on the point of rising, rolled from his bed into the middle of the cabin.

Fear, as every one knows, is an excellent cure for sloth. In less than ten minutes the whole party were on the deck of the Magnificent. Day was fast dawning in the east, and in a short time the sun shone upon a scene at once the most grotesque and terrible that can well be imagined.

THE BIRD AND THE BOUGH.

"The stem was proof, as heretofore, to the blast, but the green leaves were severed from it for ever, and *the bird had forsaken its boughs.*"—PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

"What does that old and sapless tree,
Cumbering thus the ground?
It looketh a type of misery,
To darken the joys around.
Bring hither the axe, and hew it down—
Away with the croaker—away!"
But the boughs of the tree did seem to frown,
And a voice from the stem to say:

"I am not an old nor sapless tree,
My branches are strong and sound;
I seek not to scatter misery,
Nor usurp another's ground:
But hew, if ye will, for Life's desires
Have little to lure me now;
And though I be stout, as my stoutest of sires,
'The bird has forsaken my bough!'"

F. J. G.

Hong-Kong, China,
January, 1842.

MARIA DE JOYSEL.

CHAPTER VII.

On the ensuing day, Henry found Maria more dejected in spirits than he had ever seen her. Her eyes were filled with tears, and in taking the hand, which he held out to her on entering, she still kept them fixed upon the ground.

"Maria," said he, in an earnest tone, "thou shalt be my wife in the eyes of God and the world!"

"If you will it," replied she, sinking on her knees and raising her folded hands, "if you will it, Henry, be it so! You are my lord and master; you have but to express the wish, and you shall find me obedient."

"I entreat thee, Maria, dearest Maria, not to speak, not to give utterance to words which grieve me so much. I do not sue thee to comply with my wishes for thy sake, so much as mine. In demanding thy hand in marriage, Maria, I am simply influenced by the love I bear thee; it is not I that maketh sacrifice, but thou; instead of a lord and master, thou knowest it well, Maria, I am nothing but thy devoted slave!"

Henry's petition, which was laid before the same court that had refused Maria's suit for release, was couched in a dignified but at the same time simple style,—the captive's noblest defence—it was Christian love and Christian mercy itself which spoke in the words of the petitioner; and his attorney pleaded his cause with such energy, that the court was eventually induced to pass the following sentence:

"In consideration of the request of Charles Henry Thomé, the court allows the parties to enter into the state of wedlock, and enjoins to this end that the marriage contract be signed at the grating of the prison in which Maria de Joysel is at present confined; and that, after the banns have been thrice published, she be conveyed from her confinement to the church of the parish, attended by the ruissier of the court, who is empowered to be witness of the celebration of the marriage; and, upon completion of the same, to hand her over to her husband; upon which act, the directress of the institution St. Pelagie be legally released from all further responsibility with respect to the said Maria de Joysel.

"Given in Parliament, this 29th day of January, 1684."

But no sooner had this decision been effected, than the relatives of the deceased procurator, Gars de la Verriere, entered their protest against it, founded on the judgment of the 9th of March, 1673, and the testament of the defunct himself. The family exerted themselves to the utmost to have the cruel dispositions of the inhuman procurator executed to the very letter, and even went so far as to produce the children as witnesses against their mother.

In sanguine expectation of a favourable result of the pending proceedings, Henry was a daily visitor in the captive's cell. Their mu-

tual love increased in confidence and devotion, and their hearts brooked no reserve.

"I had never thought," observed Henry to her one day, upon discovering her on her knees in fervent prayer; "I had never thought, dearest Maria, that thou wert so truly religiously disposed as I am now daily convinced thou art. I am firmly of opinion there is not one human being on earth who resolutely denies the existence of a God, of a Supreme Being, from whose will and favour all earthly happiness depends; but we are all, unfortunately, so wrapped up in the concerns of the world, that the greater part of us only think of this Supreme Being in the hour of misery or distress, mental grief, or sickness of the body; and when this dark hour frowns upon us, and only then, we are only wont to direct our thoughts to him, and to call upon him for aid and succour. This may be very natural, but it does not show the spirit of what I call religion. With thee, dearest Maria, I have observed it is not so; in the dark hour of woe, and in the sunshiny moment of fond expectation, thou thinkest still and ever of thy God; and the contents of the prayers thou offerest up to him, are not only aid and help from present and future ill, but also gratitude for past protection. Is it not so, dearest Maria?"

"And who was it but thou, my friend and protector, who first taught me to know and love my God?" replied she. "It is true, my lips had often prayed to him before; but grief, and pride and hatred of my species were too wont to corrupt and unhallow the prayer. I could not bow my head and bend my knee, and own submission to a world, whose contempt and scorn weighed so heavily upon me. Where was it I met with pity, and from whom? Where was it I found but one compassionate soul, who would forget my errors, dry my tears, and pour the balm of comfort into my bleeding heart? Thou camest —thou lovedst, what the world had contemptuously cast from them as abject and despised; thou it was, who touched my rocky heart, and gave my bitter thoughts a purer turn; thou it was, who converted into love and pure repentance what had hitherto been obduracy and hate; thou taughtest my heart to love thee, and my soul to seek its comfort in its God alone; yes, Henry, it is thou, and thou alone, who hast proved thyself my guardian angel!"

"And such, dearest Maria, I will henceforth continue to be, if God but lend me strength. But cheer up, dearest; the period of sorrowing has now nearly transpired; we have every reason to hope that the justice of our cause will be crowned with eventual success."

"I am not dispirited, Henry,—I am too sincerely grateful for the mercies which have already been shown me, to doubt of their continuance;—and still," continued she, with a heavy sigh, "I cannot at all times divest myself of the thought that I am not worthy of thy affections, Henry; that I am not deserving, that I never shall be deserving, of the numerous sacrifices thou hast made, and art still making, on my account."

"Thou canst not know, Maria, how truly miserable thou makest me by indulging such thoughts, or I am sure thou wouldst not, at any rate, express them. But let us talk no more upon the subject."

It was in the month of June, 1684, that the cause was brought be-

fore the court. The celebrated Talon, whose name can never be forgotten as long as the annals of the French court of justice are in existence, was Maria's counsellor. In answer to the summons of the court appeared Maria de Joysel, with her children, and Charles Henry Thomé, as the parties interested; the Canonicus Le Blanc as confessor of the prisoner, Mademoiselle Amelia, the superior of St. Pelagie, Sister Martha, and other persons, as witnesses. Great curiosity had been excited in the city and at court; the square before the Palais de Justice and the adjacent quais were thronged with carriages and liveried servants. For the last fifty years no cause had so occupied the attention of the court, and excited such general interest. Maria was an object of compassion; but the person who excited the most undivided interest was Henry, and the desire and curiosity to see them together was generally participated. Maria was clothed in the usual dress of a penitent, with black boddice, wide sleeves, and her hair concealed beneath a close cap; but in spite of this unbecoming costume, her beauty did not fail to make a considerable impression. There was more than one court lady present, who would willingly have sacrificed one or even two years of their lives in the solitude of a dungeon, could they by such a sacrifice have ensured that beauty of person which Maria still possessed. But she, upon whom all eyes were directed, was insensible to the curiosity she excited. From time to time her attention was solely occupied with Henry, who stood in close and earnest conversation with his uncle, and from whom she was separated but by her two advocates, and some inferior officers of the court, and from him her eye strayed with an expression of commiseration and painful anxiety to the two little girls, who had never known the care, the love, the tenderness of a mother. They sat opposite to her, with their guardian, the lawyer, and some relations of their father. The eldest endeavoured to meet the mother's look with an indifference bordering upon contempt, a bearing which excited the displeasure of all present.

A circumstance which occurred previous to the commencement of the proceedings, excited general sensation. An elderly lady, the extravagance and gaudiness of whose dress and ornaments were somewhat more *outré* than usual, entered the court, and with tears and sobs threw herself into the arms of the captive; it was Maria's aunt, the Vicomtesse de Montreuil. The benevolent expression of her countenance prepossessed all in her favour. After a long and affectionate embrace, she turned to Maria's counsellor, and communicated her opinion upon several parts of the case. When the first ebullition of her feelings had somewhat subsided, she inquired for Henry Thomé, stepped up to him, and smiled upon him, with the tear still trembling in her eye.

"Good—good, my son; the step you have taken is very good; rely upon my friendship, and look upon the little I can call my own as belonging to you and her."

The proceedings now commenced, with all the form and solemnity usual upon such occasions. The Counsellor Fournier, a man whose forensic eloquence had acquired him no inconsiderable reputation, spoke first, and detailed the facts of the case, and the petition of

Henry Thomé. After having alluded to his family, which was one of the most repectable of its province, and adverted to the sincere penitence of the widow of the procurateur, he expressed his hope that the court, upon due examination, would permit his client to perform a work of Christian charity, such as no court had hitherto been called upon to give its decision; it was neither money nor property of any other description, whose possession he strove to attain, for the judgment of l'arliament, of March 1673, had declared Maria de Joysel incompetent to claim that share of her husband's means, which under other circumstances she would have legally been entitled to, and had thus left her nothing but her sorrow, her penitence, and her tears. At the same time he dwelt forcibly and eloquently upon the personal attractions of the woman upon whom the choice of his client had fallen,—a woman, whom twelve long years of solitude and repentance had converted and recalled to the path from which, in the giddiness of youth, she had unfortunately suffered herself to be seduced; and one who, with God's blessing, would still be enabled to bring her husband a better dowry than all the riches that the earth could give.

Hereupon the Canonicus Le Blanc and the Prioress were cited before the court to testify to the good behaviour and the religious character of the captive during her imprisonment.

"The tears of the contrite penitent have wrung tears from me," deposed the father confessor.

"Freedom," observed Fournier, again addressing the court,—"freedom is the most precious of all the blessings that men can enjoy on earth; it is therefore nothing but natural that Maria de Joysel is ready and willing to enter into a second state of wedlock, that she may thus be enabled to secure this invaluable blessing. Her desire is grounded upon divine and human law."

The counsellor for the family of the deceased procurator now arose, and commenced a most merciless reply, in which he strove to heap shame and dishonour upon the head of the unfortunate Maria; accused her of having accelerated the death of her husband by the grief, sorrow, and vexation her scandalous behaviour had caused him; and even alluded to poison, which she had contrived to have administered to him—an allusion, by the way, which was received by manifestations of indignation from the whole court. It was heartfelt compassion with which the whole assembly regarded the unfortunate children, who by their looks and general bearing appeared to sanction all the accusations of the pleader. Upon their being called upon to give their evidence, they related the events which had taken place at their father's death; what they said had evidently been taught them,—of the bitter nature of the whole proceedings they most probably understood but little.

The solemnity which at this moment prevailed over the court, was interrupted by the entrance of another spectator, to whom all eyes were involuntarily directed, although from his appearance it seemed his object to avoid general observation. The stranger alluded to was a Benedictine monk, still young, but ghastly pale and emaciated. Beneath the assumed show of humility which clothed his features, there was still manifest to the more observative a certain expression

of noble and conscious pride, which betokened innate dignity, mind, and depth of feeling. Crowded as the court was, he contrived to elbow his way to within about twenty paces from Maria de Joysel, when, all at once he paused, regarded her with a look of melancholy compassion, bent over the railings which separated the audience from the legal members of the court, heaved a deep sigh, fixed his eyes upon the ground, and seemed absorbed in thought.

Deeply affected at the fearless accusations against her from the mouths of her own children, Maria had at first paid no attention to the stranger; but chance presently directed her weeping eyes to the place where he was standing, and an indescribable terror seized her frame. "Can it be possible? Can it be he?—O if it were he!" She pressed her hand to her eyes, as if to convince herself that she was not dreaming, that what she saw before her was no delusion of the fancy, no creation of her fevered brain;—the children with the tearless eyes, cursing their mother in obedience to the wishes of their deceased father,—the judges and the officers of the court around her,—the gaping and curious audience, all dressed out in their gayest and best, and crowding to the spectacle, as had it been a comedy they were beholding,—and then yonder pale and haggard monk, whose appearance made her very heart die within her,—"No, no—it is no dream;" said she—"but it is not he! Whence comes he then, and what is it he seeks?"

Meanwhile the proceedings were continued. Monsieur Fournier spoke at full length, with all his accustomed fire and eloquence. He was not at all apprehensive, he observed, drawing to a close, that the court would retract their former sentence; on the contrary, he felt inwardly assured that they would refuse to listen to the petition—the unheard of, the unnatural petition of children, who, as was evidently apparent from the whole proceedings, were but instruments, passive instruments in the hands of the merciless relatives of the unchristian father

"The case is unexampled," added he, growing warmer as he proceeded. "Was it ever known that a guardian had instructed children entrusted to his care, thus to disown the voice—the feelings of nature, to produce them as witnesses against their mother? The love and veneration for the authors of our being, feelings implanted in our bosoms by the hand of God himself, lead us to the sure and certain conviction, that Maria de Joysel's children could never really feel in their hearts, what their tongues had been taught to testify against their mother.

"The holy apostle, in his letter to the Romans, says expressly, that the authority of the husband over his wife ceases with his death. As long as the husband lives it would, doubtless, be an act of injustice to give up his wife to the possession of another; but death, that quiets his mortal struggles, extinguishes at the same time his revenge, and bursts the chains which he is legally empowered to cast on her, who, during his life, had simply endeavoured to throw off the softer chains of plighted faith. This, however, is nothing but personal power, an authority vested in the husband alone, and by no means a part and parcel of his property, of which he disposes amongst his relatives and

friends. The husband's death, according to the most acknowledged doctrines of canon laws, is the legal expiation of the wife's errors, and the deceased Gars has not the least right to extend his cruelty beyond the grave.

"In what code of laws is there an instance of a wife, whose infidelity had ever been ascertained, being prevented from marrying again after the death of her husband? And just as fundamental was the law which enjoins, that the provisions of the penal law may not be extended beyond the express letter; on the contrary, that they be interpreted and applied in the most favourable light for the accused.

"The penal, the civil, and the canon law oppose no obstacle to the proposed marriage, and such being undeniably the case, there is no foundation for the protestation of an individual party.

"I am here," concluded he, "advocating the interest of public morality, and before I bring my address to a close, let me conjure you to reject the unnatural protestation of children who have been so scandalously instructed, and to sanction the rights of my clients—rights which are based upon laws both human and divine."

Hereupon the counsellor for the family of Verriere rose, and the malicious smile which played upon his lips indicated his own conviction of success.

"Had my words hitherto," commenced he, "failed in describing this woman before me in her true colours,—had my words, I say, pregnant with irrefutable truth, and indescribable disgust, hitherto been unsuccessful in convincing the court of the utter unworthiness of this obdurate sinner ever again to be admitted into the lap of civil society, I am, in the present moment, enabled to execute the duties of my office still more satisfactorily, and herein I lay claim to the feelings of the virtuous and the good. I have hitherto represented Maria de Joysel as a heartless and impenitent sinner, I am now empowered to establish a still more serious accusation against her;—look at these papers;—they contain the shameless confessions of this vicious, this criminal woman."——

With a shriek of despair Maria sank, fainting, to the earth.

"These manuscripts," exclaimed Henry Thomé, breaking the breathless silence which prevailed, "contain nothing but the penitent confessions of a wounded heart, pouring forth its sorrows to a compassionate friend. The advocate of an unworthy cause pollutes their purity by opening them for his diabolical purposes, and nothing but the most unheard-of theft can have placed them at his disposition. I demand to know how they came into his possession."

The president called the young man to order, at the same time giving him to understand that the papers had been legally obtained by the counsellor in whose hands they now were, for at his request the court had instituted an examination of Henry's papers for the purpose of discovering any correspondence, which might have taken place between the prisoner and him, and that it was during such examination that the papers had been discovered.

At this moment Maria roused herself from her swoon, and addressing the counsellor, who still held the papers in his hand, said, "Read them." The pleader turned towards the judges. "You were just

now told," said he, "that we were oppressing the unfortunate; but what greater shame can we possibly inflict upon this woman, than by reading these infamous confessions, which, for the gratification of her own unhallowed feelings, she put to paper in the monotonous solitude of her dungeon! I shall satisfy myself with making one—but one extract."

"The Benedictine, who, up to this period, had been leaning against the railing, seemingly absorbed in his own melancholy thoughts, now raised his hollow voice, and demanded to be admitted to the seat set apart for the witnesses, as he had some disclosures of importance to make to the court. Upon the order of the president place was made for him, and he sate down by the Canonicus Le Blanc, not far from Maria. "Our God!" exclaimed he in a lowered tone of voice, "lend me strength!" and perceiving that Maria's eye was attentively fixed upon his person, he moved a little aside, and drew his capuchin over his brow.

The councellor commenced an extract from the confessions, and concluded with the observation; "You yourselves hear it,—her self-accusation goes even further than we have ventured to do; she here confesses having committed a crime, of which we were hitherto ignorant,—she here owns herself the murderess of her first lover, Philip de Montbrun!"—After this point had been dwelt on at some length, the monk slowly arose, stepped up to the bar, looked alternately at the judges and the crucifix suspended above them, and in answer to the question of the President, "who he was?"—replied, at the same time throwing back his capuchin, "Ask Maria de Joysel!" He turned towards her, but she had again fallen into the arms of her affectionate aunt.

Curiosity was excited to the very utmost. The ladies in the galleries rose from their seats to take a closer view of the haggard monk and the fainting penitent. Henry was completely beside himself, and turning to the monk, demanded in a commanding tone who he was.

"I am Philip de Montbrun," replied he in a serious tone. "And ye," continued he, addressing the court, "no longer accuse this unfortunate woman of a deed of sin which she never committed, and reproach her no longer with her youthful errors and weaknesses, which, God, who saw, who sees her tears, has long since forgiven. Persecute her no further. I here appear before ye in the name of divine mercy, and in obedience to the law imposed upon us in the blessed Gospel. I am more culpable than she; I was the seducer of an angel of innocence and beauty; I was to her the serpent in the tree of knowledge. But there was one still more guilty than either of us,—that man was my cousin, the prosecutor, Gars de la Verriere. Marriage is a holy union between man and woman;—but he was no man—he was a heartless wretch, without the least noble redeeming feeling: and though I am far from denying the sublimity of the task imposed upon Maria, in dedicating to this monster, her youth, her beauty, and her virtue, I know that woman is a weak and failing creature; for so it was she proceeded from the hands of her Maker ——"

"My brother," interrupted the president, somewhat abruptly,

" we are not here assembled to listen to a sermon; all we wish of you is an explanation how you can be the person whom you pretend to be."

" Maria de Joysel has not described the whole particulars; she has accused herself alone,—me she might have accused with much more justice. But this, as you justly observe, is foreign to the purpose. I learnt from the grand prior of our abbey the nature of the day's proceedings before your court, and I came in the fond hope that I might be able to render some service to one, to whose ruin I had so mainly contributed."

Maria could scarcely credit her own ears—her own eyes. " You—you !" exclaimed she rubbing her hand across her forehead. He approached still nearer. " Where am I? Is it true? Is it no delusion of my fancy?"

The general procurator arose and addressed the court, and Montbrun availed himself of the opportunity, when the attention of the audience was somewhat diverted into another channel, to whisper some words of consolation to the trembling culprit. " Fear not, Maria; I am not here to accuse, I come to strengthen your hope. For this world, for your world, Maria, I am dead; I have long renounced the sinful pleasures of this earth, Maria, to live in constant and earnest prayer for the purer joys of heaven. The love to God is the only love, Maria, in which there is no illusion; this alone is inextinguishable. Farewell, Maria; my duty here is done, and I now return to my solitude;—farewell, and God be with you!" He turned his head and left the hall. Maria was unable to speak.

The proceedings terminated, and the court passed sentence.

" Upon the examination of the case, the court have agreed upon granting the suit of Henry Thomé, and enjoins that the sentence passed on the 29th of January be executed to the letter; at the same time it condemns the relatives of the deceased Gars de la Verriere in all the costs of the proceedings.

" Given in parliament, the 21st of June 1684."

Upon hearing this sentence, Maria, Henry, and the kind-hearted aunt, were unable to repress their tears. Maria was conveyed back to St. Pelagie, there to await the marriage day. Madame de Montreuil promised to send her carriage to convey her and her husband, immediately after the ceremony, to the château, where it was agreed the honeymoon was to be passed.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day, after Henry had left the cell of his betrothed, sister Martha informed her that a Benedictine monk, who was provided with a card of admission from the archbishop, desired to be admitted into her presence. The countenance of the captive turned deadly pale, and she had scarcely time to recover from her surprise, when the monk entered.

" My sister," commenced he, stepping up to Maria, " I have long prayed for this moment; it may be,—I trust it will be of service to us both. Fear me not, Maria, I am but Montbrun's shadow—a being, whose thoughts have found a better and holier resting-place

than they could meet with on this earth. I loved you; Maria and was your ruin;—I now love none but my God, from whom I look for pardon of my manifold sins, and yet your image was wont to disturb my daily and nightly devotion. I was desirous of seeing you once—but once more—that I might offer you my hand; that I might press yours in token that the past was by both forgotten. Forgive me, Maria, it is the last time I shall recur to so bitter a subject. Maria, you avert your eyes from me; is it that you still are unforgiving? I address you, I offer you my hand—the brother's hand—take it, and tell me you have forgiven."

"You have been cruel, very cruel, Montbrun; for ten long years you suffered the guilt of your imagined death to lie heavily on my conscience. You know not, you can never know, what I did to forget the past, to obliterate the remembrance of my crime. To you, Montbrun, I had not been the lost, the abject, the worthless;—to you I had ever been but love. I sank into the deepest abyss of guilt and crime. Why did you not let me know that you had withdrawn from the world? With what—melancholy mayhap, but still unspeakable joy should I then have sought a secure asylum in some place of retirement, far from you—had it been necessary, that still in prayer near you with heart as soul!"

"I will conceal nothing from you, Maria, for concealment were now worse than useless. The woman whose death with mine you most probably purposed,—this woman, I say, on that very day, first lifted up her soul in prayer to God; she prayed for my restoration to health. And God heard her prayer,—I was restored; he saved me in a twofold sense,—he saved my body and my soul; for, moved by the entreaties of the woman, my prayers arose to heaven with hers, and from that very hour the way to mercy was thrown open to me. Nor was it closed to her, Maria; she determined on going to her sister, a nun in the cloisters of St. Margarette. But as jealousy in woman's heart is wont to survive even love, she did not take the veil until I had solemnly promised to renounce the world—to renounce you—the most beautiful, if not the most beloved——"

"What!" exclaimed Maria, "you loved her more than you had loved me?"

"'Twere idle now to answer that question. Those days of storm and passion are happily past."

"Happy indeed are those who can so easily forget."

"O Maria, did you not forget sooner, more easily than I? But let us bury all memory of the past. Forget not, Maria, that this heart, whose violent throbbing I feel against my breast, does not belong to me,—and is no longer yours. Think of the noble youth, who has sacrificed so much to restore you again to life."

"True—true," exclaimed Maria, withdrawing from Montbrun's arms, "I had entirely forgotten him; but"—added she after a momentary pause, "though my heart be no longer yours nor mine, I may still raise it to heaven—"

"Where I shall await you, Maria. My haggard, hollow cheeks will tell you that I shall leave this earth in all probability long ere you."

"That is known but to God alone. But you are again deceiving

me, for she, whom you loved, too dearly loved, she it is—and she alone, whom you will look for even there."

The monk smiled, and pressing his Cilicium to his breast, continued; "Maria, I must now leave you, lest one hour should destroy the work of so many years. Farewell, Maria!"

"Ah! wherefore didst thou come?" exclaimed she, bursting into tears.

"Farewell, Maria!" repeated he, holding out the withered hand, which Maria unhesitatingly seized. "No, no, Philip, you must not—you cannot leave me yet;—consider, we shall never meet again."

"Here, on earth, Maria, never."

"And in the other world?"

"That rests with God alone."

"I cannot let you go so soon,—I have scarcely seen you—scarcely spoken to you. Tell me, what has occurred to you since last we parted;—I will—I must know all."

"I have told you, Maria;—I was near unto death;—the hand of God restored me to health; he touched my heart, he touched her heart—her, who had prayed for me—my life was hers, and she consented that I should dedicate it to the services of heaven. You now know all."

"And I waited for you night and day in vain,—fool that I was! why did you not inform me of the truth. On the third day I was told of the death of a young officer, who had destroyed himself in the arms of his mistress. And then it was that I thought my heart would have broken; O, how willingly, Montbrun, had I then died!"

"And I was told that you had soon forgotten me—and it appeared to me natural that you should. I subsequently heard that my cousin had imprisoned you for life. Twice I attempted to force my way to you, but the jailor was inexorable, and the application of my prior to the archbishop for permission to see you was ineffectual. It is but a few days since that a second application was attended with success. Your story, your sufferings, have excited interest and compassion—they reached even our monastic retirement. My heart revolted at the intelligence that your own children were to be brought forward as witnesses against you. I hoped to be of service to you at court without making myself known, but my better reason was overpowered. And now, Maria, once more, and for ever, farewell!"

He hastened towards the door, and, in spite of the endeavours of Maria to detain him, hurried out fo the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

The day fixed for the marriage ceremony arrived. The carriage of Madame de Montreuil was in readiness at the church door, and, after tenderly embracing the venerable Canonicus, they drove off. There were times during the journey when not even the affectionate attention of Henry was entirely successful in dispelling the melancholy which hung upon Maria's spirits. When he broke out into grateful exclamations at his happiness, she bent her head, and seemed to say, "The period of happiness is over!" when he spoke of his love and of

the smiling future, her eye, turned heavenward, seemed to reply, "The period of love is past!" But when she perceived that her dejection was a source of grief to him, she assumed an air of gaiety, and, to cheer up his spirits, she was willing to deceive herself.

Early in the evening they arrived at the château. The aunt was in readiness to receive them. She embraced Maria with motherly tenderness, and welcomed Henry as had he been her own son.

"You wished to be alone," said she, leading them to her own room, "and look you, everything has chanced even better than we could have expected it; my son has gone off to his regiment, and the worthy curate must bottle up his curiosity till to-morrow. Seat yourselves, my dear children; warm your feet, Maria; the evening is fresh; thou art still pale, child, and the journey has been too much for thee. Poor dear girl, thou hast so long been bound down to one spot, that it is not to be wondered at that—but never mind, I have given orders for an early supper. Look you, Maria—what dost thou say to this ornament?"

Maria's attention was directed to a miniature portrait of her mother. She took it down from the mantelpiece, and examined it more closely.

"I can assure thee," continued the garrulous old woman, "it cost me no little difficulty to obtain this picture from the hands of the cruel procurator. I told thee and warned thee beforehand not to trust this gentleman; but when young ladies take it into their heads to get married, there's no reasoning with them on the propriety of the step——"

"Dearest aunt, if you love me, do not allude to this subject."

"You are right, dearest; forgive me. And now tell me—what say you to my broken-down carriage and the superannuated horses I sent you? Some twenty years ago, they cut a better figure; but so it is, age makes us all old-fashioned."

"It has no influence upon the heart, dearest aunt; your heart is as young as ever it was."

"Right, right, my child. My hair has become white with years, but, as Benserade beautifully expresses it, the winter snow has not reached the heart."

"And your cats, aunt—what has become of them? After Madame de la Sabliere, you possessed, you know, the most beautiful collection of cats in the whole empire."

"O, we will have the whole regiment marched up when the supper-cloth is cleared. But why so thoughtful, Minny?" added the kind-hearted old woman, who was struck with the earnestness of her niece's manner—"why so cold and taciturn? I have not once seen a smile play upon your lips since you have been under my roof, and your beauty is so much improved by a happy smile. And you, too, my young nephew—what is it that dejects you? But methinks I can divine the cause—you wish to be alone. Is it not so? Well, well; I see I am *une de trop*, and will therefore leave you to yourselves."

"Your presence, dearest aunt," replied Maria, holding out her hand, "does but heighten our pleasure and satisfaction; the very

knowledge that you are an eye-witness of our happiness increases it. What should we have done, what should we now be, without you?"

"Why, as to that, Maria, lovers are never at a loss; the presence of the object beloved is all they care about. A mighty architect is this said Love—he raises all his splendid castles with but one wave of his magic wand. But place more confidence in me, dearest children; a kiss between man and wife need not call forth the least shadow of a blush upon the cheek of either party. So—that's right," added she, seeing that her words had produced the effect desired. "Methinks, Maria, you have now less the appearance of a nun than you had, since Henry impressed that kiss upon your lip."

* * * *

"Dearest Maria," said Henry, when they had reached their apartment, "thou wilt justly say I am but a wretched lover; but the fact is, I cannot, that is to say, I cannot as yet, fully comprehend the extent of my happiness. I tremble in every limb, and have asked myself a thousand times whether I am not walking in the land of dreams."

"Your tenderness, Henry, greatly affects me. I too tremble, and scarcely venture to believe that your heart is mine, feeling, as I must ever do, that I am so unworthy of it."

"Not worthy, Maria? I do not understand thee. Who would not feel himself blessed in knowing himself the object of your affections? As for the calumnies of an invidious world, Maria, I regard them not; thy beauty so far surpasses the beauty of thy sex, that it is but natural thou shouldst have found backbiters and slanderers. But thou hearest not what I am saying. Thou lovest me not, Maria; thou regardest me as a child."

"Yes, Henry, a child of the purest feeling—a child whom I love as were I its sister. Not love thee, Henry! I shall on this earth not love any but thee!"

"Bless thee! heaven bless thee, my beloved Maria!"

* * * * *

And with a prayer upon her lips, Maria rose from her slumbering husband's side, and sat down at a table, where she had previously arranged her writing-desk. She wrote for more than an hour. From time to time she laid down her pen, and her eye wandered involuntarily to the couch on which he lay; and there was an anxiety in her look, as if she feared he might awake, and her occupation be thus interrupted. But he slept soundly, the happy husband! And her task was now done. It must have been a bitter one, for her tears flowed fast, and she had difficulty to repress her sobs. And she walked softly up and down the chamber, drew back the window curtains, and looked out upon the dawning day. The heavens were overcast, and few were the stars that shed their placid light upon the earth.

"And the sun will rise to-morrow in all its glory," said she, sighing. "I will open the window, that the freshness of the morning air and the gladsome note of the early lark may greet him when he awakes."

She again approached the couch. "How sweetly he slumbers!—and I?—ah! the coldness of death is upon me; the blood within my veins is freezing!" Before she lay down, she took up the portrait of

her mother, and pressed it to her bosom. "I thank thee, my God, that thou hast lent me strength to execute my purpose!"

* * * * *

And the sun did rise in all its wonted glory, and Henry awoke, and Maria was slumbering peacefully at his side, unconscious of its glories. Her luxuriant tresses concealed her face; he put them aside; he bent over her, he whispered in her ear;—but she answered not, she moved not. A dreadful thought flashed across his brain; he looked more closely—he could see no more; a film passed over his eyes—he uttered a wild shriek, and sank back upon the couch.

Maria was dead!

But life presently returned to the distracted Henry, and discovered to him the bitter truth. He seized her hand, pressed it to his heart, entreated and wept, and gave himself up to the most passionate despair. But she replied not to all his endearments—she remained cold in spite of his passion.

"Where am I?" exclaimed he. "What horrid dream has taken possession of my faculties? What a wretched illusion of the fancy?"

He looked around him. The shepherdesses on the tapestry, the chubby-faced Cupids, smiled upon him as they had done the evening before; and the heavens were as blue, and the sun shone as bright, as they had ever done, and the birds sang as melodiously as they were ever wont!

His eye fell upon an open paper which lay upon her writing-desk; he read its contents, and every word was a dagger to his breaking heart.

"What shall I say to thee, Henry, my beloved, before the hand which thou hast honoured by making thine sinks lifeless at my side? before my heart, on which thy tenderness, thy devotedness, thy nobleness of mind and feeling are indelibly engraved, ceases to beat? Yes, Henry, I am dying, and death is to me now so sweet, since your love has wrapped around me the shroud, and dropped a tear into my heart. Forgive me, Henry; curse not her whom you so lately blessed; curse not your love, for it has hallowed me. I have suffered so much in this world, that I may justly hope to meet with mercy in that to which I am now hastening. Thou it is, Henry, and thou alone, who hast snatched me from the precipice that was yawning to receive me. I needed a love, noble, self-sacrificing as was yours, to soften the severity of my earthly judges. In forgiving me, they forgave but her who had been able to incite so warm, so noble a passion in you. And why, I am even now—now, when it is too late—tempted to ask, why not live, and enjoy the blessings of earth which thy love has procured me? But no, no! All upon whom my affection ever lighted were doomed to misery. I must die before thine eyes are opened to the depth of the abyss into which, from love to me, thou hast so generously precipitated thyself—before I am no more to thee than the chain which binds thee to a living hell. I then might reply to thy grief, and say—'Henry, thou it was who wouldst it so.' But no; I feel compassion for the weaknesses of a noble soul. And what return could I make thee for the love thou offeredst me? Yes, Henry, I loved thee—I love thee still—but I possess not the strength to en-

sure its continuance. When thou first spokest to me of marriage, my resolution was taken; I had determined on death, but it was with the feelings with which the martyr embraces the burning pyre. What on earth more desirable could I attain, than to die in the full consciousness that I was beloved by thee? I, the abject, the despised—I, at whom the finger of scorn was directed! Thou hast given me thy name, and our union was a second baptismal font to the lost one. Life granted me this blessing—I dared not ask for more. I have taken opium, Henry; I already feel its effects. God of mercy, lend me strength to undergo the last struggle! I leave thee alone in this world, Henry—dearest Henry! These lines contain my last will;—live, and lament me not, but defend my memory. Imprint one last, last kiss upon my cold, cold brow, and let me take my mother's picture with me to the grave. Farewell! farewell!"

* * * *

Maria de Joysel lies buried at Montreuil. After some days, Henry returned to his parents; his spirits were oppressed, his heart was breaking. A year afterwards, he went up to Paris, to be nearer the scene of his fondest, his dearest remembrances.

His uncle, the worthy Canonicus, administered to him the last consolations of religion, closed his eyes, and blessed his early grave.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

I FEEL no sorrow, though that distant chime
Tolls the last hour of the expiring year:
To me it brought no pleasure in its prime,
From me its latest moments claim no tear.
It is for you to weep, whose days have flown
In careless happiness unmixed with sighs,
While the wild hopes that beam in youth alone
Thrilled in your tones, and sparkled in your eyes;
To you another year may never bring
So bright a summer or so glad a spring!

Ye too should mourn, with deep and bitter grief,
Who, in the fervour of unthinking youth,
Have learnt to place your firm and fond belief
On the uncertain hope of others' truth:
And ye on whom the passing year hath smiled,
Recording vows from many a throbbing heart,
And hath your deep prophetic fears beguiled
With the vain thought that ye shall *never* part:
Ye all should weep, for, in the year that's past,
Ye all have tasted joys too bright to last!

But to the aching and the weary breast,
There is no terror in that midnight chime:
Ye who have lost what ye have loved the best,
Can ye still dread the withering hand of time?
And ye, O! blest in spite of earthly woe,
Who've learnt to raise your trembling looks on high,
And feel, while all is dark and drear below,
The day of your redemption draweth nigh—
Rejoice! rejoice! for every year that's past
Brings nearer still *your* brightest and *your* last!

IONE.

THE VIOLET.

Where hast thou been?—come tell me, gentle flower,
Why art thou here to deck this dull cold earth;
Where is that secret mystic mighty power,
That calls thy being into beauteous birth?

Hast thou been dwelling with some glorious spirit;
What are thy tints but types of worlds above;
Art thou come back to tell us we inherit
In thee, sweet flower, their light, their life, their love?

Whence has that spirit come?—is it from some bless'd home,
Far far away at some bright hallow'd shrine?
Dost thou come offering up—here in thy mantling cup,
The pearls and mysteries of a faith divine?

Hast thou been gently sleeping—or through the dark days weeping,
Watching to catch the first blue glance of summer skies?
Herald of mighty power, mark in thy brief bright hour,
Tell us once more of hopes that there arise.

Tell us that hearts, though wearied, worn, still may cherish
Some gentle throb in gazing yet on thee;
Tell us of those bright climes that ne'er can perish,
And those bright stars that now we scarce can see.

Have those bright stars assembled, and with their lights all trembled,
To mark the lone path thou hast chosen here?
Have the bright dew-drops bless'd thee, and the soft winds caress'd thee,
And Heaven baptized thee with its silent tear?

For who can still the storm around thy gentle form?
What power but God can make it bloom so fair?
The wintry blast blows o'er thee—O, let me still adore thee,
Let me but breathe around my brightest prayer!

How much, O earth, to thee, pilgrims though still we be,
Of that bright dream of love in life that dwells!
The world within, around us, in one bright chain hath bound us,
No spot so bare but still its story tells.

Climb Torneo's hoary brow, trace Greenland's desert snow,
E'en there, O God, thy light, thy love we see;
Hill, valley, ocean, stream,—what are they all?—the theme
Of kindred spirits wafting hymns to Thee.

But in those gentle flowers, born in happier hours,
Something comes closer to our way-worn heart,
Calling to better feelings, waking to soft revealings,
Bidding us look on to some bright better part.

And thou, the first one born, like the young star of morn,
Gazing on thee we think of worlds anew;
Stars have their own bright stories, hope comes with fresh young glories,
To tell of dreams once more bright, fresh, and true.

March 10, 1843. T. C. SPEER.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

It was on a fine sunshiny morning in May, (we are particular in specifying the month, and the state of health which the sun was enjoying, because men's temperaments are in different order in the youth of the year, and their tempers considerably affected by the smiles of the sun's sovereign royalty)—it was, then, we say, in May, and in the sunshine, that our hero set his foot for the first time on some mightily aristocratic metropolitan pavement.

He set his foot, we say, on some of that distinguished dust which has the honour of being blown into the eyes of the princes, and dukes, and peers, as well as the M. P.'s of our illustrious city. But what sort of a foot did he set upon it? or, rather, what sort of a boot?—for, after all, it is the boot which signs, and seals, and stamps the condition of the wearer, and marks the grade of his estate. Why, sooth to say, the boot was a clumsy, clownish, clodpole sort of an affair, with no more symmetry in its chiselling than a French peasant's wooden *souliers*, and with about the same grace. The wearer himself was a raw, fresh-coloured article, evidently just remitted from the provinces, by the unsentimental bloom of his complexion, and a sort of uncultivated ungainliness, imparting the idea of angularity rather than of modulatory curves in the machinery of the complication of his arms and legs and their etc., which complements of the body corporate had all the air of getting very much into each other's way—at any rate, the machine wanted oiling. Howbeit, our hero did not seem to have an idea that he could ever be in anybody's way, much less his own, and he walked very confidently forward, and knocked at a consequential door in a very consequential manner, without the direful thought ever breaking across the horizon of his brain that Stultz or Hoby could have blushed at his appearance.

Now it may almost be said to have grown into a custom for doors to be opened to double knocks, exactly as opening them to single ones has passed into disuse, and the long thundering summons with which our hero animated the knocker being forthwith mistaken as the harbinger of some dowager fashionable's shoulder-knot, annunciating some bundle of satin, velvet, furs, and blonde, the door was opened *instanter*. It was evident the epaulette of the house looked for the epaulette of the visitor, but, not finding the appendage, considered him as a sort of nondescript, and waited to hear in what tongue he would find utterance.

Instead of a satined, perfumed, delicate little card, syllabled with some euphonious concatenation of prettily assorted vowels and consonants, our hero drew forth a letter, and, having asked if "that were all right?" and receiving an affirmative confirmation, he announced his intention of "waiting for an answer;" whereupon he was left, *sans ceremonie*, to cool his heels in the hall, whilst his missive was transported with all due respect into the presence of the higher powers.

These higher powers consisted of, firstly, Austin Bradshaw, Esq.,

the holder of some certain down-pillowy post under her Majesty's government, with a very pretty income, which he contrived to spend, and a little more which he managed to get behind-hand: this gentleman was sitting conning the "Morning Post," with one slippered foot upon a cushion, and its twin brother upon a chair, his dressing-gown, real Chinese both in material and fabrication, flowing round him, with the remnant of his breakfast lying before him, and evidently in the enjoyment of most luxurious ease, preparatory to the labour of the day; Mrs. Austin Bradshaw, a past tense beauty by vulgar, glaring daylight, but still a present tense beauty by benignant wax-candle-light, was sitting on the opposite side of the table, coaxing herself to choose between marmalade and Rheims biscuit, or dried salmon and muffins; while, presiding as priestess of the classical urn, sat the eldest-born heiress of their honours, with a roguish, wicked, witty-looking sister at her elbow, both of them doing ample justice to the viands before them—though we confess that it is anything but angelical to eat—and amply compensating for the lackadaisical appetites of their parents.

Now, we hold it to be a very extraordinary feature in the face of the present day, that while, in all the thereabout six thousand annualities which have been constantly coming and going in the history of the world, all the single members of the population have been young before they were old, whilst, in the nineteenth century, youth is a sort of a state of simpleness which is perfectly obsolete, and banished from all good or bad society. It used to strike us as being rather odd that there were no young men—the coldest hearts and the oldest heads being part and parcel of boyhood: since we first began to show that sign of ignorant wonder, we have been additionally struck—*knocked down*, we might say—with the fact that there are no young ladies—girlhood now-a-days being confined to the person, the heart and the head being sexagenarian at the least. Thus, then, it was that the Misses Bradshaw—that is to say, Miss Juliana Bradshaw and Miss Lauretta Bradshaw—were as worldly-wise as the most sensible of parents could desire, uniting that most singular improvement of modern days, the quick perceptions of youth in partnership with the cold calculations of age.

In the midst of this family party, the letter of our hero was presented to Austin Bradshaw, Esq.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Bradshaw, as he threw the letter disdainfully from him.

"What have you there, my love?" asked his languid lady.

"A bore," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"*Alias* a dun?"

"No, but about as bad; an untamed animal from the country, wild, uncombed, just caught."

"We may have some fun!" said Miss Lauretta.

"I hope his good stars and ours have made him quizzical," said Miss Juliana.

"Lauretta—Juliana—I'll not have you familiarize yourselves with vulgar quizzes."

"One must have something to amuse us," responded Miss Juliana.

"Need we take any notice of him, love?" asked mamma.

"Well—I don't know—perhaps—and yet—why, you see, he brings a letter of introduction from your cousin Claverly. It seems that Claverly has been down in the north, hunting, or shooting, or fishing—I don't know what—and, while there, he happened to break his arm, or his leg, or his head—let me see, I didn't read very accurately, and I don't know which—falling out of a carriage, or a boat, or from his horse, or something of that sort; and these people—that is, the family one of the hopefuls of which brings up this letter—have been kind to him—picked him up, nursed him, and doctored him, and so forth—and so, by way of paying his own debts, he sends a letter of credit upon us."

"You know, love, that we begged Mr. Claverly to consider our house as his own."

"Yes, Spanish fashion."

"He did not understand that, and you know he is a near relation."

"No, a distant one—"

"And he is rich—and we have—*expectations*."

"Which may all be disappointed. I heard only yesterday that old Claverly was going to make a confounded fool of himself."

"It was that which put you out of temper—what was it?"

"I was not out of temper!"

"Well, love—then, you were not."

"I tell you I was not! I hate to be treated like a child, and aggravated with that glozing smile and that lisping voice. I was *not* out of temper, but you are enough to make me."

"But the news, papa, the news!" said Miss Lauretta.

"Why, the news was, that your relation Claverly was going to put his neck into a halter—to get married!"

"The superannuated—disgusting—old fidget!" said Mrs. Bradshaw. "Can't we take out a commission of lunacy?"

"Why, we might—or we might not—or so forth; but he is not married yet, and hearsay is not always to be trusted." Mr. Bradshaw looked very wise on the utterance of this discerning sentiment.

"Well, now, if one only knew, one might act accordingly," said Mrs. Bradshaw, with a somewhat puzzled air. "Nobody would take up a bundle without expecting to be paid for carrying it. Shall we *cut* this country bumpkin, or confectionary him over?"

"Take a middle course, Ma," said Miss Lauretta. "Just balance him, and then, when Pa's information comes, you can tip him over into which scale you please."

"Clever girl!" said Pa.

"Such discernment!" said Ma.

"Lauretta's motion seconded and carried," said Mr. Bradshaw. "And now, I suppose, we must invite the noodle to dinner."

"Well, if we must we must—only let it be when nobody's here."

"O, that of course," said Miss Juliana. "We could not be civil to him if anybody saw us."

"Of course not," said Pa.

"Of course not," said Ma.

"But how is the thing to be done?" said Mr. Bradshaw. "Here

is Claverly's letter, but neither line nor card in its company. The young booby has saved us some trouble in not certifying his whereabout."

"Inquire of Jefferson, my love," said Mrs. Bradshaw, languishingly.

And Jefferson, being summoned, deposed that the bearer of the note waited for an answer in the hall.

"In livery, Jefferson?"

"No, sir." Jefferson's simper had something dubious in it.

"Not in livery. Perhaps his valet, my dear, things may be better than we anticipated. A servant out of livery looks well. Let him come up, Jefferson, I'll see him myself."

Jefferson bowed lower than usual and retired, but in the space of a minute or two returned, ushering in the country consignment.

Our hero's clumsy boots made themselves audible notwithstanding the due proportion of carpets. He paused within a yard of the entrance, and making a bow according to the prescription of the itinerant dancing-master who had practised in his out-of-the-way neighbourhood, looked round him, twiddling his hat in his hands, with much more of the awkwardness than the bashfulness of sheepishness.

"So, so, young man, come in, come in," said Mr. Bradshaw. "Don't stand there toying with your hat, come in."

Our hero promenaded a few paces forward.

"Well, and so you've brought this letter?"

"Yes, I brought that letter."

"And, and, young man, you've just come to town I suppose?"

"Yes, I've just come to town."

"Then you have not brought up your family with you?"

"I have no family."

"What—I understood—that is, I think, Mr. Claverly, our cousin Claverly—rich man—writes about the family—the family of the Whitmarsh's—yes, I'm sure."

"O, I fancied you meant *my* family—thought you couldn't be hoaxing."

"Hoaxing, young man! but never mind—country breeding, my dear—hope not like master like man—hope not. No, no, my friend, I merely meant the family with which you live," said Mr. Bradshaw with dignity.

"Left them all safe at home. Best place for them."

"Free-and-easy observation that. Best place for others too. At least that's my opinion. Well, but friend, how many does your family at home consist of?"

"How many! Why, let me see. First and foremost there's the governor."

"Mr. Whitmarsh?"

"Yes, that's the governor."

"And what is he like?"

"Like! why, now, did anybody ever! Like! why he's like the honestest old soul that ever lived!"

"Well, and——?"

"Well, then, after the governor comes the governor's lady."

"And what sort of an oddity is she?"

"Oddity! and is not that an *odd* question—and to ask *me!* But I like plain speaking. Well, then, truth's truth; and to tell the truth, the grey mare—eh—you understand?"

"Perfectly! ha, ha, ha! You're a clever fellow. Well, now for the young hopefuls, what are they like?"

"Well, *if ever!* But I suppose it's London breeding!" said our hero in an aside to himself. "However, if you wish to know, I don't care if I tell you. Well, there's Nicholas to begin with—Young Nic, as we call him."

"Pleasant—free and easy. I wonder if *our* people speak thus of us, my dear."

"Country breeding, my love," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"But he's very clever is Nic. He's the hopes of the family. Governor means him for a lawyer. We expect he'll be lord chancellor by-and-by."

"Well, and who next?"

"Robert comes next—Roaring Rob, as we call him. He's for the army. He'll make a famous captain. We quite expect he'll be up to Wellington."

"No doubt. Well, and who comes next?"

"Oh, Elizabeth. She's the beauty of the family. We always call her Queen Bess. She's your old Nabob's favourite. We always call Mr. Claverly the old Nabob, because of his guinea complexion."

"Free and easy; but it's country breeding, my dear, as you justly observe. But how was it that your family got acquainted with Mr. Claverly?"

"Why, he was thrown from his horse, and I picked him up, and Queen Bess nursed him."

"Then he stopped at your family's house?"

"Ay, we bedded and boarded him for three months."

"But was he ill all that time?"

"O no, he danced in a quadrille with Queen Bess a fortnight after I picked him up."

"Then he stayed for pleasure after that?"

"Yes, he stayed for our company after that."

"He stayed to save his money, the old miser," said Mr. Bradshaw in an aside to his lady.

"The narrow-minded niggard!" rejoined Mrs. Bradshaw *sotto voce*, "anything to save a few pounds!"

"And so I suppose he made you a handsome present for picking him up?"

"Not he. None of our family ever saw a farthing of his money. He talked of recommending our Nic, and a clever fellow he is, to the notice of some of the judges, but he thought better of it; and we heard something about a commission for Roaring Rob, but it never came; and then he talked of diamond earrings for Queen Bess, but she has not got them yet. No, he did nothing for us but give us that letter for you, which I thought I had better bring myself. I wanted to come to London, and of all our folks I am the one most obliged to Mr. Claverly, for he said that he would give us an excellent introduc-

tion, that would open a way in the world, and so he gave us that letter."

"The cunning old miser!" said Mr. Bradshaw, in another aside to his lady; "he sends him to us that we may pay his debts, and he knows that we have expectations from him, and dare not refuse."

Mrs. Bradshaw lifted up her eyes in a very lamb-like way.

"Well, but, honest friend, finish the catalogue of your family. Who comes next on the list? Mr. Claverly speaks of Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh, what is he called among you?"

"O, he's called 'The Fool of the Family.' But he's come to London to show them the difference."

"Well, what is he like?"

"Like! *why he's like me!*"

"Like you?"

"Yes, *I'm* 'The Fool of the Family.'"

"The Fool of the Family" never took anything amiss. It was impossible to tell whether he really knew that he had received an affront, or whether he was magnanimous enough to forgive it. Nobody could have believed that he was at all aware that he had been standing at that audience chamber door, treated like a domestic, his supposed master's family secrets all pumped out of him, and his personal pretensions to quality and position all wholly overlooked, when, within the space of five minutes after, he was seated at table between Miss Juliana and Miss Lauretta, the one as proud, and the other as satirical as any two young ladies in the Queen's dominions. The arrows, however, of pride and satire, assailing him from either side, seemed to fall pointless from his proof armour, whatever that armour might be made of, whether it were the unadulterated metal of stupidity, or the mixed manufacture of cunning or independence, or any of the various amalgamations of which the modern armour of modern men is composed, and in which they duly encase themselves. It was in vain that Miss Juliana looked as proud as any Juno in the kingdom, in vain that Miss Lauretta quizzed him without mercy. The second breakfast, to which our hero immediately accommodated his appetite, seemed to receive quite a relish from the presence of the young ladies, and the broader and broader grew Miss Lauretta's quizzing, the thicker and more impervious seemed to grow the bull-hide shield of his defence.

"Now do tell me, Mr. Whitmarsh, do tell me why you have got that very odd *sobriquet*," said Miss Lauretta, with great innocency of aspect—"do tell me why they call you 'The Fool of the Family.'"

"I suppose because they don't know any better," said our hero, with a wise shake of the head, as though he were endeavouring to discover whether or not there were anything in it by the sound. "You know some people cannot see an inch before them."

"You are quite right; they must indeed be blind not to see *your* quicksightedness."

"I do see—sometimes," said our hero, sapiently.

"So discerning as you are!"

The gentleman nodded.

"So acute!"

He smiled consciously.

"So penetrating."

He looked archly.

"But 'tis a mistaking world!" said Miss Lauretta, apostrophizingly, and lifting up her eyes.

"People make mistakes—sometimes," assented our hero.

"I can scarcely conceive how any one could mistake *you*," said Miss Lauretta, looking full in his face with the sweetest possible smile.

"I'm sure there's no mistaking *you*," responded "The Fool of the Family," with a simper.

"Lauretta!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with an *aside* frown, "you are engaging Mr. Whitmarsh's attention from his breakfast."

"O, I've had one breakfast already, so it's of the less matter," replied our hero.

"But Lauretta's spirits outrun her discretion. She has so much vivacity that she cannot restrain herself. She will overwhelm you."

"O no, *she amuses me*," said "The Fool of the Family."

Mrs. Bradshaw drew herself up, Mr. Bradshaw frowned, Miss Juliana looked the personification of offended pride, and Miss Lauretta registered a vow of vengeance to herself.

From that day forward "The Fool of the Family" was constantly to be found posted in some corner of the room at Mr. Bradshaw's dwelling, and never did guest visit hosts under more equivocal circumstances. The fluctuations of their feelings were curiously marked in the ebbings and flowings of their manners towards him. At one time full of hopes that their *expectations* from cousin Claverly would all be verified, and, fearful of giving him the slightest offence, they were full of civilities towards him: at others, some report that cousin Claverly was in his dotage, and about to marry some girl in her teens, some milkmaid whose rosy cheeks he had fallen in love with, or his own cook, came like a north-easterly wind to freeze their flowing kindness. To-day they might receive a letter in which the old valetudinarian deplored his feebleness, and lamented that they were not near enough to afford him the comfort of their kind attention, and, on the strength of this, fearful of offending the *holder out of expectations*, through his *elève*, they were almost fondling in their kindness; to-morrow some news would arrive that the old gentleman was not only rallying, but love-making, and thereupon "The Fool of the Family" was treated like a "Fool."

Notwithstanding all this, he came and went, and went and came, alike impervious to all weathers, and indifferent to all changes. It seemed all the same to "The Fool of the Family" whether he were received with smiles or frowns. So equable was his temper, that flattery could not exhilarate, nor rudeness depress it. Sometimes, when the star of the Claverly influence was in the declination, the doors

would hardly open to him; but, having an indomitable patience, he only walked about the door, and came again every half-hour, or waited until other visitors arrived who would not be excluded, and, by these means, he always contrived to locate himself in his old quarters; and though this incorrigible pertinacity and burr-like adhesiveness chafed and irritated his compulsory host and hostess not a little, and they were many times on the point of giving point blank unmistakeable dictionary utterance to their sense of his intrusiveness, yet ever as the syllables gurgled in the throat and vibrated on the lip, the Claverly star rose in the ascendant, and, determined not to dash their golden hopes to the ground, they struggled again to bear and forbear. But the consequence of all this toleration and fluctuation was, that "The Fool of the Family" had so obtruded himself at all times and all seasons into their dwelling, in public and in private, apparently considering that the run of the house was nothing more than his just title and license, that not an acquaintance or visitor but knew him as well as the drawing room table; and, in fact, the Bradshaws' good-natured friends were so delighted, that their dear host and hostess, with their two charming daughters, the proud Miss Juliana and the satirical Miss Lauretta, were so delightfully and amusingly tormented with the nuisance, that they would not for the world have relinquished the pleasure of seeing them plagued—everybody knowing that they so well deserved it. So it was all in vain that papa looked glum, and mamma sulky; that Miss Juliana frowned and Miss Lauretta quizzed; "The Fool of the Family" never seemed to fancy it came within the pale of possibility that he could be other than a welcome guest.

But all disorders have a crisis. It chanced that Miss Juliana's angling had captured, caught, captivated—which is the word?—a very fine—not a gudgeon, but a very fine gentleman. Mr. Fortescue Clinton was one of those reserved, aristocratic, stately-looking men, who can brook neither familiarity nor contact with vulgarity. A man of quick apprehension, it chafed him to be brought into juxtaposition with one of slow; and while he was irritated with our hero beyond civil endurance, he could never bring himself to any determination whether it was the knave or the fool that he most abominated.

But our crisis. The Bradshaws had determined on giving a party, and had equally determined on excluding "The Fool of the Family." The preparations were carried on with spirit, and on a most magnificent scale. Miss Juliana and Miss Lauretta had spent we know not how many mornings at their buhl writing-desks, had endorsed we know not how many pink cards, had enclosed them in we know not how many, only that it was as many, satined envelopes, had impressed the Bradshaw arms on we know not how many dissolutions of white aromatic sealing-wax, had inscribed we know not how many fashionable names on the reverse, all very delightfully expressing the hopes of the Bradshaws to be honoured with the presence of such and such distinguished friends, but on none of them had been inscribed the patronymic of "The Fool of the Family."

Well, time wended, as wend it will, nobody being able either to stop or overtake it. Everything went on amazingly well. One room

had been uncarpeted for quadrilles, another had been opened out for cards. The supper-tables had all been architected, jellies clarified, creams whipped, trifles seriously completed, pyramids reared, tongues ornamented with white roses carved out of the alabaster of turnips, red ones out of the ruby of beet-root, and orange lilies out of carrots. Whole armies of glasses had been phalanxed, whole regiments of plates recruited, artilleries of black bottles ready for discharging, and, in short, all sorts of rations ready for distribution.

Well, time went on, and never happened fewer mischances in the giving of a party. The creams were not curdled, the custards were not soured, the pastry was not burned, the chickens were not fusty, and nothing was broken. Well, time trotted on a little further. The milliner sent home Mrs. Bradshaw's turban—and it became her; the dressmaker appeared with the Misses Bradshaw's new robes—they fitted; Mrs. Bradshaw's borrowed diamonds came in the very nick of time—and they sparkled to her entire satisfaction. The rout seats, the contingency of plate, the confectioner's boys with their trays, the temporary waiters—all came with most marvellous punctuality. The supper-table was spread, the artificial flowers looked like real, the whole thing was in capital style and taste—quite fit for commemoration in the "Morning Post."

Well, old Time jogged on a few steps further. The wax-lights were all lit, and the grooms of the chamber for the time being at their posts. Mrs. Bradshaw's turban had received its last adjustment at the mirror; she had looked her last at herself, saving and excepting those few stolen glances which a lady may give at her fair self, quite by accident, in loitering across a room full of reflectors; the Misses Bradshaw's hair had been impearled and braided, and was hanging in long loops duly down behind; the white satin shoes had received the feet of the two fair wearers; and, with some difficulty, the dresses had been made, by means of coaxing and pulling, to allow the hooks to come to the embrace of the eyes behind; Miss Juliana had taken her bouquet of exotics, sent to her by no meaner hand than the white one of Mr. Fortescue Clinton, in her own fairy fingers, and Miss Lauretta was looking at it a little enviously—for, if she had no particular fancy for flowers, she had a particular fancy for beaux;—all things were propitious.

Well, the old gentleman—the only old gentleman that we know of that is six thousand years old—still being as active as ever, went on a few paces further. Mrs. Bradshaw was receiving her guests with most honey-sweet smiles. Knock after knock reverberated through the dwelling; name after name was echoed from banister to banister; carriage after carriage whirled up and away; yards upon yards—nay, bales upon bales—of satins and silks, and velvets and gauzes, and laces and trimmings and bugles, and flowers and flounces, were carried up those right honourable stairs; the gentlemen were all smiles, the ladies all simpers; some were delightful, and some delighted;—in short, the whole thing promised to be the very perfection of a party.

Nevertheless, there are specks in the sun, and mortal happiness was not made even for parties. Mr. Bradshaw had come home from his government office late, rather than early, with some very blank

lines written on his face. He had evidently received some ungracious intelligence; but he had only time to hurry to his dressing-room, and hurry through its duties, and hurry down again to play the courteous host. In one of the little intervals of reception, he contrived, however, to exchange a few sentences with his jewelled lady.

"I have some vile news to tell you," said the husband.

"And I have some delightful to tell you," said the lady.

"Your senseless cousin, Claverly, *is* going to be married. The thing is true enough, so an end to *expectations*."

"I wish him—no matter what! He is no better than a swindler, to cheat us in the manner he has done! And only think of his palming that young booby upon us, to make us pay the debts which he has contracted to the family! 'Tis nothing but rank swindling, and that I shall tell the mean, doating miser!"

"Well, if your news is better, let us have it quick; I want something in the way of compensation."

"You tell me of one wedding, and I tell you of another. Mr. Fortescue Clinton has—has made a—declaration!"

"Ah! indeed. That is something! I must be more than commonly civil to him."

"Yes, do. But I am so bored with that young country loon! He has been here six times already to-day!"

"And what have you done?"

"O, been denied, of course. I could not waste time with him to-day. 'Not at home' every time; but nothing can tire him out. He is like a horrid burr sticking to one."

"Well, after the news I have brought you, I don't see why we should keep any measures with him."

"No, nor I. But just give particular orders that he is not to be admitted once more. I am so afraid that he will slip in between somebody's heels like a dog."

"Then I shall turn him out like a dog!" said Mr. Bradshaw fiercely. And thereupon he turned smilingly towards a new arrival, and looked like dissolving sugar.

Rat, tat, tat, went the knocker; rat, tat, tat, rat, tat, tat, and arrival followed arrival in brilliant succession. A carriage dashed up; rat, tat, tat. The door opened, the white-shoed ladies and the white-gloved gentlemen were ushered in and up in all due pomp and state, and presenting himself on the door-steps at the same time, stood "The Fool of the Family."

"Not at home," said the shoulder-knot.

"Not at home!" repeated our hero. "Then why are you admitting all this company?"

"Not at home, sir."

"There must be some mistake!"

"Not on my part, sir."

Another party arrived, and were instantly ushered in with all due honours.

"What does all this company mean? Why can't I go up with them?"

"Not at home, sir! Please to leave your card."

"My card! Why, you know well enough I am here every day! Don't you know me?"

"Can't say that I do, sir."

"Not know me! Well, if ever! Can you look me in the face and tell me that you don't know me?"

"Have no orders to know you, sir. Please to make way, sir."

Another carriage came, and, in a sort of involuntary motion to make way for them to pass, "The Fool of the Family" withdrew his foot from the threshold. Being a diplomatist, the man instantly shut the door in his face.

Well, it happened just at this moment that a fresh importation of company arrived. A carriage—the occupants' own at the rate of so many shillings for the ensuing dozen hours—brought a buxom dame and a whole bevy of girls, over-drest, or rather under-drest, to the extremity of the fashion; while a sober but exceedingly well appointed chariot disinterred an exceedingly well-diamonded gentleman, and a very sheepish, raw, unseasoned-looking youth, that anybody might have deposed to as having been just brought out of some country wild, being as much frightened as a recruit first made to stand fire.

Now, the elder of these specimens of town and country masculines not caring an atom for all the womanly litter and lumber in the world, preceded them up the steps, though it must be owned that the process of disentangling so much finery from those carriage-steps was no trifling trouble. We say, then, that the elder gentleman presented himself first at the door, whilst his companion came in the last.

But now comes the moral. *The gentleman did squint!* O, how he squinted! That, of course, was before squinting went out of fashion.

Now, the squinting gentleman was received with most reverential obsequiousness by the knaves in office. No wonder that others thought so well of him, seeing that he, who of course knew best, thought so well of himself.

So the gentleman squinted on the right hand and on the left; before and behind; diametrically, latitudinally, longitudinally, horizontally, transversely, obliquely, rectangularly, sexagonally, octagonally—in fact, his fine poetic eyes darted the richest variety of squints that mortal orbs ever squinted.

Now, this squinting gentleman was a gentleman, being, in fact, the head of that government office from which Mr. Bradshaw derived all his emoluments; and very well was it known throughout that household, that if the squinting gentleman thought proper to make the whole establishment into mats, and to wipe his shoes upon them, it would be their bounden duty to lie down in the hall, and act the part very gratefully.

It came, then, to pass, that as the squinting gentleman passed the threshold, he squinted most pointedly over his shoulder, saying, as he did so,

"Young gentleman—with me—relative—announce—Mr. Vincent."

Now, the squinting gentleman most certainly squinted towards "The Fool of the Family," and he, being determined to rectify the

mistake into which the shoulder-knot had fallen in excluding him, resolutely stalked on in the squinting gentleman's footsteps.

So, following in this wake, he reached the drawing-room door, allowing the squinting gentleman to make his way up to the hostess, and present himself in due form. Whilst doing this, it was observable that the squinting gentleman squinted all round, first over one shoulder, then over the other, right and left, before and behind, evidently in search of somebody, but apparently without discovering the object of his solicitude.

Having lounged away, there ensued a sort of interregnum, void, or space, before the hushed attention of those around, who had been admiring the squinting gentleman, had had time to diverge into new channels; and into this arena "The Fool of the Family" now stepped, confronting the lady hostess.

With that peculiarly graceful bow which we have before signalized, "The Fool of the Family" spoke out full, loud, and clear. "Mrs. Bradshaw, ma'am, I am very sorry to be so late, but I should have been here an hour ago, nay two hours, but your servants would not admit me."

"You are soon enough, sir," said Mrs. Bradshaw, freezingly.

"You are very good to say so, ma'am, but it's not pleasant to be kept waiting and hanging about as though I were an inferior. I hope, ma'am, you'll give your servants a good sound reprimand."

"*I will,* sir."

"People might think I was not welcome," pursued "The Fool of the Family."

Mrs. Bradshaw had gone, but "The Fool of the Family" must have felt the agreeableness of his own company, since he saw smiles upon every lip around him. Mrs. Bradshaw, had she yielded to the impulse of the moment, would have summoned her servants to have ejected the madman or the impostor, but numbers of those who were present knew that "The Fool of the Family" had been at least tolerated, and she felt that the measure would only expose her to fresh ridicule. So instead of this she fetched Mr. Bradshaw to the scene of action, that he might take his own method of transferring the unwelcome guest to the outer instead of the inner walls of the dwelling.

"I shall not keep any terms with him! why should I, indeed, now that your Cousin Claverly has proved himself an idiot, and I may say an impostor into the bargain, in disappointing all our expectations? What business had he to palm this young clown upon us to make us pay his debts? I shall not keep any terms with him, you may depend upon it!"

"You may turn him out for anything I care," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Mr. Whitmarsh—Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh—a word with you, if you please, sir," said Mr. Bradshaw, with solemn dignity; and leading the way into a small *boudoir*, that had been thrown open to make the *suite* appear more imposing—"a word with you, Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh."

"The Fool of the Family" followed the man of the world into the little recess. "Mr. Whitmarsh—Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh—I

might not have selected this opportunity for requiring an explanation of your conduct, but since you have in a measure forced it upon me, perhaps the few words which may settle at once all between us, may as well be spoken now, as that any uncertainty or suspense should be left upon the mind. Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh, may I request to know with what motive you do my house the honour of making it your head quarters—the honour, I may say, of making yourself so much at home in it?"

"The Fool of the Family" twiddled his thumbs, but instead of looking bewildered, confounded, annihilated, began to simper, and show some sheepishness.

"Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh, I have asked an explicit question—may I beg an explicit answer?" said Mr. Bradshaw, with dignity.

"Why, look you, Mr. Bradshaw, sir, though I might not have thought of taking up your time from such a goodly company—dear me, those ladies *are* fine!—well, if ever! and the gentlemen too—yet as you have been kind enough to closet yourself with me, in public and in private too—that's like a riddle—at the same time, why I shall be very happy to say my catechism."

"Well, sir, then," said Mr. Bradshaw, with a terrific frown, "have the goodness to explain to me why you have done us the high honour of conferring so much of your company upon us."

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw, sir, ha! ha! I thought perhaps that when you knew me more you might like me better."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with a sneer.

"Yes, you know Rome was not built in a day."

"Your remarks possess extraordinary value."

"I knew you would soon feel quite an affection for me."

"Indeed! and what was that to lead to?"

"Why then I expected that you would say, 'My dear young friend, I cannot but admire your sincerity and candour, so different from the world; and I beg of you to make my house your home.'"

"Nothing more?"

"Why, yes, I thought then, that after a while you would take me with you, and initiate me in the duties of your office. I assure you I am competent, for I have been practising round hand, and taking lessons in the rule of three ever since I have been in town."

"Indeed! and what more?"

"Why then I thought when you got upon the superannuated list, which I suppose won't be very long first, that I might step into your shoes."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Bradshaw, ferociously; "or I suppose if I happened to die it would do as well."

"Yes, but I'd rather you should be superannuated."

"How kind! and how sensible! Nothing more?"

"Why yes, there was something else, but—*I'm modest;*" and "The Fool of the Family" recommenced twiddling his thumbs with renewed energy.

"O, pray don't let your modesty stand in the way."

"Well, then, since you encourage me to speak—I thought that your daughter—and—and—me—might make a match of it—if you please."

"O, you really are too good! and pray which of my daughters has had the happiness of finding favour in your eyes?"

"O, Miss Lauretta's a very nice young lady, and so full of spirit—and she has been very kind to me—but I haven't encouraged her—I haven't indeed! It isn't her fault that I don't like her best, only we have a way in the country of liking the shyest best—and so, if you please, I'd rather have Miss Juliana."

Mr. Bradshaw stepped back a pace or so, and eyed our hero from head to foot with a very curious expression of countenance. "I think," said Mr. Bradshaw, after a moment or two of curious survey, in which our hero looked the personification of simpering silliness, "I think that you once informed me that you were known by the *sobriquet* of 'The Fool of the Family.'"

"Yes, they call me 'The Fool of the Family,'" replied the youth.

"Then I can just say to you, that you richly deserve the title," Mr. Bradshaw was about to reply, but just at the moment he was seized by the button by the squinting gentleman, and dragged a little way apart.

"I say Bradshaw, my very good friend Bradshaw, "I've just lost my gold toothpick—what a plague shall I do for my toothpick?" and the squinting gentleman squinted all round in search of his gold toothpick.

"My dear sir! we'll have an instant search"——

"I say, Bradshaw, my good friend, what a delightful party you've got together here. Really, Bradshaw, Mrs. Bradshaw *is* a fine woman, she is indeed; and now that my pretty little Lauretta is growing up—I declare that I never saw a nicer party! I quite enjoy it. I do indeed. A most delightful evening. I must come again, Bradshaw."

"You know we are always delighted to see you, my dear sir; you know that you confer pleasure as well as honour."

"But, Bradshaw, my good friend Bradshaw, I think I must be going. I'm going at five o'clock in the morning into Devonshire. Five, or a little later. Now, Bradshaw, don't come down with me."

Now Mr. Bradshaw was rather glad to get rid of a guest whose presence was a restraint to him; so he made double the number of professions of regret at the loss, that he would have done had he been really sorry.

"Not a step, Bradshaw, not a step, my very good friend. I shall come again, I shall indeed. Good-by to you. But hark you, Bradshaw, I must just whisper to you one piece of news, because you'll like to hear it. I won't mention names, because I promised secrecy; but you know if I don't tell you *names* I don't tell you anything. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha! of course not. No breach of confidence if you tell no names. How should I be able to guess to whom you may refer?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"But 'tis a censorious world! Why, would you believe it? some scandal-monger has put a report in circulation—would you believe it?—that I squint! that *I* squint."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw, with honest indignation.

"True, indeed," said the squinting gentleman; but now, do you see, a certain young gentleman in a blue coat—I mention no names—who I hear is reported to be paying particular attention to your daughter—that is the reason why I just hint to you—I know you are a prudent man—ha! ha! ha!—but do you see—there in the direction of my eye"—and the squinting gentleman tried to look straight at Mr. Fortescue Clinton, but the obliquity of his vision carried his glance, apparently at least, towards "The Fool of the Family."

"Now, my good friend Bradshaw, I am looking straight at him, you see;" and the squinting gentleman squinted at "The Fool of the Family" in a most unmistakeable manner. "You see?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that young fellow will soon be the richest commoner in England. One of his distant relations, with whom the family have been at variance for some time, not having anybody to leave his immense wealth to, has, in one of those sudden freaks which poor mortals are subject to, just made a will, by which he has bequeathed a most princely property to that young fellow."

"Indeed! Is it possible! What young—that young gentleman in the blue coat? He has not been long from the country."

"Exactly so, Bradshaw, my good friend, I congratulate you. One of the richest matches in England. The old gentleman on his deathbed—the young fellow knows nothing of the matter. Adieu! Adieu! What shall I do for my gold toothpick? Not a step, my good friend Bradshaw, not a step!"

With what a revulsion of feelings did Mr. Bradshaw turn again to "The Fool of the Family," whom he was about to have turned *sans ceremonie* out of his house a few moments before.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Bradshaw, shaking our hero over and again most cordially by the hand—"my dear young friend, you only did me justice in counting on my friendship. Yes, the more everybody knows of you, the warmer must be their feelings towards you! Your candour and sincerity—hum—your singular disinterestedness. My dear friend, I must shake hands with you again."

Thereupon the two gentlemen shook hands over and over again.

"Well, now, my dear sir, will you really do us the favour to make our house your home?"

"I should like. Thank you," said "The Fool of the Family."

"And really you must make allowance for a father's feelings—I can have no greater pleasure than entrusting my Juliana's happiness in your hands. Consider that settled."

"I have considered it so for a long while. I made up my mind to that almost as soon as I saw her," said "The Fool of the Family."

Never had "The Fool of the Family" enjoyed so delightful a party before. A few words from Mr. Bradshaw put the whole matter on another footing with the household. "The Fool of the Family" was immediately made the chief guest. Mr. Fortescue Clinton was forthwith frowned upon by Miss Juliana, and his *bouquet* pulled to

pieces by her fair fingers. Mrs. Bradshaw was, by anticipation, the honey-sweet mamma—Miss Juliana, by anticipation, the blushing bride—Miss Lauretta, (having given over quizzing), the envious bridemaid, (bridemaids are always envious,) and Mr. Bradshaw, the very kindest of poor papas-in-law, patronising the most simple of rich sons-in-law.

Never, either before or after, was "The Fool of the Family" carried up into so supreme a paradise as on that night of *fêteing* and jubileeing; but still he did not seem to wonder in the least at his own good fortune.

From that time the Bradshaws did not suffer "The Fool of the Family" out of their sight until he was actually their son-in-law.

There was great parade, and great boasting, and great display, attached to the wedding. The Bradshaws incurred an expense equal to a year's income, and did everything that was possible to give the affair *éclat*. More cards were dispersed tied with silk and silver, having the magical transmutation of names, than had ever before been known in mortal memory, while the papers were full of paid articles on the beauty of the bride and the wealth of the bridegroom.

Before the honeymoon had expired, the squinting gentleman returned from Devonshire, and met Mr. Bradshaw at the government office.

"So, Bradshaw, my very good friend, have you found my gold toothpick?"

"No," replied Mr. Bradshaw, not quite so humbly as before, for he now felt himself to be almost as great a man as his principal. "No, I have not found anything, but I have lost something."

"And what is that?" asked the squinting gentleman.

"My daughter."

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I saw it in the papers. You did not take my hint."

"I did take your hint."

"The old gentleman is dead, so there is no longer any occasion for delicacy. Mr. Fortescue Clinton has come in for one of the finest properties in England. Lucky fellow! I thought the fellow had a hankering after my pretty little friend Miss Juliana."

Mr. Bradshaw staggered—groaned—turned ghastly white. "Did you not mean Mr. Spencer Whitmarsh?"

"Spencer Whitmarsh! I don't know who you mean. I recommended you to encourage young Fortescue, for I knew what was befalling him. I am executor, and I thought to give you a friendly hint."

"You did not *say* Mr. Fortescue Clinton!"

"I did not *say*, but I *looked* at him."

"You looked at young Spencer Whitmarsh."

"Do you mean to tell me I squint?" angrily retorted the squinting gentleman, turning on his heel, leaving the disappointed man in his agony.

"And we have pampered and married," wildly exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw, "'The Fool of the Family!'"

TO SIR E. L. BULWER, ON HIS "LAST OF THE BARONS."

"This is probably my last fiction."

As in the old heroic time,
When the crowned Athlete left the strife—
The herald's shout, the minstrel's rhyme,
Pealed forth his deathless Fame!
To thee, our tribute hearts are poured—
To thee, our vassal homage flows—
Thou, whom we hail the victor Lord,
Of a far nobler Game!

For mastery in the realm of Thought—
For Love, and Hope, and Faith divine—
Was that triumphant struggle wrought,
Were those bright conquests won!
Therefore, we hymn thy laurelled brow,
Therefore, we strike the votive lyre,
For 'gainst the Falsehood and the Foe,
Nobly thy task was done!

As o'er thy varied page we bend,
Yielding our captive souls to thine—
The sister Arts their glories lend,
And each sheds magic there;—
We read—there live, the Sculptor's dreams,
There, bright the Painter's canvass glows,
We read—and syren music seems
To hover in the air!

To many a sad and orphaned heart,
Orphaned to all that Life holds dear,
Doomed to sigh on, alone—apart—
Thy soul a Light has given;—
Ah! thus do streams in forest glades,
Virgin, save to the eye of God,
Reflect, amid their gloomiest shades—
The Orbéd Star of Heaven!

And mute to these the Music's swell,
Of this majestic trumpet blast—
They only hear the sad Farewell—
Its pealing notes have borne!
Yet why?—what though the sun be set,
And Night be dark in Eastern lands
As bright and clear—more radiant yet
In Western climes—'tis Morn!

And not in Manhood's haughty Noon,
With every gift and power matured,
Do souls like thine resign their throne;
Sceptred! thou art not free!
Still, must thou wage a glorious war,
Still, must thou fight, for God and Truth—
Still are there foes to crush—yet more
Still conquests left for thee!

I. B.

THE

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JANUARY, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Eastern and Western States of America. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq.

In traversing the vast continent of America the mind of the traveller must naturally dilate, and open to new impressions, varying from those which have previously been reflected upon him in a like degree with the amount of diversity between the new objects which outspread themselves before him, and those primogenial perceptions with which the mind has been preoccupied. Thus, in exploring the older-known portions of the globe, where multitudinous cities had not only found cradles but graves, ere yet the younger had found a name amongst them, the relics of ancient fanes, traces of the glorious achievements of the arts, mementos of social and domestic usages, the sacerdotal signs of a glowing and poetical theology; and, in short, all those vestiges of man in the higher and more elevated phases of his existence, crowd on the contemplative wanderer at every step, and make the track of his pilgrimage to be haunted with the sacred memories of his race through every step. Palmyra, Carthage, the crumbling relics of old Tuscany—nay, where has man not left the impression of his intellect, and imbued matter with memory, rearing up monuments, though it may be sepulchral ones, for himself, wherever he has made his habitation. But in America the first impression is different. Man, with his myriad of devices and inventions seems there at the first glance but as a thing of yesterday. The giant solitudes of forests appear to have known nothing of the warfare of the axe, but to have enwoven themselves Briareus like, into tangled bulwarks of immeasurable vastness, loftiness, and impregnability. The outspread prairies tire the eye with their illimitable extent, and the mighty rivers and rocky fastnesses almost mock the comprehension of the mind. The grandeur of nature in her recently disturbed loneliness, seemingly but now awakening from the sleep of ages at the voice of man, the echoes of her quietude now first aroused by the uncouth sound of the hammer and the axe, make the traveller almost

participate in her surprise. But a yesterday of the world back, and a few red men uttered a war-whoop more like the cry of a beast of prey than of the notes of that sweetest instrument of earthly music, the human throat, and cowered in a wigwam scarcely so well-fitted for occupation as the nest of the bird or the lair of the beast; and to day cities rise around him, architecture rears her columns, commerce spreads her sails, and the wilderness is alive with the hum of universal industry. Instead of retrospective views of the past in Asia, Africa, or Europe, when the thoughts traverse the long line of investigation back to its first starting post of rude endeavour, in America all is anticipation. The mental excursions into the future seem but a wandering into hereafter kingdoms, which Nature, in her lavishment, is now but parcelling out, and in these anticipative imaginations, bounds and limits failing, the only rest is to return into the present and to survey instead of to forestall.

So far the traveller fancies that in all around him nature alone is the old; the works of his compatriots the new: but when he finds in his explorings the traces of older dynasties, the signs and seals of ancient civilization, and these so shrouded in the gloom of time, buried under accumulated centuries, he seeks in vain to explore an antiquity beyond the landmarks of date.

Baffled in the vain endeavour, he returns again to the *present*, and in doing so, who can fail to be struck with the energy of the national character,—for to have energy in the degree manifested on the so recently untilled and unbuilt ground of America *is* to have a national character, and energy, though it be not the end, is assuredly the means of greatness; and here her myriad of newly upsprung cities, the echoes of her railway-carriages stunning her solitudes, and the bustle of her traffic, are evidence enough and at once of the extraordinary energy of her people.

Mr. Buckingham, in this last series of his travels through America, embracing the Eastern and Western, as before he had furnished us with the Northern and Southern States of the Union, has completed his present intended scope, although he has it in contemplation to give to the world the remaining portion of his Tour through Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with a Description of those Dependencies of the British Crown. In speaking of the present work, we are compelled unhesitatingly to allow the industry and research which must have been necessary for its completion, embracing as it does the Boundary State of Maine, the Eastern States of New Hampshire and Connecticut, the crossing the Alleghanny Mountains, traversing the Western States, including Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and visiting the Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario. Throughout the whole of this line of travel Mr. Buckingham has laboured to amass together everything historical, statistical, and descriptive, that might help to make his work more valuable and more complete, giving also such sketches of the society through which he passed, as might enable us to form opinions of its aspects, and transferring to his pages such national and popular impressions as best to elucidate its existing tone. He has also introduced such information respecting the primeval inhabitants as could be best accumulated in the country; and though he

has not by any means attempted to conceal his own political sentiments, yet he has, wisely as we think, rendered them subordinate to the higher features of his work.

Here is the description of one of a class unknown in the mother-country.

"In the coach we had, as passenger, one of the class called 'lumbermen,' who go 'a-logging,' as their phrase is, during the winter; and we learnt from him some interesting details respecting the lives of these 'hewers of wood' during their winter campaigns in the forest.

"It is the practice for a body of men, varying from twenty to fifty, to furnish themselves with a corresponding number of teams of oxen, three yoke in each team, and large open waggons for draft; and laying in a stock of provisions for nine months, consisting chiefly of flour, pork, and coffee, to set out for the frontier of the Disputed Territory, and there, building themselves log sheds, to encamp for the winter, without women or children. Here they remain from November to May, cutting down trees, barking, and otherwise preparing them for floating down the river. When reduced to the proper lengths, and completely stripped of branches and bark, they are drawn by the teams to the river's banks, then shut up by ice, and there deposited within booms, until the opening of the summer shall thaw the river, when they are floated down in rafts to the saw-mills on the Penobscot, and there reduced to planks and shingles for the Bangor market. The cold is here much greater, it is said, than at Bangor, though in that city it is common for the mercury to descend to thirty degrees below zero almost every winter, and instances of forty and forty-five degrees have been occasionally known. With this intense cold, however, there is always a bright sun, and all parties seem to represent the atmosphere, which is at such times dry and unvarying, to be much more agreeable to the feelings than a less degree of cold, with fluctuating weather, such as characterizes the New England spring.

"The life led by these 'lumber-men' in their 'logging campaign,' is described as a very merry and happy one. They enjoy independence of all superior control, and taste the sweets of that kind of liberty which the Desert Arabs love, and the pioneers in the Great West enjoy amid the untrodden prairies, of which they are the first to take possession. Labour is agreeable rather than otherwise; their provisions are abundant, and a bracing atmosphere and vigorous exercise give them a high relish for their food, a zest for their evening's enjoyment, and the best preparation for sound and refreshing sleep. Our companion had been nine months without seeing a house, and he preferred this mode of life so much beyond that of a city, that he always longed to get back to it again. The earnings of the men were equal to about twenty dollars a month, exclusive of their provisions, while employed in cutting, and from two to three dollars per day while 'teaming' and 'floating;' so that, like sailors after a long voyage, they had generally a handsome sum to receive on concluding their enterprise, and, like sailors also, they usually spent it in a short space of time.

"In describing the border of the Disputed Territory, he said there were large quantities of wood that had been cut down by the Americans on the banks of the Aroostock; but that the British had planted a number of cannon on the other side, pointing their muzzles over each separate 'boom' within which the timber was confined, so that no one could float it down the stream without being fired on and probably killed. He was such an enthusiast in his admiration of different trees—the hemlock, the spruce, and the pine—that he said 'in some places the timber was so beautiful, that it was *dreadful handsome* merely to travel through them, and that if a man should camp in such spots, he would not be able to get a wink of sleep for looking at the trees.'"

And here another portrait of a Bay of Fundy Fisherman.

"Mr. Sabine said that he would not contend he was moral, economical, or refined, as it could be wished he were, but that he was singular, and when once seen, not to be forgotten. He was neither a landsman nor a seaman, and yet partaking of the character of each; neither a merchant, soldier, sailor, or politician, and yet snug in driving a bargain, and talking of each of the other professions and solving the nicest points in finance and political economy in such a manner as to prove that all high prices of bread-stuff and commercial embarrassments, were only so many contrivances for lessening the value of fish and injuring fishermen—in short, when carefully examined, it would be found that he figured a little in each department of society. His time is measured by the tides, and the sky is his almanack and chart: his conversation, of dream-books and lucky escapes. His top dress he calls his *tile* suit, his hat *a sow-wester;* his mittens or gloves, but a narrow band around each hand, he calls his *nippers;* his boots are his *stompers;* his pockets are fastened with *lanyards*, his knives are a *cut-throat* and *splitter*, his apron a *barrel*, and with his *skid, darts, dragon, dip, and net*, he goes a *driving*. Vessels collectively he calls *craft*, and subdivides them into *Pinkies, Pogies, Jiggers*, &c. If you ask him at what time he was married, his answer would be, yesterday at *half flood*, or *slack water*, or on the *ebb tide*, as he knows nothing of clock or watch. His qualities are common among his profession. But he is no countryman of ours, said Mr. Sabine, for he lives, as an Indian expressed it, under a squaw king—meaning, of course, the Queen of England."

An instance of Lynch-law.

"A vessel on the coast had been thrown on her beam-ends in a violent gale, and ultimately turned bottom upwards; but as she did not sink, such of the crew as were not drowned, clung to her upturned bottom, in the hope of some ship passing them and taking them off. A vessel belonging to Marblehead sailed close to the wreck, and might easily have rescued the sufferers from their perilous situation; but the captain, as deaf to the entreaties of his own crew, as he was to the cries and prayers of the shipwrecked seamen, refused to stop his vessel for the purpose, and sailed on towards his port. The sufferers were happily relieved by some more humane commander, who sailed by them soon afterwards; but the heartless and cruel conduct of this Marblehead captain, coming at length to the ears of the inhabitants, through the representation of his own seamen, it was determined to make a public example of him by his own townsmen. They accordingly apprehended him, and proceeded to execute lynch-law upon his person, by first tarring and feathering his naked body all over, and then parading him in a cart through Marblehead, Salem, and all the neighbouring towns, followed by a large and indignant crowd, and preceded by a herald, who proclaimed, at every halting-place, in a loud voice, and in the peculiar pronunciation of Marblehead—

> "Here's ould Tim Ireland—for his haurd haurt,
> Taur'd and feather'd—and caur'd in a caurt."

Of boarding-house style.

"This boarding-house and hotel life, so common over all the country, and especially in the western cities, must exercise an unfavourable influence on the habits even of men, and still more so on those of women. You cannot arrive or depart, come into or go out from these large establish-

ments, without passing through crowds of men of all ages, from 16 to 70, the greater number of whom are chewing or smoking, and some doing both, and all lounging or sitting in attitudes that would be thought rude and vulgar in any other country than this; some sitting in one chair, and having their legs thrown up on the back of another; some using the hand-rail of the balcony or piazza for the same purpose; and some with chairs close against the walls of the house, but resting on their hind legs only, the front legs being lifted up to give elevation to the knees of the sitters, which are sometimes lifted up as high as their chins. Add to this, the crowd about the bar-room, taking mint juleps, and other morning drinks, with still stronger draughts in the after part of the day; and it can readily be imagined, that the constant familiarity of such scenes, presented daily before the eyes of young ladies, must tend to blunt their sensibilities, and gradually wear away that delicacy and refinement, which is the most graceful charm of the sex."

Of Yankee elocution.

"One of our Western passengers declared that in a part of the prairie from which he had come, they were so thick that if you held out your naked arm straight for a few minutes, so as to allow them to settle on it, they would be followed by such a cloud of others hovering round them, that if you suddenly drew in your arm, you would perceive a clear hole left in the cloud, by the space which the arm had occupied! But the Western people delight in these exaggerated figures; for in the course of the night, one of them remarked, on the comparative speed of two boats on the Illinois river, that one of them would go faster while she was standing still, than the other with all her steam on; and the driver, who was dissatisfied with the dulness of the lamps prepared for our last stage of the journey, exclaimed, 'Well, if we can only rig out two more such lamps as these, we shall be pretty near to total darkness.'"

A native opinion of the component parts of brandy.

"An Ottoway chief, known to the French by the name of 'White John,' was a great drunkard. Count Frontenac asked him what he thought brandy to be made of; to which he replied, 'It must be made of hearts and tongues, for when I have drunken plentifully of it, my heart is a thousand strong, and I can talk, too, with astonishing freedom and rapidity!'"

The wisdom of a country, like that of an individual, is to learn from whatever example he may find, and from whatever quarter. Thus we think that England may well derive a lesson from the better feeling of America on the subject of cemetery interment. In providing new homes for the dead, it may be apparent that the welfare of the living may require their removal from the time-honoured sanctuaries where they have been wont to rest, but assuredly it is a desecration to turn the needful care of a final earthly resting-place into the subject of sordid speculation, forming companies and joint-stocks, for the barter of some six-feet measurements of mortal clay. We cordially concur with Mr. Buckingham in his just sentiments on this revolting species of speculative profit and loss, and should be happy to see this better example followed in our own country.

We have been enabled only to glance at some of these subjects of interest which abound in Mr. Buckingham's three volumes. What we have offered is but a sample of the store which remains behind.

A Popular History of British India, Commercial Intercourse with China, and the Insular Possessions of England in the Eastern Seas. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D., &c., of Trinity College, Dublin; author of "The Manual of Ancient and Modern History," "The Natural History of Society," "Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth," &c. &c.

The value of this work will be found most chiefly to consist in its being one of reference. Embracing no party, establishing no hypothesis, drawing no deductions, Dr. Taylor has simply laboured to compile a work which should consist strictly of facts—of facts uncoloured and unvarnished, leaving the reader to make such inferences as may be most accordant with his own preformed speculations. Thus it is free from political bias and from any leaning to either side of men or measures, and is at once painstaking, and impartial.

The vastness and value of our Empire in the East, and its influence, extensive and wide spreading, must ever render its bearings on the prosperity of the home country of the last importance, and literature performs one of her most useful tasks when she throws light on the commercial interests of a commercial nation. Dr. Taylor has studied so to condense his labours, that the mind at once takes in the field of his observation, the scope of his survey. We have here a compendium rather than a dilated history. A narrative of facts simply stated, and without any of the grace of colouring or adventitious adornment of style, by means of which truths become disguised, and either lose or acquire importance. In matters of grave moment we fully think the simplest mode of recital is the best, since the mind is apt to be carried away by lofty diction or glowing elocution. In this point of view Dr. Taylor deserves high praise. His work is not so much designed to carry the reader on through a splendid narrative of military adventure, successes and reverses, of the lavishing of exhaustless treasures, of native predatory warfare, or the jugglery for kingdoms, and the transfer of the regal diadem from brow to brow, as it is an accumulation of these and a thousand other facts, stripped of all adventitious matter and meretricious ornament, and formed into a compendium of reference most aptly fitted for constant application to on any and every disputed question.

Strictly in accordance with this plan, Dr. Taylor has commenced his work with the early history of Hindustan, in which he has given a brief record of its theology, derived from the best authorities; and passing to the Afghan and Mongolian conquests of India, and then tracing the history of Delhi, gives us a fair idea of the state of the country previous to the first footfall of British power, and tracing our struggles with French encroachments, and our uprooting of Dutch endeavours, follows the fierce struggles of our influence in all its contests both bloody and political, even to the latest events of our Afghan war. With praiseworthy fairness and impartiality, he has narrated the actions of the successive governor-generals of India, until, in a brief line, he records the landing at Calcutta, on the last day of

February, 1842, of Lord Ellenborough; and thus, from its earliest to its latest date, we are furnished with a history of the British Empire in India every way worthy of being established as an authority.

We cannot, however, close our notice without a word on the clear and luminous account of the Afghan war, a subject in which the public has lately been called upon to manifest no ordinary interest, both from the reverses of our arms and the condition of our prisoners. There is something strange in the general darkness respecting the objects of this unfortunate contest: whether we were plunged into it for the purpose of opening a way for British commerce up the Indus—which, however, has never yet appeared to be closed against us—or whether it were for the needful assertion of national ascendancy, even yet remains obscure: but Dr. Taylor, in the later portion of his work, has given us a valuable and succinct narrative of its events, and one that presents itself to the reader in an abstract form. He has also, in the same way, added a history of British intercourse with China, possessing similar recommendations. In the present state of popular feeling, these two features of his work possess a present interest which, though of course they will soon subside, and leave their subject on an equal footing with the other portions of his history, yet they now assuredly possess a recommendatory value; and had Dr. Taylor judged it well to have published these alone, they would assuredly have been well and widely received.

Polynesia; or, an Historical Account of the Principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand; the Introduction of Christianity; and the Actual Condition of the Inhabitants in regard to Civilization, Commerce, and the Arts of Social Life. By the Right Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. and D.C.L., (of St. John's College, Oxford,) author of "View of Ancient and Modern Egypt," "Palestine or the Holy Land," Nubia and Abyssinia," "History and Present Condition of the Barbary States," &c.

From among the great and engrossing objects which occupy the spirit and tax the energy of man in this his probationary existence, many of them doubtless worthy of the exercise of his loftiest powers and most intense interest, none may or can shape themselves out with such deep, instant, and soul-felt recognition of power as that of the promulgation of the revelation of divinity among the untold hordes of his own race, hitherto benighted in the darkness of mental ignorance. This world, at best but the cradle of an infantile existence, and but nursing the soul for its future maturity, can and does offer but toys and trifles to the puerile grasp; and when the strengthened vision pierces into futurity, the disproportion of the different states staggers the mind at once with the weight of the overbalanced beam. The contests for crowns, the thirst for fame, the acquisition of rank, title, wealth, and all that earth holds best, sink into trivial things, when the drop of time is compared with the ocean of eternity; and thus, when

the far-sighted glance pierces through the film of the present to the stupendous wonders of the future, we may well exclaim that no subject of interest can be found so stupendous as the promulgation of Christianity among man.

The work before us possesses this interest: it is an endeavour to trace the footsteps of Christianity in the islands of the Southern Sea. Those numberless bright spots, of favoured land, abounding in beauty and plenty, so lavishly enriched from the hand of our bounteous mother, Nature, known by the name of Polynesia, many of them fertile spans of living plenteousness, and the homes of our wild untaught brethren of the great human family. Whether these, the oases of the ocean, be the result of volcanic eruption, or owe their birth to the accumulated toils of myriads of the insect tribe, who are thus daily teaching us the vast amount of minute labours, is a curious speculation to the philosopher of nature; but the philosopher of religion looks rather on the history of mind than of matter, and traces with an interest beyond the power of any other subject to awaken, the progress of the wild denizen of the woods, from his starting post of idolatry and degradation to the goal of civilization and Christianity. Men may talk of the religion of nature, and make it round a period finely, or be the poetical burden of a stanza, and it shall ring musically upon the ear, but, in truth, nature teaches the children of these wilds and forests little save murder and massacre, infanticide and violence; bloodshed and war, and cannibalism, and spoliation, and treachery. It is but as yesterday that these and their kindred crimes were dominant with more or less of virulent sway among the inhabitants of these clustered islands, and now, when we see them "clothed and in their right mind," we may well pause and admire.

Unquestionably much good has been effected: the labour of love has not been wasted in vain. Peace and order shed their grace where all before was dark and bloody. But, is it civilization or Christianity which has worked the miracle?

For our own part, we have a sad doubt upon the subject; we doubt whether the time has yet arrived when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Missionary labours have not in their result warranted too sanguine a looking for the harvest—it seems to us not yet ripe: still planting and watering ought not to be remitted, since the increase is at the bestowal of a higher hest. But meanwhile there are other fruits, the growth of human cultivation, which, being in the course of an ordained produce, may fitly and fairly be looked for: they are appointed ends to an appointed means. Civilization is among them, and civilization has consequently followed on the introduction of the arts of social life.

Wherever man exists there exists also the elements of a thinking being: one at least wherein the mental powers are so far available in their operation, as to distinguish in all that concerns his near and immediate self-interest. Thus the vast and overwhelming superiority of the European struck at once and forcibly the appreciation of these wild denizens of the woods, and being at once ardently anxious to grasp at, and possess the advantages of our civilization, and believing that our religion was a part of our constitutional state, they

readily received it nominally as a temporal bestowal of good rather than a spiritual one, supposing it to be connected with our pre-eminence in arts and arms. The capricious abandonment of the faith of their forefathers, simultaneously, and at a few hours notice, as in some instances, cannot fairly be called conversion, and admission of these hasty, heedless, and untaught proselytes to the solemn rite of baptism, seems to us rather a rash and irreverent measure, believing as we do that the days of miracle, when the Holy Spirit called willing thousands to the banks of Jordan, ended with the time of the apostles. Emulative of our condition they were willing to adopt any measure to receive the like advantages, and thus became eager recipients of the forms of Christianity while altogether ignorant and even incapable of conceiving in their narrow capacity the nature of its requirements. Here is the reasoning of a chief of the Navigators' Islands. "It is my wish," said he, "that the Christian religion should become universal amongst us. I look at the wisdom of these worshippers of Jehovah, and see how superior they are to us in every respect. Their ships are like floating houses, so that they can traverse the tempest-driven ocean for months with perfect safety, whereas if a breeze blow upon our canoes, they are in an instant upset, and we thrown into the sea. Their persons also are covered from head to foot with beautiful clothes, while we wear nothing but a girdle of leaves. Now I conclude that the God who has given to his white worshipper these valuable things must be wiser than our gods, for they have not given the like to us. We want all these articles, and my proposition is, that the God who gave them should be our God." Here is a clear balance of interest. Again; one of the teachers of the Samoan Isles: "Some of them," he admits, "thought that by embracing Christianity, vessels would be induced to visit them; others imagined that they would thereby be preserved from the malignity of the native gods; many hoped that by adopting the new religion their lives on earth would be prolonged; and a few valued it chiefly as the means of terminating their desolating wars." And to adduce another instance of similar reasoning, on the authority of the Rev. William Tate. On a Sunday evening, after preaching (at New England) to his congregation, he found himself surrounded, at the door of his tent, by the greater number of those who had been his auditors. The old chief, who thought he must say something, cried, "Come, friends, let us all believe; it will do us no harm. Believing, what will it do? It will not kill us, for the white people do not die; it will not make us ill, for the white people are not ill; it will not make us ashamed, for the white people are not ashamed; therefore let us all, all, all believe; and perhaps it will make the white people's God gracious to us; and our souls will not be any longer bedevilified, but will be Christified, and we shall all, all, all go to heaven." These instances are sufficient to show how secular interests operating collectively as well as individually, brought these rude nations within the pale of nominal Christianity; personal advantages, aggrandisement, and gain, making them ready to dethrone their deities and trample them in the dust. Still it should be remembered that the narrow boundary of mind suffered them not to grasp any idea of the distinctive glory of the Jehovah they were thus preferring; all their com-

petency of choice resting on the comparative question of the worshipped as tested by the different condition of the worshippers; and thus by contrast readily arriving at the decision that the white man's deity was infinitely more able to bestow an abundance of coveted gifts, and luxuries, and means of power, than the blocks of wood which they and their forefathers had so long served with the devotion of idolatrous rites and human sacrifice.

The painful conclusion forces itself upon us that terrestrial interest rather than celestial happiness, is the great recognised motive for the extraordinary overthrow of idolatry, and the instalment of Christianity in Polynesia. Far be it from us, however, to underrate the value of this temporal regeneration. The very shadow of Christianity is brightness compared with all other light wherever it be cast, and its standard can nowhere be reared without a crowd of virtues and advantages rallying and clustering round it. Thus the arts of industry, the comforts of life, the fruits of labour, the improvement of the intellect, all decencies and graces, follow at once the planting of the cross; and though we cannot bring ourselves to believe that simultaneous thousands could at once cast off the bondage of ignorance, yet we trustfully hope that as there can never be a shortening of the divine arm, so there would still be a faithful few whose single spirits might outvalue a universe, each of these solitary pearls of price being enough immeasurably to outweigh the burden and heat of the day borne in their service: while carrying on our anticipative views we seem to see untold and numberless of rising generations, standing in the places of their living fathers, taught and trained in the faith which can alone make an hereafter blessed, and gathering in the golden fruit of that tree of life from whose sufficiency the very heaven is filled; while in the meanwhile we rejoice to behold infanticide, licentiousness, idolatry, and human sacrifices, passing into the great charnel house of the world's crimes.

There are some books which seem to confine our thoughts within their own narrow limits like a very imprisonment; others which not only give them liberty, but impel them into a far off traversing of mental travel: we know of no greater fault than the one—no greater merit than the other. The extent of our notice has proved that our right reverend author has done the latter: we could offer him no higher appreciation of his merit. He has executed his task with the right pains and the right spirit, and his work will be found as valuable as it is interesting.

The first sheet of paper ever printed in Otaheite was inked and pulled by royal hands.

"The missionary now named having, at the request of the directors in London, learned the art of printing, had carried out a press, with a suitable assortment of types, in order to furnish to the teachers in the several islands a supply of books. An office was built by the people, who now began to appreciate the value of even the small literary accomplishments which had been placed within their reach. The king, too, manifested a great interest in the proceeding; and to encourage him in the good work, he was invited to throw off the first sheet that was printed in his dominions. 'Having been told how it was to be done, he jocosely charged his attendants not to look very particularly at him, and not to laugh if he

should not do it right. I put the printer's ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters; this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, it was covered down, turned under the press, and he was directed to pull the handle. He did so, and when the paper was removed from beneath the press, and the covering lifted up, the chiefs and assistants rushed towards it, to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black and large, and well defined, there was one simultaneous expression of wonder and delight. Pomare took up the sheet, and having looked first at the paper and then at the types with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs, and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more; and while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shown to the crowd without, who, when they saw it, raised one general shout of astonishment and joy.'"

And here Pomare builds a temple, with a mind somewhat emulative of St. Peter's, or that still more honoured of Jerusalem.

"Pomare II., though not remarkable either for taste or temperance, continued throughout his whole life to be an active instrument for extending the profession of the new faith among his subjects. Having heard of the temple of Jerusalem, the church of St. Peter's at Rome, and the magnificent cathedrals which do so much honour to the piety of England, he resolved to have a similar erection in Otaheite. In point of extent at least his plan might vie with any structure in modern times, being more than seven hundred feet in length, and nearly sixty in width. The centre was supported by thirty six massy pillars formed of wood; the sides or walls were boarded from the top to the bottom; and the lower end of the rafters on which the roof was laid rested on two hundred and eighty smaller posts. There were a hnndred and thirty-three windows, and twenty-nine doors. In the interior were three pulpits, about two hundred and sixty feet from each other; it was filled with forms or benches, except a small area in front of the pulpits, and the floor was carpeted with dry grass. The rafters were covered with a fine species of fringed matting, which, bound with cords of various colours in a very neat manner, gave to the roof the appearance of a splendid ceiling."

The Jack O'Lantern; (Le Feu Follet;) or the Privateer. By J. Fenimore Cooper, author of the "Pilot," "The Spy," and "The Two Admirals."

Cooper has a commission of his own for the high seas, signed by the supreme powers of Genius and Nature, and we always rejoice to see his admiral's flag floating wherever we come within the sphere of his authority. Cooper indeed may be called a sea magician, one of those enchanters who have a limitation of their power, a sort of local ruler over the spirits of sea and air. Place him in the dominions of nature, on the mighty ocean, or in the fastnesses of his native land, and he is supreme; but bring him into the vapid emptiness of artificial life, and like a bird brought out of the free air into a polluted atmosphere, he grows languid, lifeless, joyless, and all the spirit of his genius dies.

Howbeit, much to our self-gratulation, Cooper's genius is here once again lord of the ascendant. He has resumed his flag on the high

seas, and given us a tale of a privateer flitting about like a sea-bird, eluding all the endeavours of English sturdiness to catch him, and in following out the history, the reader must needs feel something like the excitement of the chase. Raoul Yvard, a young and gallant Frenchman, gifted with all the ardour of temperament which belongs to his nation, chivalrous, generous, fearless, and luxuriating in scenes of danger, and more than all *in love*, is introduced to us as the Captain of *Le Feu Follet*, and the gay lightness of his bright spirit and reckless bravery is admirably well contrasted with the imperturbable, slow minded yet cunning character of one of his subs, named Bolt, who, in his hatred of the English, by whom he had been formerly impressed, and, in spite of his grounds of exemption, which gained no credence, or what was worse, met nothing but wilful blindness, compelled to English service, perpetuates both a personal and natural antipathy towards everything tainted with English air or derived from English lineage. Captain Cuffe, the commander of the frigate called the Proserpine, being the vessel selected for capturing *Le Feu Follet*, happens also to be the identical captain, under whom this American Bolt was formerly in bondage, and thus the fear of being retaken as a deserter is added to all the other causes of his aversion. Love, however, leads the captain of the privateer, a very Jack O'Lantern sort of chase himself, and brings him into the very jaws of danger so often that destruction appears inevitable, and yet just when we think the light of *Le Feu Follet* extinguished, lo! we behold it blazing and flickering along in some other quarter quite as brightly as ever, and his enemies hardly yet persuaded that he is not still in their own power. It will at once be seen how much room there is in such a pursuit for the operation of Cooper's peculiar spirit. We are constantly reminded of a common spectacle, a boy chasing a butterfly, who every now and then thinks he has actually grasped his prize, and finds when he carefully opens his hand that his supposed prisoner has vanished, gazing with stupid wonder at the emptiness of his own palm, and at beholding the bright wings of his imagined captive, glittering in some distant sunbeam. This image is apt enough to express the fable of Cooper's recital: he has certainly made the minds of the English officers go on rather heavy machinery, whilst he has given to the French captain the buoyancy of a bird. Howbeit we hope that we can smile even at ourselves, and more especially when we must allow that he has been pleased to gift us with all that is essentially fair and honourable as generous enemies. There is a great deal of spirit in the manner, with which, artist-like, our author has chosen to transport us from one scene of interest to another. We are alternately aboard the rival vessels, listening to the plottings of the one, and the reprisals of the other; now hearkening to exultings of triumph, and now at mockery of disappointments. Ghita also, Raoul Yvard's well-beloved-one, is a beautiful creation of truthful tenderness and womanly piety, and we cannot but admire the tact of that discernment which has made the gay Frenchman adore his own perfect contrast. The high-souled Italian is altogether another being from the light-hearted, quick-witted, smiling, *demoiselle* of sunny France, and yet the reckless privateer pays her a sort of saint-

like devotion. This contrast of character is indeed most observable throughout the whole of this work, and deserves to be noted as a great merit. More skilful oppositions have never come from Cooper's pen, and much that is ludicrous as well as much that is beautiful is the result: if the attachment between the gay captain and the high-minded Ghita is the one, the mirth-moving interviews between him and the worshipful and learned Dogberries of Elba, where, passing for an Englishman, and piquing himself upon a marvellous mal-pronunciation, he contrives to mystify and muddle the brains of his high and elevated auditors, assuredly belongs to the other. The same skill has likewise been at work in all the subordinate characters. Captain Cuffe and his officers are all happy opposites, all the officials play off each other, and in truth, in none of his works has Cooper evidenced so much dramatic skill as in this "Jack O'Lantern."

Le Feu Follet is another evidence of Cooper's genius, and will still higher elevate his reputation.

The American Bolt, having been seized by his old commander, yet so leniently treated as only to have been transferred to his former duties, shall be introduced to our reader in the extract. Captain Cuffe is most anxious to ascertain the position of "*Le Feu-Follet*," and endeavours to extract information out of the Granite-man.

"'Here is an opportunity for you to fetch up a good deal of the lee-way, Master Bolt,' commenced the captain; 'and I am willing to give you a chance to help yourself. You know where you last left the Few-Folly, I suppose?'

"'I don't know but I might, sir,' answered Ithuel, rolling his eyes around him, curious to ascertain what the other would be at. 'I don't know but I might remember, on a pinch, sir; though, to own the truth, my memory is none of the most desperate best.'

"'Well, then, where was it? Recollect that the life of your late friend, Raoul Yvard, may depend on your answer.'

"'I want to know!—well, this Europe *is* a curious part of the world, as all must admit, that come from Ameriky. What has Captain Rule done now, sir, that he stands in such jeopardy?'

"'You know that he is convicted as a spy; and my orders are to have him executed, unless we can get his lugger. *Then*, indeed, we may possibly show him a little favour; as we do not make war so much on individuals as on nations.'

"Cuffe would probably have been puzzled to explain the application of his own sentiment to the case before him; but, presuming he had to deal with one who was neither very philosophical nor logical himself, he was somewhat indifferent to his own mode of proceeding, so that it effected the object. Ithuel, however, was not understood. Love for Raoul, or the lugger, or, indeed, for anything else, himself excepted, formed no part of his character; while hatred of England had become incorporated with the whole of his system; if such a man could be said to have a moral system at all. He saw nothing to be gained by serving Raoul in particular; though this he might have done did nothing interfere to prevent it; while he had so strong an aversion to suffering the English to get Le Feu-Follet, as to be willing even to risk his own life in order to prevent it. His care, therefore, was to accomplish his purpose with the least hazard to himself.

"And if the lugger can be had, sir, you intend to let Captain Rule go?" he asked, with an air of interest.

"Ay, we *may* do that; though it will depend on the admiral. Can you tell us where you left her, and where she probably now is?"

"Captain Rule has said the first already, sir. He told the truth about that before the court. But, as to telling where the lugger is now, I'll defy any man to do it! Why, sir, I've turned in at eight-bells, and left her, say ten or fifteen leagues dead to leeward of an island, or a light-house perhaps, and on turning out at eight bells in the morning, found her just as far to windward of the same object. She's as oncalculating a craft as I ever put foot aboard of."

"Indeed!" said Cuffe, ironically: "I do not wonder that her captain's in a scrape."

"Scrape, sir! the Folly is nothing *but* a scrape. I've tried my hand at keeping her reck'nin'."

"You!"

"Yes, sir, I; Ithuel Bolt, that's my name, at hum' or abroad, and I've tried to keep the Folly's reck'nin', with all the advantage of thermometer, and lead-lines, and logarithms, and such necessaries, you know, Captain Cuffe; and I never yet could place her within a hundred miles of the spot where she was actually seen to be."

"I am not at all surprised to hear this, Bolt; but what I want at present is to know what you think may be the precise position of the lugger, without the aid of the thermometer, and of logarithms; I've a notion you would make out better by letting such things alone."

"Well, who knows but I might, sir! my idea of the Folly, just now, sir, is that she is somewhere off Capri, under short canvass, waiting for Captain Rule and I to join her, and keeping a sharp look-out after the inimies' cruisers."

"Now, this was not only precisely the position of the lugger at that very moment, but it was what Ithuel actually believed to be her position. Still nothing was farther from this man's intention than to betray his former messmates. He was so very cunning as to have detected how little Cuffe was disposed to believe him; and he told the truth, as the most certain means of averting mischief from the lugger. Nor did his *ruse* fail of its object. His whole manner had so much deceit and low cunning about it, that neither Cuffe nor Griffin believed a word he said; and after a little more pumping, the fellow was dismissed in disgust, with a sharp intimation that it would be singularly for his interest to look out how he discharged his general duties in the ship."

Tales, Old and New; with other Lesser Poems. By EDWARD N. SHANNON.

The title of this work is so liable to misconstruction, that we think it well at once to tell our readers that it is composed not of imaginative prose compositions, but of poems, part of which are original, part translation. The first are undoubtedly an evident walking in the footsteps of Byron; the latter have the merits of faithfulness and smoothness of versification.

It would show wonderfully little knowledge of the capability of man, and prove still less of experience, if we were so far to expect originality as to measure merit by its presence or its absence. The minds of men, like their bodies, are so far cast in the same mould, that there needs must be common points of resemblance. Usually it is the differences of proportions, rather than differences of ingredients, which

make variety among us. Occasionally genius flashes across our dazzled eyes some blaze of originality, but it is at once apparent that if these corruscations grew common, if these fitful comets superseded the benevolent regularity of the genial sun—the benefactor who never quits his bounty-giving throne—the world would be at once disorganized, and all the laws of nature lose their truthful regularity. Thus, in the intellectual universe, we feel and know that *talent* is a better friend to man, and does more towards the elevation of his destiny, than *genius* with his flame of fire, that as often scorches as vivifies, and therefore it is that, in our editorial labours, we never measure even poesy by a standard which, in ordinary cases, we neither have the right to expect, nor often to desire.

Amongst ourselves, three great schools of poetry have been distinctly marked out by their three great masters, each of them unapproachable in his own sphere, and those spheres bearing so just an appropriateness to the distinction of the visible and invisible worlds, that it is impossible not to be struck by that something which may be called their nativity. Milton was eminently the celestial poet, with his lofty grandeur of diction shaping out to our mundane comprehension those visions of the *ideal* on which angels' eyes might be supposed to dwell; Shakspeare's school was the terrestrial, his instrument the human heart, its strings our passions, on which he played at will; while Byron, with all his caustic mockery, and his bitter spleen against our humanity, albeit replete with fervid beauty and glowing harmony, must of necessity be called the head of the infernal school.

Now, though something like the compulsion of nature forces the poet into one or other of these schools of poetry, yet it does not force him into imitation of any one of these masters. To wander through the same climes does not oblige us to tread in the very footsteps of those who have gone before us—on the contrary, ifwe find trackways of their path, that makes it but the more easy of avoidance. Imitation, also, is a destructive thing, inasmuch as it cramps a man's natural powers and stultifies his efforts. The man who imitates does not allow himself fair play.

In making these observations, we are not taking the matter of imitation on the credit of our own judgment. Mr. Shannon freely admits it—nay, rather claims a recognition of the fact. Our observations, starting from the same point, run entirely counter to those of our author, as avowed in his preface, in which he says, "The simple reality is this, that no author can produce a fine and striking work in the same style with any great poet without having a considerable mental affinity with him"—a deduction from which we totally differ, inasmuch as it is the defects of an author which are most easily caught, and being not seldom exaggerated, constitute the most striking of resemblances, just in the same way that the caricaturist seizes upon the distorted feature, the blur, or the blemish on the human countenance, and, by an hyperbolical amplification, so stamps the likeness as to command a more easy recognition than a simple reflection of truthful portraiture might have found. We say again, that, above all things, imitations are to be avoided. "Being natural, we naturally please."

And now, presuming to differ from the late Lord Holland, who re-

commended Mr. Shannon to devote himself to original composition, and to abandon translation, we turn to him in the latter character, and find him at once the scholar and the poet. His faithful rendering, his easy diction, his flowing verse, and his happy choice of expression, prove an ability in all senses equal to his task, and this, in translating Dante, is no slight praise.

Conquest of Siberia, and the History of Transactions, Wars, Commerce, &c. &c., carried on between Russia and China, from the Earliest Period. Translated from the Russian of G. F. MULLER, Historiographer of Russia, and of PETER SIMON PALLAS, M.D., F.R.S., Counsellor of the Board of Mines to the Empress of Russia, Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh, &c. &c.

The name of Siberia is more generally known than the mode of its coalition with Russian dominion. The country itself was scarcely known before the middle of the sixteenth century. Previous to this period, desultory inroads, effecting little beyond the subjugation of the Tartar tribes, and penetrating no further than the river Oby, were all that had been accomplished; and even this slight hold was lost, and with it all traces of intercourse. It was in the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch that a Russian merchant, called Anika Strogonoff, the master of some salt works at Solvytshegodskaia, desiring to enlarge his traffic, opened a sort of barter trade with the inhabitants of the north-western parts of Siberia, who, in exchange for toys and trifles, brought valuable furs; and in consequence of this slight communication, some gradual view of the advantages to be derived from a more regular mode of commerce with the inhabitants of the country opened out, and in pursuance of this object, the Czar sent a corps of troops for the purpose of subjugation, which, however, aimed at more than it accomplished, merely obtaining some slight tributes of furs, and even this being but a transient impost. Accident, which often gains more honour than effort, by effecting more, accomplished the object. The descendants of Anika Strogonoff were located at Orel, on the banks of the Kama, and it chanced that a fugitive Cossack, with a troop of some six thousand strong, after being routed by the soldiers of the Czar, and driven from the shores of the Caspian sea on account of those pillages and predatory excursions, by means of which the commerce of the merchants of Bucharia and Persia was so much disturbed, sought shelter and succour at Orel, of Maxim, the grandson of Anika Strogonoff. Here, being hospitably received, and his troop supplied with subsistence, the Cossack chief fixed his winter quarters; and being thus driven from his former sphere of action, with a spirit restless under inactivity, he turned his active and energetic mind towards a new theatre of exercise; and having drawn his host, whose inclinations were more plastic on account of recent injuries from some predatory excursions, into a participation of his projects, he threw his energies into a plan of operation which issued in an almost unlooked-for success. The chief of a horde of banditti was suddenly elevated into the condition of a sovereign prince; but, feeling in its full force the precariousness of his condition, he had the wisdom to make a tender of his acquisitions to the Czar of

Muscovy, and thus Russia was indebted to a mere robber chief, driven from one post of assault to another by her own expulsive interference, for a vast and most important addition of territory.

The little work before us carries us through this history of the conquest of Siberia briefly but agreeably—and it is authority. The conquest of the Russian arms was, however, to be stopped on the confines of China, and, after some hostilities, treaties of commerce established. We have here a minute though not an elaborate account of the Russian town of Kiachta, and the Chinese town of Maitmatschin, erected on the confines of Siberia, where the commerce of the two countries is carried on, with some account of the articles of trade. The description of this Chinese frontier town is interesting, and gives us glimpses both of the idolatrous rites of the people as well as of their domestic usages. On the whole, this translation from the writings of the Historiographer of Russia, and of the whilom Counsellor of the Board of Mines, will be found useful and interesting.

The Island Minstrel. By H. FITZHERBERT.

The poetic feeling manifested in this little volume claims a few words of praise from honest criticism. A native as well as an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight, the author has sung his native scenes and garlanded the rocks and glens of his boyhood with the wreaths of his poesy. His mind seems to have received its inward impressions from the aspect, and to mirror back again the reflection of the nature which surrounds him. The volume, however, manifests fitful and unequal powers, and the first and most lengthy of the poems which compose it, "The Lovers of Wootton," being, unfortunately, the least happy both in point of talent and interest, as well as being morally objectionable, we confess that we had well nigh closed Mr. Fitzherbert's book with a black mark against it, but our critical conscience whispering that it was unfair to judge upon a fragmentatory evidence, and that justice required a further weighing in the scales, before we pronounced the balance wanting, we proceeded, and, much to our own pleasure, found abundant cause to rejoice in our prorogation of decision. The minor poems evidence taste in composition, a power of musical versification, and a warmly responsive love for the beauties of nature. "The Mariner's Evening Hymn" is a fine outbreak of devotional feeling, and we could well select from the other portions of the volume several worthy though diversified companions. We doubt not that Mr. Fitzherbert will go on improving, though we must needs tell him, in his own words, that he degrades love into a

> "Low desire,
> A passion link'd to earthly clay,
> Alike to brutes and mortals given,"

instead of recognising in it a spark of

> "The Promethean fire,
> That bright, unstained, celestial ray
> Which emanates from highest heaven!"

and this, is not only a blemish on his own poesy, a grave offence against morality, but a heresy against the beautiful theology which tells us, with really intellectual meaning,

"That love is heaven, and heaven is love!"

The Christian's Sunday Companion; being Reflections, in Prose and Verse, on the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, and Proper Lessons for Each Sunday; with a view to their immediate connexion. By Mrs. J. A. SARGENT.

It has ever been a matter of lively regret to us that religion, so all lovely and loveable in itself, should, by something like a species of common consent, be severed from the tasteful and beautiful in all other things. Instead of being associated with whatever can elevate the soul, expand the imagination, revivify the spirit, or cheer the heart, religion has been and is too generally invested with an awful, chilling, and repelling majesty, from which the affections shrink appalled away, and before which joy quails, and imagination sickens. Those who have been instrumental in painting piety under this stern, gloomy, and repulsive aspect, have done much to mar the happiness of the world. We scarcely know a sin in the long catalogue of committal so deep as that of representing heaven as a prison, and the Deity as a jailer, and yet, in other words, these are the usual aspects in which they are made to appear, while the injurious blasphemy keeps men aloof from the very portals, under the thought that they are filled with the densest gloom, and that none but the irremediably joyless, the hopelessly miserable, "the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind," need such a refuge in the world's Hospital of Misery, though the Founder be divine. No injury could be so deadly to the cause of religion as this misrepresentation. So far from shedding this upas-like shade over all the bright things of life, it is itself the sunshine which the beams of the visible luminary but dimly represent. All that is beautiful in creation, splendid in imagination, tasteful in fancy, elevated in intellect, poetical in thought, beautiful in vision, and innocent in enjoyment, are amplified and hallowed by their association with religion, and they who sever the ties cut off a priesthood from a holy office.

Under these impressions, it is with the greater pleasure that we hail such works as this before us, in which there is an amiable endeavour made to re-connect the beautiful with the good. The plan has emanated from the admirable ritual of our church, her collects, epistles, gospels, and lessons, forming the groundwork of some sound explanatory matter on each Sunday of the year, in which the connexion between the parts of the sacerdotal service are so connected as to show the beautiful, harmonious whole: and these are followed by a pleasing effusion of poetry, either descriptive or contemplative, attached likewise to each sabbath day's commemoration; the whole forming a manual of piety, half of sober prose, half of tasteful poetry, that will be found, to the young especially, equally pleasurable and instructive.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book By Mrs. ELLIS, Author of "the Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c.

This is a very elegant and tasteful volume, in which the illustrations will be found a sufficient charm. The writing, both prose and poetry, is by the Editress, whose abilities are well known to the world, and whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the purity, morality, and even piety of its contents. Perhaps as a whole, Mrs. Ellis's teaching may be found rather too argumentative for the young, and her deductions requiring somewhat too great an exercise of juvenile logic for her *morales* to have due effect. Nevertheless the book is rich in golden embellishment without, and richer still with pictorial embellishment within, and happily it requires no very advanced stage of youthful reasoning to estimate these attractions.

The Nursery Rhymes of England, obtained principally from Oral Tradition. Collected and Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.

Although, generally speaking, we are accustomed to think that the greatest of our pleasures lies in the *future*—that Utopia of hope—yet the *past* certainly possesses a store of gratification already laid up, and available to us through the operation of memory; and, as though it were in satire of our would-be intellectuality, the greatest of our present pleasures lies, not in the splendid anticipations of coming days, but in the re-enjoyment of those of our childish ones. Thus it is that the "Nursery Rhymes," by striking on the chords of memory, make pleasant harmonies within us. We have here a volume full of those old doggrels that used to delight the ears of our infancy—doggrels that the march of intellect is leaving so far behind as to create a danger that they will soon have passed into the oblivion of old-fashion, though, for our own parts, we are persuaded that euphonious nonsense is quite as good as scientific sense for the understanding of babyhood, and far more agreeable to its ear. We confess to a sort of respect for these nursery gingles, when we consider that they were sung to the rocking of the cradles of such people as Milton and Shakspeare, and Lock and Newton, and we are therefore well pleased to see them collected into an erudite volume—one, too, that may be useful to the antiquary, by helping him to trace the footprints of the backward steps of time.

A Love Gift, for 1843.

This volume, with its rose-tinted, golden-wreathed cover, contains the very cream of all the poets on the prolific subject of the tender passion—the burden of every minstrel's song. It is a selection from the vast accumulation of all that has been sung and said in honour of the ignis fatuus little deity, and is, in fact, quite a devotional book for those who have faith enough to believe that Love is still a god.

Whistle-Binkie; a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle.

Under this title we have a collection of Scotch songs, rich and full of idioms and nationality, from the pens of various writers, and with numerous fac-similes of their respective autographs.

Love's Sacrifice: or, the Rival Merchants. By the author of "The Provost of Bruges."

We have here a cheap edition of this clever drama. It is a play in which the elements of the passions are worked into storm and tempest with a really masterly skill, and in which the characters are all well delineated, clearly defined, and forcibly expressed, and these high qualities render it as eligible for a reading play as for public representation.

A Glance at the Ocean.

Judgment in the choice of a worthy subject, and a correspondent degree of enthusiasm in its treatment, have done their share towards elevating this poem. Poesy is a pure and refined resource from the tedium of lengthening leisure, and the bard who, with the religion of a devotee, explores the realms of poetry simply for the elevation of his own character, and the worthy expenditure of that most valuable of this world's possessions—time—cannot lose his reward: he will find it in enlargement of mind and expansion of imagination. If, however, he strive for the comparatively vulgar things of fame and fortune, he will seldom, if ever, find them in the realms of rhyme. If our author be endeavouring for the latter, let him desist—if for the former, let him persevere.

Willich's Income Tax Tables.

These tables will be found highly valuable to all those who may be engaged in collecting, paying, or deducting the duty on tithe, rent-charge, dividends on stock, annuities, or any similar species of income. They show at sight, and with great diminution of the risk of error, the amount of duty at sevenpence and threepence-halfpenny in the pound, and are of the most easy reference. Accountants, and persons having property in public securities, as well as traders, landowners, &c., will all find their account in the possession of these tables, by their means avoiding the labour of calculation and the danger of error. The pamphlet will also be found to contain a variety of statistical information, all useful in its way.

Pounds, Shillings, and Pence; or, a Series of Money Calculations on a Novel System; illustrated by Examples shewing the Method of performing them in the mind, with less than one-fourth of the usual labour. Adapted to general use. By T. MARTIN, Accountant.

Time is money to those who are engaged in business; and anything

that economises the one must also economise the other. In this point of view this little arithmetical work will be found of no trifling value, since it does what it professes, shortening calculations and giving deductions with the greatest accuracy and rapidity. We cordially recommend all persons engaged in counting-house, warehouse, or shop, to possess themselves of this little work.

Guide to Hayling Island, near Havant, in the County of Hants, opposite the Isle of Wight. Embellished with a Map and thirty-seven Engravings.

This little work will be found a competent guide to the visitors of Hayling Island, and will afford hints that may be acceptable to the antiquary. The facility of steam communication, as well as the beauty of the surrounding country, will doubtless tempt summer tourists to make this one of their points of sojourn; and in such case it is well to carry such a portable guide as this in the hand. It possesses a more than commonly liberal number of illustrations, and must prove useful.

Cheltenham, in its Past and Present State; being the Stranger's Guide.

Another of the same class as the former, giving us both political and parochial history, as well as accounts of spas and pump-rooms, describing Cheltenham in its palmy days of royal visitation, and holding out very pleasing invitations for future guests; embellished also with numerous illustrations.

A Catechism of Geology, or Natural History of the Earth. By James Nicol, Author of "A Catechism of the Natural History of Man."

Geology is a science which is rapidly gaining on public attention, inasmuch as the earth seems to be graven on with lines full of theological reference. Passing over this, however, as an inference, and not as a motive, Mr. Nicol has arranged his matter with a view of simplifying and rendering it easy of comprehension to the youthful mind, as well as throwing it into a form in which the memory might best hold it in retention. This is a very useful juvenile catechism.

The Ladies' Hand-Book of Knitting, Netting, and Crochet.
The Ladies' Hand-Book of Fancy Needle Work and Embroidery.

A couple of neat little lady-like books, just fit for an elegant work-table, containing numerous instructions in those Arachne-like labours that at once adorn and beguile a lady's leisure. We believe that we may say that these miniature tomes are full of tasteful suggestions and valuable observations, and that they will be found very useful advisers, each in its own respective province of graceful industry.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL ANNUALS.

There is no subject so grateful to the thinking mind, as the exposition of any received abuse—the more especially, when that imposition is countenanced, and sanctioned by a body of men, over whom the public have no control; but who, from the virtue of their offices, foist upon the community, any system, which arrogance and interested principles dictate, under the full assurance, (emanating from their own select society,) and the flattering auspices of government security, that their sapient acts of council will never be questioned by those in power, and cannot be by those "out of the pale."

As public journalists, we are the first to welcome forth that man, who, fearless of consequences, and void of party feeling, steps forward to combat in a good and a virtuous cause; such a nature is not only commendable, but is an ornament to his country, and as such, we extend an open and a cheering hand. We are as candid and unbiassed in our opinions as the talented writer whose work now occupies our consideration, and in the perusal of which we have derived much information, and a considerable share of pleasure. "Systems and Singing-masters" is worthy the pen of its distinguished author, and deserves memorable investment in every musician's library, as an analytical comment and critical review; it is unquestionably the most ably treated little work it has been our good fortune to write upon, and proud are we to find, that such a popular meritoritoriously acknowledged musician as the composer of "the Mountain Sylph," should be its author. Of all men, *John Barnett* we should have selected for the task, and in masterly style has he handled his subject; and though it is one sanctioned by the "powers that be," and patronized by a deluded public, and in very many instances carried into operation and practised by the influential part of the profession—still, in defiance of all these obstacles, the author of "Systems and Singing-masters" has grappled with "the Monster of Numbers," in that manly spirit which has ever characterised his voluminous writings. He has thoroughly dissected a system as futile, and made up of incongruities, as it is insulting and revolting to the feelings of the educated musician. What must be that patriarch's feelings? We would instance Dr. Horsley, Dr. Crotch, John Cramer, and Sir H. R. Bishop, Cipriani, Patter, and numberless others, who have dedicated their lives and energies to the advancement of science and the cultivation of music in this country, whose pupils are the ornaments of the land. We say again, what must be their sensations when a mere boy, encouraged by a council of men, (who know nothing of the matter in the most distant acceptation of the word,) comes forth from obscurity, to dictate a new system of musical education, and modestly conveys his intention of teaching "The Masters of thousands." Puttue, a beardless boy, directing the latent energies of the composer of "Palestine," or the glee writer of the age, Dr. Horsley.

"Spirits of degraded genius, where are you?" arrogance and folly is predominant, therefore creep ye to the shades.

"Thy occupation is gone!"

In no one instance has the pseudo teacher of the million answered any query that has ever been propounded to him. No! to have courted inquiry would have been to make the bubble burst before its time, and that it will explode, is as certain as the light we receive from heaven. Take any one of the "Sixty Lesson Devotees," and place him to sing the inner part of a glee, or *lead* the point in a chorus, and he can no more perform it, than swallow the Monument; and these are the men that are to teach music forsooth—"God save the mark!"—creatures that cannot divine the difference between the major and minor 3rd, and have seldom meandered out of the key of C— innocent lambkins!

"'Twere a sin to mar their frolicksome sport;"

but then it is so pretty to be known as a certificated pupil of the Great Hulla Baloo. "I paid ten guineas, and am now a teacher of music." Think of this, reverend fathers of the profession! Ye, who have spent thousands in the pursuit of your studies, ten guineas to complete a satellite to illumine the world and astonish the community! Then, in addition to this, we have a considerable quantity of the "Great I Ams!"—music—effusions of genius, which otherwise would never have disgraced the paper on which they are printed, consequently the musical public have much to thank the council of education for; but for their flattering support, we should have been utterly ignorant of Hullah's invention of

"Pillycock sat upon Pillycock Hill," &c. &c.

and our nurseries have lost much musical refinement and classical knowledge. Mr. Barnett appears thoroughly conversant with the system propagated by Wilhelm, and in which he states there is much that is good, much to admire, and compositions of considerable ability; all of which have been studiously omitted by the teacher of the million, and sanctioned by the omnipotent council of education. What shall we say after this?—that to humbug is to succeed—ability is at a discount, and merit gone to the tomb of the Capulets. To such as have minds of their own, and have not been seized by this Hullah mania, we earnestly recommend to their notice Barnett's pamphlet, "Systems and Singing-masters," full of interesting matter, authentic information, and much broad humour.

The Queen's Boudoir, a Musical Annual, (Jeffreys and Nelson.)

One of the gems of the season, magnificently brought out, and possessing that singular recommendation, unqualified merit. We have rarely gone through a book, so replete with intrinsic worth, with one exception it is without fault; and that particular excrescence on a fair visage we shall point out as we progress in our review. The writers are, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Abdy, Charles Jeffreys, and sundry *Esquires*, as the prevailing fashion now denominates any scribbler in rhymes. Composers, John Barnett, Nelson, Loder, Davison, Glover, Louis Leo, and many others equally deserving praise, but who are new to the musical world as writers. We will commence

with England's ornament, John Barnett, a beautiful duet in A natural, "The Last Tree of the Forest," as elegant in design as it is beautiful in character. Words and music are so nicely wedded, that to particularize the one or the other would be to *widow* both. All that classic taste and refinement of feeling could desire will be found in this charming composition. "Zulima," and "The Pearly Deep," are betrothed offerings of Nelson and Jeffreys. We know not why it is, but certain poets, and certain musicians, become so allied to each other, that at last they almost become one and the same person; we would instance Sir John Stevenson and Moore, Sir Henry Bishop and Bayley, Crouch and Mrs. Crawford, and numerous others, whose creations are so wound up in each other, that to separate them would be to annihilate the sentiment of both. There is the same kind of masonic feeling in all the productions of these two clever men; the one appears to consult the experience of the other, and the consequence is, that whatever emanates from their silent cogitations is sure to be of that class which is so far superior to the mawkish ribaldry of the present ballad mongers.

"The Pearly Deep" is a charming cavatina, and very ably treated: it is not difficult to find whence the composer formed his model; however, it was a masterpiece of our first English ballad writer, and Mr. Nelson could not err in imitating a clever man's work; not that we mean to infer the composition under notice is a plagiarism—far from it; it is something after the design, consequently partakes of the spirit, of Horn's "Deep Sea." We greatly admire the first eight bars after the double bar.

"See where the Nautilus spreads her Sail." The imitation is beautifully conceived, and gives a really liquid flow to the melody. We certainly commend the writers of this illustration; it is one in every way deserving praise, and must become a popular favourite.

"Fair Zulima" is well written, and will doubtless make the publishers a large return as a teaching song, for which it is well adapted.

"He is gone on the Mountain;" words that would have immortalized any man; and we joyously admit that Edward Loder has done ample justice to them; he has composed a subject worthy his own bright talents, and the master spirit, the Bard of the far North; we are always glad to find a clever man anxious to do homage to a brother artiste, and when Mr. Loder chooses to exert those fires which are unquenchable in his fertile imagination, no musician can write better, or fulfil a poet's desires more worthily; he has our best thanks and wishes for future success.

There are three vocal pieces by Charles and Stephen Glover, all written with musician-like skill, care, and judgment. We would particularize "Echo," a song exquisitely treated—the one of *all* others created to bear us from those ills which life is heir to. Davison has but *one*, yet in that single effort the germs of the rising composer fully betray themselves. From the writings we have seen of this young man, we are certain his knowledge is by no means inconsiderable: and if he progress in the same manner he has begun, we predict him a bright and a successful career.

"When Clear and Cold the Moonbeams Play," will amply repay the purchaser, and also benefit the vocal student.

It is an old saying, that where the soil is richest, weeds grow most luxuriantly, and with this singular exception, "The Queen's Boudoir" is faultless; if Mr. Knight cannot produce anything original, we would recommend him to cease writing altogether, or else try the different effects of light. Query! Moonlight! Daylight! or Sunlight! the former, we should say, as no man (except when labouring under *lu*-natic influence) would ever perpetrate such a barefaced imitation—time, key, character, and for whole bars together, the same melody and accompaniment. In our last number we noticed a little unpretending trifle of Crouch's, (the Irish writer,) to such as are curious, we would say, procure "The Bridal of the Sisters," and Knight's new song, "By the Starlit Pallet Kneeling," and compare the same; and if a clever man could not furbish up twenty of these plagiarisms per diem, our avocation is not what it is—it is beneath criticism. From the degrading, we turn to the honourable and meritorious. All the Eastern poets, in describing Beauty, picture her as a "Pearl;" as that metaphor so fully conveys their just feeling of excellence, we shall borrow the simile, and openly avow the Pearl of the Boudoir to be Louis Leo's.

"Home is where the Heart may Dwell;" a more strictly classical morceau it has rarely been our good fortune to meet with, and if ever a native production did honour to her Majesty, as an admirer of music's sweet sounds, Louis Leo's "Home" must certainly bear away the palm. There is also a striking character about the words, and we hope Miss Day may write many more such "Pearls," ere her *day* turn to *night*. The volume contains many more contributions equally deserving praise, but which our press of matter, and want of space, preclude the possibility of noticing singly. With these, and the usual quota of ball music, quadrille, &c. &c., the contents of the Annual are summed up, which, for elegance of design, elaborate work, and beauty of artistical illustration, is equal, if not superior, to any book of the season. Brandard and Hanhart have been the draughtsmen and printers, to whom every credit is due for the perfection to which they have reduced the art—printing in colours.

The Eolian Pitchpipe. A new invention to supersede the old Pitchpipe or Tuning Fork. Manufactured by those clever men, JOHN GREAVES and SON, of Sheffield.

We have seldom, if ever, met with a more simple or beautifully contrived little improvement for the vocal student, or choral body, than "The Eolian Pitchpipe;" its advantages are numerous: first, its superiority of tone, its power, and its impossibility of getting, or being blown out of tune, the tongues or reeds being made of a peculiar metal, upon which the atmosphere or climate can have no possible effect, and the portability of its size, being only one and a half inch in length, and one quarter of an ounce in weight; sum all these satisfactory results together, by the side of the old method, generally adopted in our Glee and Madrigal Societies, and the opinion

must be in favour of "The Eolian;" it has also other recommendations which must materially serve to augment its deserved popularity, the tone being, as nearly as possible, that produced by the human voice. In this age of choral music, we unhesitatingly say, that no member should be without one, for it is as useful as it is ornamental, and redounds to the credit and ingenuity of the inventor; it has only to be known to be universally adopted—a success its great merits deserve, and which we hope to hear realized.

Vocal Part Music, Sacred and Secular. Edited by F. RIMBAULT, F.S.A. (D'Almaine and Co.)

Another of those clever publications, the scarcity of which has been so keenly felt in musical circles generally in this country. We are glad to find so able an editor engaged upon the work; he, of all others, was best calculated for the task, and from the first twelve numbers we augur much; in them are contained compositions of the great masters, from the year 1545, when the knowledge of singing *part music* was considered an essential for the entrée of polite society; that was the age! when music woke in men's souls the true passion with which the gods endowed us. The pastoral and the plaintive, the portraiture of men's lives and actions, not as it is now, the empty ephemeral gibberish of thousands of notes crammed into any compass, "the smaller the space and length of time" the greater the talent—it is music galvanised, without rhyme or reason. Melody is wholly out of the question; discord made doubly discordant, or, as we have heard a leading professor describe the system of scoring a melody now-a-days, "to find a really classical air and instrument it to the utmost—*and then take the tune away.*" What would the writers of the sixteenth century have said to this—those whose writings formed melody in every part? But, as we said in a leading part of our review, arrogance and folly are predominant, consequently, that which our forefathers proved to be intrinsically good, is now wholly banished for the heterogeneous mass of difficulties brought forward under the appellation "classical music" (humbug!) In the publication before us we have the writings of Luca Marenzio, Palestrina, Wilbye, Tallis, Dowland, Byrd, and many others equally celebrated. These names alone guarantee the sterling qualities of the work; and when we add, that it is published under such a form, and at such an insignificant price, as to be within the means of the poorest mechanic, we doubt not but in a short time the working classes of this country will become as musical as the peasants of the Rhine, and in place of Chartist meetings, harmony will prevail, and the songs of our forefathersbe heard from the Land's End to John o' Groats. Success attend this useful and unique little work—a credit to the editor as well as the publisher.

A Collection of English Glees. Edited by Sir HENRY R. BISHOP. (D'Almaine and Co.)

In this collection the most eminent of our English composers will appear, and being edited by that prince of glee writers, Sir H. R. Bishop, we predict a work deserving the support of a growing musical public, also of the vocal student.

The Stabat Mater. Arranged by HERZ as Duets.

We cannot compliment the arranger upon his adaptation of this popular work. The parts generally are too much in the middle of the instrument, and the left hand growling at the extreme end of the base. The effect might have been considerably augmented by the primo being written in octaves, instead of single notes.

Poor Faded Lily.

A ballad founded on an air of Sir Henry R. Bishop's, written and arranged by Crouch, (the Irish writer,) worthy the talents of both. We believe it was originally composed for the old romance of Cymon (as far as regards Sir Henry Bishop's portion). It has now undergone complete repairs, by new words and considerable additions to the melody, for which Crouch stands so popular. In the hands of our especial favourite, Mrs. A. Toulmin, for whom it was arranged, every additional charm will be given that could be desired—voice, taste, and refinement of feeling. To the admirers of the sentimental we earnestly recommend this really elegant little *morceau*—an ornament for the school, and a *bijou* for the student's portfolio.

The past month of the "Musical and Dramatic Review" still maintains its masterly style and vigour, commendation, or reproof. Some of the memoirs are very ably written, and do honour to the writer, as well as to the memory of those whose slumbers cannot be broken by a thoughtless world's turmoil. As fellow-labourers in the arduous task of criticism, we cannot speak too highly of the mannner in which the reviews of this meritorious little work are penned; and as success ever dates itself from integrity of principle, certain are we that "The Dramatic and Musical Review" must take that high position in the musical world, for which its talented pages so eminently qualify it. With our present number, the second volume commences its eventful career; prosperity attend its voyage! May the southern breezes waft its deserved and increasing popularity throughout the musical hemisphere. To the chronicler of public events we cheerfully recommend "The Dramatic Review," as containing much information, its leading features being candour and truth.

MUSICAL WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Crouch's new Irish work, "Echoes of the Past." Compositions in the different styles of the ancient bards; words by Mrs. Crawford.

Dr. Arnold's Cathedral Music. Part IV.

M. Jullien's Chinese Quadrille.

Songs of Killarney. Edited by Jeffreys.

Crouch's "Songs of a Rambler," in continuation.

King Arthur, as now playing at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Beautifully illustrated by Brandard and Hanhart, from sketches by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

John Barnett's Treatise on Singing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

College Life. By J. Hewlett, M.A., Author of "Peter Priggins." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Jewess. A Tale from the Shores of the Baltic. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic." 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Charles Harcourt, or Adventures of a Legatee. By Georgina C. Munro. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

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Russia and the Russians in 1842. By J. G. Kohl. Vol. II. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

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The Jack O'Lantern, or the Privateer. By J. F. Cooper. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Literary and Scientific Almanac, for 1843, on a sheet, 1*s.*

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East India Register, 1843. 12mo. 10*s.*

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Wild Flowers Gathered. Original Pieces in Prose and Rhyme. 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Poetry for the Million. Edited by Peter Priggins. 12mo. 5*s.*

The Student's Journal. Eleventh Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*

Fireside Harmony, or Domestic Recreations in Part Singing. By Helen S. Herschell. Oblong, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Handy Andy, a Tale of Irish Life. By Samuel Lover. 8vo. 13*s.*
Sir Michael Paulet. A Novel. By E. Pickering. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Ball-Room Annual for 1843. 32mo. 1*s.*
Herbert Tresham. A Tale of the Great Rebellion. By Rev. J. M. Neale. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gaberlunzie's Wallet. Plates. 8vo. 8*s.*
The Comic Album, a Book for Every Table. 4to. 12*s.*
Edward Evelyn. A Tale of the Rebellion of Prince Charles. By Jane Strickland. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*
Bianca Cappello. An Historical Romance. By Lady L. Bulwer. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is nearly completed.

Mr. James's new work, "FOREST DAYS," will, we understand, appear very speedily.

Mr. Fenton has in the press a Collection of Poems, written on various occasions, of public and private interest.

Mr. Worley has, nearly ready, a Tragedy entitled "BORGIA."

A Lady has in the press a tale, entitled "RAYMOND," founded on facts.

M. Daubigné, author of the History of the Reformation, is about to publish "A DISCOURSE ON THE OXFORD TRACTS."

Speedily will be published, a new and revised edition of "OXONIA ANTIQUA RESTAURATA," containing One Hundred and Seventy Engravings; among which are faithful copies of all the Oxford Almanacks from 1723 to 1811, and numerous other Representations of Buildings now either altered or demolished; the whole forming the most complete Illustration of the Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings in the University of Oxford. In this edition the Plates will be arranged under each College, or Public Building; and the Descriptions will be revised, and continued to the present time, by an eminent Architectural Antiquary.

The new edition of "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1843," is now ready, corrected throughout to the date of publication, from the personal communications of the Nobility.

The corrected Edition of "BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE FOR 1843" is now also published.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There has been, according to the usual experience, a sort of lull in commercial transactions just on the verge of Christmas, though the animation produced by our Eastern intelligence is still being advantageously felt in the gradual revival of trade. There is a strong feeling abroad that prices will still advance, and confidence is certainly rallying. It is also expected that the new treaty which has been signed between this country and the Brazils will be found favourable to our commercial interests. There exists, however, a danger, whether, in the vigour of reaction, speculatists may not overstock the market. Considerable purchases have been made in the woollen markets for China. In Manchester goods the prices have been firm of such species of goods as are deemed suitable for the East India and China markets. In flannels there has been an average demand, with prices somewhat stiff. Many of the manufactories are in full work, with prices well sustained. The dampness of the atmosphere in some slight degree deteriorating corn, has also caused some reduction in its prices, excepting for superior samples in extra condition. In tea the market has been dull. Coffee has borne full prices. Sugar has been languid.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 28th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 171,172.—India Bonds, 48,49.—Consols, opening, 93 three fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 94 three eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 101 one quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l*., 2½*d*., 55s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian Bonds, 21 one half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 53.—Spanish, Three per Cent. Acct., 24 five-eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 101.—Portuguese Three per Cents., 24.—Brazilian Bonds, Acct., 72.

MONEY MARKET.—A loan of £1,500,000 for Canada having been sanctioned by act of parliament, the first portion has just been contracted for, and biddings made at the Treasury of 300,000 out of the whole amount. This loan is guaranteed by the British Government, and is to bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent., and to be paid off in twenty years. It is expected that the holders of three and a half per cents. will make transfers to these Canada debentures, should they not range too high. Money continues easy. The Directors of the Bank of England, however, continue to charge three and a half per cent. on their discount business, and as other quarters require but two and a half to three, they consequently do but little in this line. The termination of the insurrection in Barcelona has raised the value of Spanish Stock. The premium of Exchequer Bills has improved.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOV. 23, 1842, TO DEC. 16, 1842, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 22.—J. Sewell, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, money scrivener.—J. Seabur, Soham, Cambridgeshire, grocer.—W. Rayner and J. Rayner, Uxbridge, seed crushers.—J. Phillips, Hercules-passage, Threadneedle-street, tavern keeper.—J. Moore, Pitfield-street, Hoxton, grocer.—A. Walford, Manchester, commission-agent.—D. B. Finn, Nottingham, tailor and

draper.—T. Millington, Nottingham, sail manufacturer.—J. Lawley, Stafford, cooper.—C. Fish, Lincoln, butcher.—J. Parker, Manchester, builder.

Nov. 25.—B. L. Watson, Cornhill, flag-merchant.—J. Lowther, Queen's-row, Pentonville, builder.—W. Dedman, Bryanston-street, Portman-square, grocer.—F. Newcomb, Newgate-market, carcase-butcher.—S. C. Boyce, Fenchurch-street, cheesemonger.—H. Clapham, Liverpool, woollen-draper.—G. Swires, Birstall, Yorkshire, merchant.—J. Ashwell, Salford, grocer.—W. Barton, Saint Helen's, Lancashire, watch-movement-maker.—T. Holyland, Manchester, woollen cloth-manufacturer.—T. Perry, Kirkdale, Lancashire, builder.—J. Parry, Newton, Montgomeryshire, grocer.—P. Little, Blackburn, currier.—J. Wilkinson, Ardwick, Manchester, innkeeper.—J. Green, Leeds, victualler.—R. Bellingham, Wem, Shropshire, boot and shoemaker.—J. Webster and Mary Pickles, Morley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturers.—R. Loosemore, Tiverton, scrivener.—J. Wyatt, Plymouth, upholsterer.—J. Pepper, Wotton-under-Edge, tailor.—E. Lane, Cirencester, edge-tool-maker.—W. Castle, Wanborough, Wiltshire, sheep-dealer.

Nov. 29.—T. Rowell, Cambridge, linen-draper.—T. Feaver, Ludgate-hill, mercer.—J. Phillips, Hercules Tavern, Hercules-passage, Threadneedle-street, tavern keeper.—M. Edmonds, Park-place, St. James's, boarding-house keeper.—E. Everall, Liverpool, coal merchant.—B. Price, Birmingham, general dealer.—S. Appleyard, Manchester, stuff merchant.—M. Manwaring, Gornal, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Antrobus, Birmingham, plater.—W. Heslewood, R. Heslewood, and J. Skitt, Kingston-upon-Hull, white lead manufacturers.—R. Warren, Liverpool, druggist.—J. Cunliffe, Liverpool, coach and cab proprietor.—J. H. Chatterton, Nottingham, milliner.—W. Thomas, Bristol, tailor.—D. Thomas, Manchester, merchant.—R. Ellison and J. Goodworth, Barnsley, linen manufacturers.—J. H. Bell, Bristol, apothecary.—E. Mansell, Chippenham, upholsterer.—I. Bell and J. Davison, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, earthenware manufacturers.—W. Green, Cheltenham, coachmaker.

Dec. 2.—S. Parker, Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly, lamp manufacturer.—T. Fielder, Brewer-street, Somers-town, baker.—H. G. P. Tuckett, Poultry, merchant.—R. Coulsell, Milton-next-Gravesend, victualler.—W. Nairn and J. Liston, Tower Royal, Watling-street, linen cloth manufacturers.—I. Winter, Boxmoor, Hemel Hempstead, common brewer.—J. Hedgman, High Holborn, leather dealer.—J. Cunnington, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder.—W. Green, Birmingham, cabinet case maker.—W. H. Bond, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, wine merchant.—E. Heathcote, Manchester, victualler.—T. Caldicott, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer. C. A. Bradbury, Stockport, draper.—B. Thornley, Broadbottom, Cheshire, grocer.—W. Holt, Mansfield, hatter.—T. Marsden, jun., Northallerton, Yorkshire, mercer.—J. Jones, Glynn, Merionethshire, cattle salesman.—T. Allen, Macclesfield, silkman.—J. Greaves, Sutton, Yorkshire, factor.

Dec. 6.—T. Spence, Stratford, Essex, market gardener.—J. Hilliar, Lymington, innkeeper.—C. W. Walthew, Poultry, chemist.—I. Bloomenthal, Thornton street, Dockhead, wholesale stationer.—S. Boss, Frith-street, Soho, tailor.—S. Bastick, Brighton, hatter.—E. Davies, Great Crosby, Lancashire, blacksmith.—T. Evans, Denbigh, scrivener.—J. Meredith, St. Andrew, Pershore, Worcestershire, woolstapler.—G. B. Worboys, Bristol, perfumer.—J. Archer, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Wicks, Trowbridge, clothier.—H. T. Elliston, Leamington Priors, music seller.—J. B. and W. Robinson, Macclesfield, ironmongers.—J. Davies, Wellington, Shropshire, plumber.—W. Hoare, Derby, apothecary.—J. Whitehall, Wellington, Shropshire, innkeeper.—G. Portway, Birmingham, metal refiner.—W. Ryland, Liverpool, tanner.

Dec. 9.—E. P. Powell, Southampton, tailor.—J. Bursiem, King's Lynn, stationer.—E. Oakley and J. Wise, Poole, Dorsetshire, corn dealers.—J. Davies and H. Edwards, Westminster-road, Lambeth, linen drapers.—P. Blatchford, Plymouth, miller.—T. Hartley, Liverpool, hatter.—I. Wade, Manchester, grocer.—R. C. Janion, Liverpool, merchant.—R. R. Urry, East Retford, coachmaker.—W. Bell, Bridlington, Yorkshire, merchant.—J. Beaumont, Gainsborough, victualler.

Dec. 13.—W. H. Brewer, Ramsgate, bookseller.—J. C. Crispin, Eastcheap, shipping agent.—J. T. Burgon, Bucklersbury, wholesale hardwareman.—W. Oliver, Maidstone, upholsterer.—H. Rogers, Thetford, money scrivener. J. C. Mumford, Jubilee-place, Mile-end-road, grocer.—W. Pye, Old Brompton, builder.—S. B. Lines, Oldbury, Shropshire, grocer.—T. Castle, Newbury, horse-dealer.—T. Watson, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, tailor.—T. Wileman, Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, hosier.—G. Cottam and W. Osborn, jun., Leeds, wine and spirit merchants.—J. Vincent, Redditch, Worcestershire, pawnbroker.

Dec. 16.—G. P. Lethbridge, Portsea, linen-draper.—C. Huntsman, High Holborn, chemist.—C. M. Nicholson, New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, corn merchant.—C. Maidlow, Finchley, builder.—W. C. Knight, Great Suffolk-street, Southwark, builder.—J. Smith, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, grocer.—J. Jennison, Manchester, victualler.—J. L. Fernandez, N. L. Fernandez, and J. L. Fernandez, jun., Wakefield, Yorkshire, corn millers.—T. Williamson, Salford, Lancashire, grocer.—W. Atherton, Manchester, flint glass manufacturer.—S. B. Lines, Oldbury, Shropshire, grocer.—J. Aldersley, jun., Liverpool, broker.—J. Heap, Burnley, Lancashire, publican.—T. Baker, Birmingham, brass cock maker.—G. Armstrong, Castle Eden, Durham, grocer.—I. Smallcombe, Bradford, Wiltshire, coal dealer.—T. Hyatt, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, scrivener.—H. Cridland, Totnes, Devonshire, saddler.—J. C. Mayer, Burslem, Staffordshire, joiner.

NEW PATENTS.

M. Gregson, of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, Esq., for improvements applicable to the sawing or cutting of veneers. Nov. 2nd, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Edwards, of Bloomsbury Square, Clerk, for an improved razor-strop or instrument for sharpening certain cutting edges, and an improved material for covering the same, which material is also applicable to other purposes. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

Sir J. S. Lillie, of Chelsea, for certain improvements in roads. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

J. Bullough, of Blackburn, Overlooker, for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving, and is in possession of certain improvements in the same, which have been communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. Nov. 3rd, 6 months.

R. Bevan, of Liverpool, Wine Merchant, for certain arrangements connected with the circulation of steam employed in pipes or tubes for producing heat, and the application of such arrangements to various purposes. Nov. 3rd, 6 months.

J. Rothwell, of Great Bolton, Lancaster, Grocer, for a certain composition and preparation to promote the ignition and combustion of coke, coal, and other combustible substances, in stoves, furnaces, and grates. Nov. 5th, 6 months.

W. C. Jones, of Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth, Practical Chemist, for improvements in treating or operating upon a certain unctuous substance, in order to obtain products therefrom for the manufacture of candles, and other purposes. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

P. F. Ingold, of Buckingham Place, Hanover Square, Watchmaker, for improvements in machinery for making parts of watches and other timekeepers. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

A. Harvie, of Wilmington Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the process of vinous fermentation. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

T. Wrigley, of Bridge Hall Mills, Bury, Lancashire, Paper Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing paper. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

J. Mitchell, of Birmingham, Steel Pen Manufacturer, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of metallic pens, and a certain improvement in the manufacture of pen-holders. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

J. Spinks, the younger, of John Street, Bedford Row, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for giving elasticity to certain parts of railway and other carriages requiring the same. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

H. Lander, of North Street, Sloane Street, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, boilers, and furnaces, and in the methods of feeding and working the same, as also in the machinery for applying steam power to propelling purposes. Nov. 8th, 6 months.

J. Barnes, of Church, Lancaster, Manufacturing Chemist, and J. Mercer of Oakenshaw, Lancashire, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of articles used in printing and dying cotton, silk, woollen, and other fabrics. Nov. 10th, 6 months.

R. Brown, of Surbiton Hill, near Kingston, Tile, Pot, and Brick Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of garden-pots. Nov. 15th, 6 months.

C. Rowley, and J. Turner, of Birmingham, Button Manufacturers, for improvements in the manufacture of perforated metal buttons. Nov. 15th, 6 months.

A. E. G. A. Maubras, of Cornhill, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process and apparatus for filtering water and other liquids. Nov. 15th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

C. Smith, of Newcastle Street, Strand, for improvements in the manufacture and application of bricks, tiles, and other plastic articles or surfaces, and for cements or compositions to be used with, in, and about the same, for building and other useful purposes. Nov. 17th, 6 months.

F. N. Targett, of Blackheath, in the county of Kent, Gentleman, L. Castelain of Back Lane, Shadwell, Chemist, and A. Aubrie, of Back Lane, aforesaid, Artist, for a new method of refining or manufacturing sugar. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Coventry, Pattern Drawer, Rearer, and Cord Stamper, for improvements in weaving ribbons and other ornamented fabrics. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

C. H. Wild, of Birmingham, Engineer, for an improved mode of constructing floors for fire-proof buildings. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

F. O. Ward, of St. Martin's Lane, Gentleman, and M. Freeman, of Sutton, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in candlesticks, apparatus, and instruments employed in the use of candles and rushlights. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

P. T. Ralli, of Finsbury Circus, Merchant, for improvements in the construction of railway and other carriages, and in apparatus connected therewith. Nov. 25th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

I. Baggs, of Wharton Street, Middlesex, Chemist, for improvements in producing light. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

W. H. F. Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, Esq., for improvements in coating or covering metals with other metals. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Forest Days. A Romance of Old Times. By G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ., author of "Morley Ernstein," "The Robber," &c. &c.

WE know of no writer of modern days whose versatility of talent is more marked than that of the highly and deservedly popular author whose work is now before us in our editorial capacity. It is ever with lively pleasure that we welcome a fresh proof of his industry and the abundance of his imagination in the shape of the trios of pleasant volumes that so rapidly succeed each other, since we know that, as these productions successively appear, they allow us the pleasure of heartfelt and hearty commendation—and, whatever the world may think of the acidity of a critic's temperament, we can well assure it, when justice *commands*, rather than *permits*, the outpouring of commendation, the author, whoever he may be, has conferred a greater pleasure on the critic, in imposing the obligation, than he can possibly receive in the public discharge of the duty.

The aspects of genius are indeed various. His robe is of a thousand hues, varying with every refraction of light, gleaming with an opal splendour, and with a rainbow lustre, as fresh gleams of brilliancy are elicited from the ever-restless changefulness of his position. Occasionally the literary *artiste* may catch and fix upon his paper something of the glory of these varying phases, and afterwards working from this embodying of a happy flash, he finds the ray with which he paints sufficient to surround him with fame. Seldom, indeed, does artistical skill effect more than this, of which, if proof were needed, a glance at the labours of the most celebrated men would suffice. If only slightly investigated, they would generally be found but repetitions of their first successful effort. Mr. James's triumphs are, however, of a higher nature. We have scarcely done admiring one glowing picture, growing strong in the persuasion that what we are so admiringly gazing upon is his real *forte*, than we are suddenly surprised with some other gorgeous and glowing exhibition of altogether opposite

character, yet to the full as strongly impressed with power and vitality; and as we are compelled at once to withdraw our preconceived opinion that our *artiste* has but one aspect, however it may be modified, we are at once placed under the compulsion of forming another, namely, that he possesses as much of versatility as of talent.

Still, in every author's works, however much he may be absorbed in his narrative, or however strongly he may desire to shake off all tinge of personality, there will cling something of *self* to the point of his pen. The ink cannot flow colourless: it must be imbued with the hopes, the fears, the desires, the prejudices, the passions, the thousand ramifications of our own individuality. The writing must be redolent of the writer. The stream of his narrative, whatever that may be, must have passed through the strata of his own brain, the feelings of his own heart, and in the passage must have diluted and carried with it flavourings of the localities through which it has flowed. Just thus on Canova's spotless marbles, amid Turner's redundant revellings in his world of colours, and in Mr. James's volumes there is something of the signet of their creation stamped upon all. This perception of the author in his works is that which gives him oneness to our perceptions; otherwise, in his versatility we might have lost sight of his individuality; and this it is which invests him so peculiarly with that hold upon our feelings which Mr. James so eminently possesses: it is the link which, uniting itself with that of his talents, connects him with our sympathies, and renders him that wide and universal favourite which he has so undoubtedly become. The cheerful spirit, the hopeful heart, the high moral courage, which are discernible in every page of his writing, throw such a happy influence over all that he relates, that we involuntarily rise from the perusal of his tales with renovated feelings, with nobler desires, with a more philanthropic feeling towards our fellow-creatures, with less of the craven and the selfish within us, and with more of bravery and ardour in our hearts. Mr. James looks at a thousand varied objects, but he looks at them all through one glass, and that is illuminated with the sunshine of universal benevolence.

This consideration of the genius of Mr. James brings us to the particular work before us, in which all the happiest of his talents have had their full exercise. True it is that refinement polishes away the sharp angles of national character; and consequently, society in the nineteenth century must have lost much of that distinctive energy which it possessed in the thirteenth. We are almost, though unwillingly, of opinion, that intellect impoverishes the heart, since an over preponderance on one side can only be gained by abstraction from the other; and if this be the case with individuals, so too must it be with nations. England in the reign of Queen Victoria is a country energised by the intellect; in that of Henry the Third it was swayed by the passions. In addition to that lingering love of which every heart is sensible, that yearning towards the days of chivalry and our forefathers, that yielding to the spell of time, which, while it robs of vigour, invests with sacredness; the usages of England's olden lords, the rude splendour of their baronial halls, the plenitude of their lavish hospitality, the pledgings of their knightly vows, their indomitable

courage, their devoted gallantry, united with the parade of the tournament, their skill in passages of arms, the splendid emblazonment of armour, the very weight of which is a modern wonder, the ascendency of the church, with all her gorgeous pomp, and the mystic power of the priest—nay, we know not where to stay, so fast do the magnificent things of olden times crowd upon the scene! All that we can say is, that into this host of gallant things, this splendid pageantry of tilt and tournaments, this association of knight and ladye, this concentration of all that charms and fascinates us in our retrospections of olden times, has Mr. James carried us with such a realizing power, as to make us well nigh believe that we have trodden back the steps of time, or else that time itself has overtaken us, for assuredly, after having *read*, we seem to have *seen* all that he has described.

But Robin Hood, he who seems to have lived purposely to bequeath to us the rich legacy of his memory,—he who feasted lords and mulcted friars, not so much for his own good pleasure as to lay up for us a store of joyous recitals and mirth-moving traditions—Robin Hood, Little John, and the Merry Miller, with all the gallant band of archers in their suits of Lincoln green, those very *beau ideals* of thieves, the very epicureans of free-bootery; these all live and breathe on Mr. James's canvass, and not only has he given us most perfectly the perfect band, but he has added to it a creation of his own—an original both in mind and body—the boy Tangel, a creature supple, artful, yet faithful and affectionate—a gibing, mocking, and distorted dwarf, and yet a very hero in deeds and daring. We wish we could pause to analyse the character of this strangely natural being, for he is both strange and natural—an original, yet true to nature; full of contrarieties and yet consistent; but we are lingering when we ought to proceed.

The scene of this splendid drama opens when Simon de Montfort, emphatically called the *Great Earl*, held dominancy in England. The weak and vaccillating Henry III., and his son of sterner metal, the prince Edward, being then Leicester's captives, and the country torn between the factions. Scene after scene of vivid and vigorous interest succeeds each other, in which the ambition of the lofty and the affections of the lowly are equally finely delineated. The first few chapters, in which village life is portrayed, breathe such a May-day freshness, that we seem to linger over the sweet odour, almost unwilling to be lured away by even the pomp of chivalry or the grandeur of baronial castle. The humble but useful life of the villager, his competition in the rustic games, his dance on the green sward, the expanding of his heart's affections, the secluded inn, the venerable church, the fatherly priest, the May-day festival, with all the under currents of the passions of the various actors—then the introduction of the gallant band of brave Robin Hood, Scathelock, and the Merry Miller, and Little John; and then the carrying on to courts and kings, and camps and warriors, with all the train of their motley followers—We can only say, that Mr. James has lavished upon *one* materials for a dozen interesting works.

We have not spoken of the plot—it is not our intention to do so. Had the work been less certain of universal perusal, we might have

called it under review: as it is, we should only commit an act of supererogation. We will say, however, that the importance of the action warrants all the cost of its accompaniment. The good to be attained, the evil to be avoided, are as weighty as life can furnish. No greater hope, no greater fear, could be grasped by our faculties. More trivial intents could not have had the power of putting such mighty machinery in motion: being such as they are, no less could have effected the purposes of the denouement.

Again, the observance of one merit leads but to the discovery of another. Pause over one trait of mind, and it is your introducer to a second. Thus every action is fitted to the actor, and every event is the true parent of its successor. There is an admirable consecutiveness in the arrangement of the events; a fitting in to each other—the combination of a chain in which each link is yoked to its precursor, though each extremity be an infinitude apart—and thus runs on the tissue of this narrative; not one event could be disentangled, not one link extracted, without reversing all that was thereon dependent.

There is also a fine power manifested in the portraiture of character. The hero is full of that rightmindedness which ought to give him a passport to our sympathies, though modified and adorned with a hundred distinctive traits of individuality. Though like all Mr. James's heroes in rectitude, he is unlike them in nice particulars. And we hold this honourable feeling on the part of our author, who in the course of his literary career has never chosen to take a captivating villain for his hero, nor striven to abstract our admiration for some profligate adventurer, who was worthy of no elevation but that of Haman's gallows, to be that merit which must be dearest of all to his own heart. They who pollute the public taste and lower its standard of right and wrong, are guilty of no ordinary crime. The only legitimate office of the imagination is to elevate the heart, the mind, the soul, and Mr. James fulfils this just end in the highest degree.

We had a hundred beauties to point out to our readers, but as they are so manifest that none but the blind could miss them, and as in continuing our strictures we must necessarily fill that space which we are anxious to occupy with an extract, we give place most willingly to Mr. James, who is describing the escape of his hero from prison and from death.

"It was an hour past midnight—the sentries had just been relieved upon the castle wall—and Hugh de Monthermer sat by the window, lookingout into the depth of night, and gazing at the far twinkling of the stars. The mind was occupied in the same manner as the body, for it was looking forth into the dark night of death, and marking the small bright shining lights from heaven, that tell of other worlds beyond.

"His fate had been announced to him—that he had been judged and condemned without his presence—and that the first ray of the morning sun was to witness his death. He had solemnly appealed against the sentence, telling Lord Pembroke, who had brought the announcement thereof, that such a deed was mere murder. Neither had he left anything undone that behoved him to do, to check the base purposes of his enemies, by apprehensions of after retribution.

"But they scoffed at his threats, and heeded not his remonstrances,

justifying the illegal course they pursued by declaring that he had been taken in the act of treason. All communication was denied him with the world without, and even the materials for writing were refused—perhaps to guard against the chance of his doom being made known to others who might interfere to stay the execution, or, perhaps, to prevent him from recording for after times the iniquity that was about to be committed. A priest was promised him in the morning; but in the meanwhile he remained in solitude. He heard his good yeoman, Blawket, driven back from the door by the guards; and, with nought but his own thoughts to comfort and console him, he sat preparing himself for the grave as best he might.

"How often had he met the abhorred enemy, Death, in the battle-field? How often had he staked life's bright jewel on the chances of an hour? How often had fate seemed near at hand in the burning march through the barren sands of the east, and in the deadly pestilence? But in all these shapes had the grim inevitable Lord of the grave seemed less terrible than when waiting through the livelong night, with the certainty of being murdered, unresisting, on the morning.

"Active exertion, gallant daring, the exercise of the high powers of the soul, set at nought the idea of annihilation; and when, with eager fire, man puts forth all his faculties in the moment of danger, their very possession tells him that he is immortal, and makes the open gate of the tomb appear but the portal of a better world. It is the cold, calm, slow approach of the dark hour of passage, when the mind has nought to work upon but that one idea, which smears the dart with all the venom that it is capable of bearing. Then rise up all those dark doubts and apprehensions with which the evil spirit besieges the small garrison of faith. Then come the sweet and lingering affections of the world—the loves, the hopes, the wishes, the prospects, the enjoyments. Then speak the memories of dear things past, never to be again—of voices heard for the last time—of looks to be seen no more. Oh! it is a terrible and an awful thing, even for the stoutest heart and best prepared spirit, to wait in silence and in solitude for the approach of the King of Terrors!

"The young knight strove vigorously to repel all weakness; but he could not shut out regret. Twelve hours had scarcely passed, since, in the pride of success and the vanity of hope, he had clasped her he loved in his arms, and fancied that fate itself could scarcely sever them—and now he was to lose her for ever. Would she forget him when he was gone? Would she give her hand to another? Would the gay wedding train pass by, and the minstrel's song sound loud, and the laugh, and the smile, and the jest go round, and all be joyful in the halls of Lindwell, and he lay mouldering in the cold earth hard by? But love, and trust, and confidence said, No; and, though it might be selfish, there was a balm in the belief that Lucy would mourn for him when he was gone—ay, that she had promised to love him and be his even beyond the grave.

"Of such things were his thoughts, as he gazed forth on that solemn night; but suddenly something, he knew not what, called his attention from himself; and he looked down from the window of his chamber upon the top of the wall below. The distance was some thirty feet, the night was dark, for the moon had gone early down, but, even in the dim obscurity, he thought he saw something like a man's head appear above the battlement.

"In a moment after, with a bound as if it had been thrown over by an engine, a human body sprang upon the top of the wall, ran forward to the tower in which he was confined, and struck the stonework with its arm. The next instant, without any apparent footing, he could perceive one leg stretched upwards, while the hand seemed to have obtained a grasp of the wall itself, and then the rest of the body ascended to the height of about four feet from the ground, sticking fast, like a squirrel swarming

up a large beech tree. A long thin arm was then extended, far overhead, to a deep window, just beneath that at which the young knight stood, and by it the whole body was drawn up into the aperture of the wall, while a sentinel passed by with slow and measured steps. As soon as the soldier was gone, the arm was again stretched forth in the direction of the casement from which Hugh was gazing down, and the hand struck once or twice against the wall, in different places, making a slight grating sound, as if it were armed with some metal instrument. At length it remained fixed, and then the head and shoulders were protruded from the opening of the window below, the feet resting upon the stonework.

"Then came one of those extraordinary efforts of agility and pliability of limb which Hugh had never witnessed but in one being on the earth. By that single hold which the fingers seemed to have of the wall, the body was again swung up till the knee and the hand met, and the left arm was stretched out towards the sill of the casement above.

"Although the figure appeared to be humpbacked and, consequently, in that respect unlike the dwarf, Tangel, Hugh de Monthermer could not doubt that it was he, and reaching down as far as possible, he whispered, 'Take my hand, Tangel!'

"In an instant, the long, thin, monkey-like fingers of the dwarf clasped round his, as if they had been an iron vice, and with a bound that nearly threw the stout young soldier off his balance, Tangel sprang through the window into the room.

"'Ha, ha!' said he, in a low tone, 'who can keep out Tangel?'

"'No one, it seems, my good boy,' answered Hugh, "but what come you here for? I fear I cannot descend as you have mounted.'

"'Here, help me off with my burden,' rejoined the boy, 'and thou wilt soon see what I come for. But we must whisper like mice, for tyrants have sharper ears than hares, and keener eyes than cats. Here's a priest's gown and a hood for thee, and a chorister's cope for Tangel. Thou art just the height of the king's confessor, and I shall pass for his pouncet-bearer. Here's a ladder, too, not much thicker than a spider's web, but strong enough to bear up the fat friar of Barnesdale.'

"The feelings of Hugh de Monthermer, at that moment, must be conceived by the reader, for I will not attempt to describe them. Life, liberty, hope, were before him; and the transition was as great from despair to joy as it had lately been from happiness to grief. He caught the poor dwarf in his arms, saying, 'If I live, boy, I will reward thee. If I die, thy heart must do it.'

"'No thanks to me,' replied Tangel, in a somewhat trembling voice; 'no thanks to me, good knight. It is all Robin's doing, though I was glad enough to have a finger in the pie, and he, great cart horse, could no more climb up that wall than he could leap over Lincoln Church. But, come, come, fix these hooks to the window—get the gown over thee, and then let us look out for the sentinel—he will pass again before we have all ready.'

"'But there are sentries in the outer court, too,' said Hugh de Monthermer. 'How shall we manage, if we meet with any of them?'

"'Give them the word,' said Tangel. 'I waited, clinging as close to the wall as ivy to an old tower, till I heard the round pass, and the word given. It was 'The three leopards.' But there he goes now—let us away—quick!—he will soon be back again!'

"Letting the ladder, made of silken rope, gently down from the window, Hugh bade the dwarf go first; but Tangel replied, 'No, no, I will come after, and bring the ladder with me. I have got my own staircase on the four daggers that I fixed into the crevices. Go down, holy father, go down, and if that book be a breviary, take it with you.'

"'It may serve as such,' said Hugh; 'but, ere I go, let me leave them a message;' and, taking a piece of half-charred wood from the fire,

he wrote a few words with it upon the wall. Then approaching the window, he issued forth, and descended easily and rapidly to the battlements.

"The dwarf seemed to have some difficulty in unfastening the hooks of the ladder, however, for he did not follow so quickly as Hugh expected; and, whether the sentinel had turned before he got fully to the end of his beat, or his pace was more rapid than before, I know not, but, ere the boy began to descend, the soldier's steps were heard coming round from the other angle of the wall. Hugh gave a quick glance up to the window in the tower, and saw that the dwarf was aware of the sentry's approach, and also that the ladder hung so close to the building as not to be perceptible without near examination. His mind was made up in an instant; and, folding his arms upon his chest, he drew the hood farther over his face, and walked on to meet the sentinel with a slow pace, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

"The moment the soldier turned the angle, and saw him, he exclaimed, 'Who goes there? Stand! Give the word!'

"'The three leopards,' replied Hugh, in a calm tone.

"'Pass,' cried the sentinel. 'Your blessing, holy father! This is a dark night.'

"'Dominus vobiscum,' replied Hugh; 'it is dark, indeed, my son. But no nights are dark to the eye of God;' and turning with the sentinel on his round, he added in a loud tone, as they passed immediately under the window, 'You did not see my boy upon your round, did you? He was to come hither with the books; but, marry, he is a truant knave, and is doubtless, loitering with the pages in the king's ante-room.'

"'I saw him not, holy father,' said the soldier. 'Is the king still up?'

"'Ay, is he,' answered Hugh, 'and will be for this hour to come.' And on he walked by the side of the man till they were out of sight of the window.

"'The boy is marvellous long in coming,' observed the pretended priest.

"'Shall we turn back and see, good father?' asked the soldier.

"'Oh, no!' replied Hugh; 'this is the way he should come; for he has to pass round by the court, you know; unless, indeed, he goes up the steps at the other side.' Just as he spoke, the sound of quick feet following was heard, and the sentry turned sharply once more, exclaiming, 'Who goes there?'

"'The three leopards,' said a childish voice, very unlike that of Tangel; but Tangel it proved to be, dressed in his white cope and hood, and bearing a small bundle beneath his arm.

"'Thou hast been playing truant,' said the knight, 'and shalt do penance for this.'

"But he did not venture to carry far his pretended reprimand, lest some mistake between him and Tangel might discover the deceit; and walking on by the side of the sentinel to the top of the flight of steps which led down into the great court close by another of the towers, he there wished him a good night, giving him a blessing in a solemn tone.

"The guard at the bottom of the stairs heard the conversation between his companion and the seeming priest above, and without even asking the word, walked on by the side of the young knight and the dwarf, and passed them to the sentry at the gate.

"The large wooden door under the archway was ajar, while several of the soldiery were loitering without, telling rude tales of love to some of the fair girls of Nottingham, who had ventured upon the drawbridge, even at that late hour, to lose their time and reputation (if they had any) with the men-at-arms; for human nature and its follies were the same, or very nearly the same then as now. At the end of the drawbridge, however, was a sentinel with a partizan in his hand, taking

sufficient part in the merriment of the others, notwithstanding his being on duty, to make him start forward in alarm at the sound of a step, and show his alertness by lowering his weapon and firmly demanding the word. Hugh gave it at once; adding in a quiet tone.

"'Ought you not to be more upon your guard, my son, against those who come in than those who go out?'

"'Pass on and mind your own business, sir priest!' replied the sentry."

Letters on South America; comprising Travels on the Banks of the Parana and Rio de la Plata. By J. P. and W. P. Robertson, authors of "Letters on Paraguay," and "Francia's Reign."

If pleasant and familiar style, perfectly unpretending, and spiced with a species of light-hearted gaiety, joined to matter of sufficient novelty and interest, can render a work acceptable to the public, undoubtedly these volumes, owing their existence to the joint labours of two brother authors, deserve a kindly reception from the public generally. We say from the public generally, for they will not be acceptable to the reading world alone, that part of our community whose aliment is literature, and who must be fed with a certain amount of prose and poetry in regular rations; but that larger outer circle of readers, more general and more exclusive, who must have something epicurean with which to tempt their less eager appetite. These brother authors are already known to the world from their two previous works; and although "Francia's Reign" seemed, by the enormities which it related, somewhat to stagger readers used to the comparatively sober quiet of home rule, yet the veracity of the work can scarcely be impugned, and the object of our authors in the present narration is to take up the chain where it was then laid down, with the intention of giving a continuous history of twenty-five years' sojourn in South America, and so presenting one of the best accounts of the Spanish colonies, under aspects of great vicissitude, of which personal observation alone could enable the accomplishment; and certainly this object has been very happily effected.

From among the varied aspects which this world of ours presents to the inquiring mind, we know of none which has more of interest in it to rivet the gaze, than that of society in its germ, struggling up from its imbecile infancy into its maturity of strength. Among the peasantry of home this curiosity respecting the untaught habit of our own species has its power, but when carried out to other and far distant countries, where the relationships of our common nature are more separated and disunited, where climes and countries show the lines of demarcation, and where modes and manners are as dissimilar as hue and feature, the interest is far higher. In this point of view these volumes are admirable, furnishing us, as they do, with sketches of society for which we should be at a loss to turn elsewhere. Mercantile speculations impelled Messrs. Robertson to make alternate travel and sojourn at and from Corrientes, Goya, and Buenos Ayres, thus throwing them into scenes and localities as full of novelty and freshness to themselves, as is the impression when committed to the

page, and presented to the English eye. It is certainly true that our first impressions of a scene are the most vivid, and that we catch distinctive features, which we subsequently lose as familiarity robs them of their freshness. So far, then, from commending travellers for waiting until they can perfect their information, we would always recommend them to note down their first feelings, lest they lose in novelty more than they gain in solidity. The work before us bears all the traces of having been written on first impression, though, as is avowed, some after insertions may have added to its weight and value. In the first volume we have a vivid and highly graphic account of Corrientes, full of spirit and animation, not confined to statistical description, or political speculations, but a really interesting portraiture of men and manners, of country and condition, of place and people, observed with the eye of clear-sighted sense, and described with the *bonhomie* of a kindly heart. At the time when our authors entered on their mercantile adventure at Corrientes, the government was under all the horrors of misrule, being in fact in a state of anarchy and faction, with the Protector, Don José Artigas, at its head, having previously formed one of the united provinces of the River Plate, and being the capital of that large and fertile portion of territory known by the title of Entre Rios, it was considered as offering peculiar advantages to the processes of trade, the primal object of their settlement. In the prosecution of this plan, our authors, having extensively organised large tracts of country, and thrown all their energies into its conducting, became naturally familiarised with the localities and its inhabitants; and being most honourably and courteously entertained by all classes and conditions, we have here the result, in numberless light and pleasant picturings, which are full of novelty and freshness to the public eye. The boast of the people of Corrientes is, that their city was the earliest founded on the River Plate, for the first expedition of the Spaniards left only a small colony, afterwards destroyed by the Indians, at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, where Buenos Ayres now stands, and ascended to the site of Corrientes, and under the belief that all the old noble blood of Spain remained at the new settlement, their descendants look contemptuously on the dwellers of the younger-born city, and boast that the true aristocracy are alone to be found at Corrientes; while traces of the old Spanish pride are everywhere developing themselves, they help in the formation of a character, curiously compounded of the ancient leaven, modified by existing and surrounding circumstances. From Corrientes the scene changes to Goya, lying on the Paraná, about fifty-two leagues from the former place, which, being a port, offered greater facilities for commercial arrangements, with which we are pleasingly familiarized through the medium of our authors' pens. After some agreeable lingering, we are carried to Buenos Ayres, and are told many things relating to the revolution, which, though more valuable to history, are of somewhat less amusing character. From thence to England, with all the warm and glowing feeling of *home love*, and then we are carried back again to receive new particulars of the before-mentioned scenes, and thus the measure of five and twenty years of time in South America is completed.

That the work is most readably cheerful is a merit; that it is desultory was the necessary consequence of its plan. In the epistolary form, and addressed to General Miller, it went no further in the intent of the authors, than to express what they felt, and to describe what they saw, without entering into formal or methodical arrangement. Had it been otherwise, the book might have gained in unity, but it would have lost much more in spirit. The personal adventure, the description of character, the variety and the novelty, would have disappeared, the graceful and the tasteful would have proved evanescent, and in our estimation the work would have lost its most attractive features.

The buying up of hides, and their transport from the place of purchase to head-quarters, seems to have been carried to a vast extent by our authors, and we conclude our article with a description of one of these picturesque caravans.

"Nothing could be more picturesque than one of the long journeys of a troop of these carts, on their return homewards, laden with hides. Let us take, as an illustration of them, a trip of one of our tropas from Marote's estancia in Curusuquatiâ, in the rainy season, to Goya.

"Observe the Capataz,—the Commander-in-chief, — mounted on a strong, handsome, and well-fed horse, as he sips his last màté at the door of the estanciero's abode, from which he is about to take his departure, chatting the while with the good man of the house and his family, quite at his ease, yet watching, with eagle eye, all the movements of his men, as they busily prepare for a start. See him at last courteously take leave, and giving the word to *move;* observe him set out on horseback, at the head of the troop, grave, sedate, and smoking his segar. He has the appearance of half the South American yeoman, half the military man. He is dressed in a plain blue jacket, woollen trousers and potro boots. His waistcoa t is red plush, with metal buttons, and a broad and fine leather belt girt about his loins is fastened in front by two Spanish dollar pieces and a strong silver link, after the fashion of shirt sleeve-buttons, as worn in the olden time: in this girdle are stuck a formidable horse pistol, on one side, and a knife, with a silver embossed handle, on the other. He wears heavy silver spurs, has a silver rebênque slung from his right wrist, and on his left arm is hung a poucho of Indian manufacture. His head is bound round with a silk handkerchief, over which he wears a small hat, fastened with a slip of black velvet under his chin, and thus completing the costume of Don Manuel the Capataz, whilom a small but reputable estanciero of the province of Corrientes.

"See, following close upon the Capataz, the two leading bullocks, and after them the four others of the first cart; their necks all bent in patience to the yoke, as they give their united strength to the burthen they have to draw, and with which they sturdily though slowly advance.

"Behold the carreta or waggon itself! Its wheels, mounted on an enormous wooden axle, are alone of giant weight, height, and strength, and rough and rudely hewn. How loudly and harshly they creak as they turn round! and how *they*, too, seem to labour with the moveable storehouse which, sustained by their axle, is heaped between them! Look at the dexterous driver, with what ease he seems to guide his lengthened team, as they drag along the ponderous vehicle in front of which he sits!

"Another carreta follows close upon the first, and like to it in every respect and particular. Another and another, in a long and unbroken line, the end of which the eye can scarcely reach. Galloping up and down the line to see that all goes well, are Don Manuel's mounted assistants or lieutenants, their lasos to their *recados* or saddles, and their bolas

slung round their waists, both ever ready for every emergency, and both used in many different ways. Finally, and bringing up the rear, come the unyoked bullocks, driven and kept together by five or six Gauchos, well mounted, and dressed in their *chiripà* or kilt, cotton draws, potro boots, jacket, poncho, and little straw hat. Each attends sedulously to his own duty, while order, discipline, and regularity pervade the whole."

* * * * *

"His route (Don Manuel's) lay partly through deep wood and forest belts, skirting the banks of rivers; partly through open country composed alternately of what are there called *lomas* and *banados*, or rising grounds and marshes In summer the passage is tolerably easy, because then the rivers are low, and although presenting a rough and uneven surface, the swamps are dried up. But in winter the rills are converted into streamlets, the streamlets into rivers, and the rivers into torrents. The swamps become lakes with a sinking muddy bottom, and even in the uplands, the waters having stagnated in the ruts, these must be abandoned to seek a new road through the high and tufty grass which everywhere covers the surface of the open plain. It may readily be supposed that a journey of sixty leagues across such country as I here describe, with eighteen carts, each weighing, with its load, about two tons, is only to be accomplished with incredible toil; and such indeed is the fact.

"In passing through a wood, Don Manuel, now no longer keeping at the head of his troop, but anxiously reconnoitring the roads in advance, would come to a place rendered impassable for his heavy train, and then instantly all disposable hands, converted into pioneers, were at work, clearing away trees, and opening up a new track to avoid the difficult pass. Here, in spite of every precaution, a cart would perhaps break down, or an axle-tree give way; and then his men were, with equal celerity, called on to exert their ingenuity as wheelwrights; and anon, the lame carriage being once more set on its legs, the tropa would proceed forward.

"Emerging from the wood, 'with painful steps and slow,' behold them, after enjoying for some time the comparative ease of the upland roads, commence the traversing of a wide and far-spread banado or marsh, now completely laid under water. How the poor bullocks labour through the soft and sinking bottom! and with what animation the *picador*, that is the wagoner, though literally the *goader*, urges his team to the task! Ever and anon they are obliged to turn the cart aside from the deepening rut they make, and open up new ground; and it would be difficult to say whether the patience and perseverance with which the task is accomplished, is greatest on the part of the oxen or the men.

* * * * *

"Mixed with the tame bullocks is a certain number of others, not broken in, which the Capataz has purchased for the subsistence of his men on their journey. They are the best fed and finest animals he can find in a country teeming with a capital breed. Finer flavoured or juicier meat than theirs is not to be found in any part of the world, nor even in Leadenhall-market. One of these animals, accordingly, is selected, killed at a little distance from the circle, and cut up by the most expert butchers (a trade familiar to every Gaucho) in the tropa.

"Large fires, which, in the mean time, have been kindled on the ground, within the circle, begin to send forth their crackling noise and cheerful blaze, strongly illuminating and defining every object around as the light of day recedes.

"The first enjoyment of the Gauchos after hard labour is their màté or tea. As soon, therefore, as their work is done, and all the paraphernalia of their wagons "made snug," the rough and battered calderas are in requisition, and anon all are to be seen filling their màté caps,—sipping

the contents through their bombillas or tubes; here sauntering about, there sitting by the fire on a dried ox skull, and smoking their little paper cigars.

"This is the prelude to the more substantial meal of supper. Over the fires are placed about half-a-dozen asados or roasts, consisting of all the prime parts of the ox, run upon long wooden or iron skewers, which are stuck into the ground close by the fire, and hang over it at an angle of forty-five degrees. A number of the men, converted into cooks, watch over the culinary process with scrupulous care, and the nicest tact: the savoury smell which fills the air, as it meets the nostrils of the hungry expectants, whets farther their already sharpened appetites. Even the grave and phlegmatic Don Manuel begins to exhibit signs of gastronomic impatience. Hides are placed around to serve as couches, if not as chairs; the company is formed into small picnic parties, of three or four each: every one is ready, knife in hand; the salt is sprinkled over each roast as it is placed in the centre of each little knot of gourmands; and then, with fingers used as forks, and with knives as sharp as their own hunger, the Gauchos commence their glorious feast They have nothing but the beef and the salt. They care for nothing more: and the most inveterate frequenter of the Lord Mayor's sumptuous turtle feasts could not go through the demolishing process with more intense relish than that with which the Gaucho, in the plenitude of his digestive powers, eats his still more sumptuous and savoury asado."

Outline of the Laws of Thought.

One of the most plausible and prevalent of those numerous errors which are constantly in operation misleading the world, which is most rife in society, and most generally taken upon trust, is, that a man's reasoning wrongly is a matter of minor import, so that he act rightly: that the government of the head is of trifling moment, so long as the operations of the heart are free and active: and this, though it is as vulgar an error as any that is predominant amongst us, is not confined to the grades of the uncultivated alone, of which we may take an instance from Pope, who, in his plausible prayer, falls into this imbecility when he says,

> "For forms of faith let senseless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right!"

while this being right by accident, in itself involving an entire contradiction, is also the proof of such a disorganization of the whole elements of man, whose actions, requiring the concurrence and approbation of his intellect, must needs be altogether imperfect and valueless without it.

This undervaluing of the head, and overvaluing of the heart, produces endless results of anarchy and confusion. Right actions must have their origin in right motives. If bad passions infuriate and deserve the blame of one half of the world's wrong doings, bad reasoning may well take the sin of the other half. Indeed we might go much further than this: we might ask to be shown the man who, while he acts wrongly, reasons rightly; and, if such an example were produced, we should certainly look upon him as a phenomenon. When man lost his first estate, his noble understanding became a ruin, a wreck, a chaos. We may judge something of the strength of the structure by gazing on its vestiges. Anything approaching to approximation to-

wards restoration must necessarily involve the reinstatement of the intellect to the throne of government, and not till this is in some degree accomplished can we hope to find society more obedient to moral laws. Were we to go further, we might say, that when religion operates upon man, the intellect as well as the heart receives the renovating influence. Up to the possible point of his capabilities, the recipient progressively advances, the heart is directed by the mind, and acts in harmonious obedience to its dictates.

That the science of right thinking, then, is so much neglected in our educational establishments, is itself a proof of its necessity, since the neglect of the duty marks the absence or insufficiency of the motive power. The consideration is an all-important one. If man were to carry out the reasoning processes of his mind, if he were to put into action his dormant powers which now rust in inactivity within him, but of which the machinery would act with ever-increasing facility were it only once put into motion, there would be an immediate and mighty revolution in the world, a moral regeneration. In fact, religion would expand and diffuse her benign influences, for the right use of reason would assuredly elevate man in some degree towards the Divinity who framed the mental laws.

Thus, then, the science of logic is that which a slight perception of its offices proves to be at once incumbent upon all men. It is the cultivating of the higher faculties, the resolving into harmony and order the elements which are now in anarchy and confusion. The presumption is very strong that, by teaching man to reason rightly, he would be taking the first step towards acting rightly.

Believing that the abstruseness of the subject usually acts with a deterring influence, we have thus brought it into a familiar aspect of consideration. There is extreme difficulty in accurately defining the term logic. We are aware that our own remarks may subject us to the objection that logic, while it is the art of reasoning, does not necessarily involve truth as the result. There may be a suppressed premiss which would invalidate our inference. Thus, we may argue rightly, and yet arrive at wrong results. We are, however, with those who think differently. The conclusion and the premiss seem to us to involve the proper suppressed premiss. If an erroneous suppressed premiss be assumed, the error is with those who assume it. If the data point out a real premiss, then the conclusion is open to confutation. Thus we believe that logic is not only the art of reasoning, but the art of reasoning rightly—of arriving at true results—and its study is therefore incumbent upon all men.

Having thus glanced at the importance of the subject, we turn to the little volume which has brought it under our consideration—small, indeed, in size, but most weighty in value. The more diffused works of the logicians, of which we are already in possession, are fitted rather for the adept than the novice, and in the labyrinthine mazes of their organons the clue might well get entangled in the hands of an unskilled winder. A student is lost in the wild wastes of diffuseness, incapable of being his own pioneer. Here, then, we have a treatise every way worthy both of the teacher and the taught. Clear and lucid argument, close and powerful reasoning, deep research into the

labours of others, and an admirable power of incorporating and compacting them with his own, with perfect plainness of exposition; these are some of the many recommendations as well as merits of the work. Just such a manual the public needed, comprising as it does a complete system of the science—initiatory and yet perfected. This "Outline of the Laws of Thought" is, we feel assured, destined to take its place among standard works; its condensed form gives it all the advantages of easy reference, and makes it more facile to the mental labourer. Its admirable Introduction offers us one of the most valuable essays on the science that has ever been penned, comprehensive though concise, acute while condensed. The remaining portions, consisting of "Conceptions, Judgments, and Syllogisms," are in such a form that they might readily be committed to memory, and would be found a mental treasure, available on every occasion; while the book itself ought to find its way into every educational establishment in the kingdom, ought to be in the possession of every intelligent young man as an instructor, and in every library as a reference and remembrancer.

We give our author's opinions on Modality, as a formal part of Judgments, being a somewhat canvassed point.

"§ 31.—Of Modality as a formal Part of Judgments.

"Aristotle (An. Pr. I. 2. Pacian division) has divided Judgments into three kinds, according to the *mode* in which they are held true. i. Problematical, which are *possibly* true, but neither subjectively nor objectively certain. ii. Assertorial, which are subjectively true, but not objectively, i. e. are valid for the thinker himself but not binding on others: and iii. Apodictical, which are true both for the thinker and for all others. Kant has assigned to this division the name of Modality, and has decided that it belongs to the form of thought, assigning it an equal rank with Quantity, Quality, and Relation.

"On the exactness of the division of Modality it must be noticed that to many the class of judgments called problematical, appear not to be judgments at all, but mere expressions of an act of comparison which precedes the formation of a judgment, for in such sentences as 'Man is possibly immortal,' we are essaying to form a judgment, that is, to predicate one conception of another, but have not yet done so. These would perhaps prefer adopting the division of Clauberg, a Cartesian logician, who makes only two classes of judgments, the necessary, and those of moral certainty; the etymology of which last phrase contains the characteristic of the class to which it is applied, being that class in which a subjective certainty, influencing our manners (*moralis*) but not sufficient to convince others, finds place.

"§ 32—Reasons for rejecting it.

"Modality has been objected to, and I think with justice, as extralogical. But the question of its admission or rejection is, perhaps, the most difficult in all Logic, and requires some consideration.

"Is Modality part of the *form* of every judgment? If it be, it must be something in the judgment itself, any change in which would change the judgment. Thus, if an assertorial judgment become an apodictical, it is actually on this view a new judgment Now all parties will allow that the points of form in a judgment reside in the *copula* or *nexus*: that is, that

in *some A is B*, there is a different nexus from that in *all A is B*, and so on. But when we come to apply this admission to Modality, opinions are again at issue. The Kantian would urge that the *nexus* in an assertorial is quite distinct from that in an apodictical judgment; which his opponent denies, declaring that the *est* or *non-est* of an assertorial and apodictical have the same force and value. On this doubtful point depends the present question, which those who do not understand it, have settled in a very summary manner (see p. 11, note).

"Now it is plainly no answer to the Kantian to say, that the difference of nexus does not *appear* in the sign or word expressing it, since the same argument would hold against Quantity as well as Modality, for in *men are mortal* and *men are ingenious*, though the former is universal and the latter particular, the *nexus* is just the same as far as appears. Defects in the *signs* of thought do not affect thought itself."

Day Dreams. By Charles Knox, author of "Hardness," "The Rittmeister's Budget," etc. etc. With twenty Engraved Illustrations by Mason, from Drawings on Wood by H. Warren.

There is something so light, so versatile, so illusory in the character of poetry, its colours are so changeful, its forms so fluctuating, its wanderings so uncertain, that to define its distinctive features, to paint its hues, or to follow its leadings, might be about as hard a matter for a critic as any of the Herculean labours. We might as well endeavour to catch a few of the colours of the rainbow, to imprison a few rays of the sun, as to paint the form and figure of the ever-fluctuating aspects of poetry. The Epic in her gravity may sit in her solemn dignity, whilst we pourtray her characteristics, and blank verse may stalk majestically past us, slowly enough for us to catch her lineaments; but the fantastic muse riding hither and thither on a ray of the Sun, flashing and flickering across our dazzled sight, rather blinds our vision than enables us to mark the poetic features. Still in this brilliant indistinctness we may catch traces which are rather impressions of beauty than its definitions, though enabling us to form some measure of opinion of the whole graceful form.

Catching then the aspect of Captain Knox's poetry as far as its changeableness and versatility will permit, we retain an impression of two distinctive features, which are together the twin-life of poetry. The one is a luxuriant revelling in the realms of the imagination, a sort of buoyant floating on the cloudy pillows of the sky, enwrapped in the purple and the gold, with just so much of the material left as to retain language enough to express the immaterial; and the other the rich, sweet, and natural perception and exhibition of all that is fair, benign, and lovely in the domains of nature: now trooping among the fantastic trains of poetic images, and now rejoicing in the freshness of a summer morn, the birds of earth making melodious the courts of heaven. These are high attributes of poetry. When we open a minstrel's volume, we always look with somewhat of suspicion and anxiety to catch the ray of the first sparkling line, the first felicitous thoughts, the early glitter of the gold, the first flash of the

gem,—for sure we are that he who once pricks on the veir of the true metal, he who once disinters one gem from the mine, is on the right track, and will most certainly not rest until he has accumulated treasures. Thus when we opened on this passage,

> " From off the glad mountains the night mists have curled,
> There is light on the face of the deep;
> *And sunbeams have bent o'er a slumbering world,*
> *Their kisses have waked it from sleep,*"

we were at once satisfied that the poet's mantle had fallen on our author's shoulders, and we went on cheerily to find new beauties, and we did so at every page.

Our extract shall, however, be from the sterling rather than from the tasteful forms of beauty, knowing that from that we shall best warrant our commendation. We lament that our space will not allow a more ample justification of our praise.

> " Look thou for gladness in Humility,
> Let thy soul clothe itself in gratitude,
> Seek thou thy refuge in Futurity,
> And know that all thou seest, worketh good;
> Know life hath Beauty: SEEK, and thou shalt find;
> Know life hath happiness: ASK, it shall be given.
> Wouldst thou live well. Seek Life with Death entwined;
> The Death that leads to Life, the life to Heaven.
>
> " LIGHT.
>
> " Open the book of nature, and be wise;
> Gaze on the face of nature, and be gay:
> The wonders of deep love, before thine eyes
> Are not spread out for a mere child of clay;
> Thy form of earth enshrines a heavenly ray:
> Learn thou thy thoughts to thankfulness to raise,
> And thankfulness will teach thy soul to pray;
> For Prayer is ever best when blent with praise:
> Faith, Love, Humility, will gild Earth's darkest days.
>
> * * * *
>
> Eternity presides o'er the abyss
> Of that Futurity, where hurried on
> In one unceasing stream, man's grief and bliss,
> His passions, loves, and hopes, the captive's groan,
> The pen of wisdom, and the monarch's throne;
> And warrior's sceptre, all together tend,
> Mixed undistinguished in confusion thrown,
> Well hath that cloudy gulf the power to blend
> Friends, foes, slaves, princes, peasants in one common end.
>
> Common; but not the same—this much at least
> Benignant Providence to man hath given,
> To know that when the toils of earth have ceased,
> The weary spirit seeks repose in heaven,
> That those in humble faith, who here have striven
> With their appointed trials, there arise
> Pure from the proof, as through the furnace driven
> Gold shines from dross and earth's impurities
> Freed, and for ever; those the inestimable prize

Waits of an immortality of Love,
And Power, and Praise, and Knowledge, without end;
In realms of golden glory far above
The brightest vision ever mortal penned,
Or mortal mind conceived; for these extend
The portals of the eternal gates, and high
And holy greetings on their steps attend,
And clothe their spirits in divinity,
The everlasting robe of immortality.

Be such the Christian's hope, complain no more,
That all thou seest pleaseth not thine eye;
Know that a Power immortal watcheth o'er
The lightest gnat that flitteth idly by,
With an unerring yet compassionate eye;
A power that out of darkness draweth light,
And heavenly good from earthly frailty:
Be thy mind chastened, learn to judge aright,
Scan not Jehovah's works by man's imperfect sight.

Till thou canst count the sands that heap the shore,
Till thou canst tell the stars that gem the sky,
Till thou canst still the howling tempest's roar,
Till thou canst turn the stream that races by,
Till thou canst quench the flame that blazes high,
Till thou canst check the ocean's ceaseless dashing,
Till the pierced rocks gives passage to thine eye,
Till thou canst stay the lightning's pitiless flashing,
Or silence can enjoin to the loud thunder's crashing,

Till thou canst overcome omnipotence,
Till thou canst circumscribe ubiquity,
Till thou canst multiply omniscience,
Till thou canst magnify infinity,
Till thou canst understand eternity,
Try not immortal laws by mortal test,
But from thy weakness learn humility;
Then in the eternal truth wilt thou be blessed;
Whatever is God wills, and what God wills is best."

Our Mess. Edited by CHARLES LEVER. (Harry Lorrequer.) Vol. I. Jack Hinton, the Guardsman. With a portrait of the author and numerous Illustrations.

Mr. Lever, alias Harry Lorrequer, (we like not any change in an old favourite—not even of a name, though that has been pronounced of so little consequence,) has already been called to the bar of public opinion, has been stamped as one of the first pleaders of his day, and may now have as many briefs as he pleases. He has overcome all the army of difficulties which begirt an adventurous author; has trampled down obstacles and taken the world by storm. We congratulate Mr. Lever on his triumphs, and are most happy to offer him a leaf in our pages for his laurel crown. And see the differences in men's lives! See how some labour and toil out of the deep pit of

obscurity in which so much that is valuable and prizeable is engulphed, how with an escallop shell and staff they labour up the precipitous sides, and agonise their eyes to pierce the foggy atmosphere which surrounds them, and as they now and then gain a step up the steep sides of their sepulchral den, lose two in slipping down again; while others, exhausting themselves at once by more furious efforts, die of self-battlings, their very names unknown beyond the radius of their own narrow circle; yet while these struggles are going on in men burning with intense though vain desire to make themselves a name, some bold aspirant, favoured by some opening gleam in the thick confounding darkness, which suddenly discloses to him a glimpse of some more facile way, buoyed up with energy and lighted by hope, leaps lightly out from the vast multitudes of the unhonoured, unfamed, unknown ; and emerging into the full blaze of celebrity, finds himself henceforth in the orbit of bright and particular stars.

This has been Mr. Lever's lot, and we candidly admit that accident deserves no share in the merit of his success: it is his own—his own in every sense. He has walked in no man's footsteps, has tracked no man's path, has not reaped where others have sown. It is often with regret that we notice the mistakes which even clever men make in their own powers; their miscalculation of themselves; and, consequently, the perversion of their real and genuine abilities to uses which are in fact abuses. This misapprehension of a man by himself is one of the most general engines of self-destruction. By its means whole masses nullify their own powers, commit suicide on their own talents, which otherwise, fitly bestowed, might have fructified and enriched both themselves and the world. Mr. Lever has, however, escaped this mirage, these quicksands. He has thrown himself into that field for which his energies and his powers best fit him, and the world as well as himself may rejoice at the decision and its result.

Mr. Lever paints Irish life with the hand of a master: with some breadth of colouring it is true, but still with the power of that elaborate nicety of taste, which here and there fitly bestowed, renders his pictures so complete. An Irish heart must undoubtedly be different from an English one, and the mental anatomist may well find himself rewarded for studying the variations. In doing this none can assist him like our author. His very school is the Irish heart, with all its hot impulses, its passionate frenzies, and yet its most delicate, endearing, and unselfish developements. The high heart, the elastic spirit, the ready self-immolation, are elements of character out of which noble things ought to be moulded, and in reading Mr. Lever's works we see more in them than the mere impressions of glowing genius, the mere outpourings of a felicitous fancy—we see arguments why England should double, treble, nay, multiply beyond count, her exertions to give our sister country those richest blessings—*home blessings*—making her union with us one of love and affection, rather than of revolt and hatred.

But with more direct reference to "Jack Hinton," we can truly say that we find in it a renewal of the samepleasure with which we perused the author's former works. The first blush of novelty may be dimmed

by its previous publication, but its merit stands fast. The rich abundance of military and Irish anecdote is inexhaustible, while the mad frolic, the constitutional fire, the reckless prodigality, the untiring and unsated thirst for wild adventure and frenzied daring, have such truth of colouring, that we seem to hear the bacchanalian roar or the insane expression of infuriated passion, and see too the flowing of the ruby wine mingling with the gushings of the hot blood. We know not whether it be the force of contrast, or that the thing may really be so, but to our fancy the young Englishman, suddenly dropped down among this mob, comprising all between the kennel-vagabond and the dukely lord-lieutenant, the extremes inclusive, seems even cooler than his country, more prudent and less excitable, than might fairly have been expected: in short, with something of too old a head for the youth of his shoulders. This impression of ours may, however, be only the effect of that glowing colouring which in painting scenes of reckless revelry so warmly among the gay sons of Erin, has given to truth the effect of shade in the scion of our more equable home aristocracy. In accompanying "Jack Hinton" through his adventures, we have also some sort of impression of having been in his company before, and when we pause to reconsider, we make out a sort of discovery that there is something like relationship between the "Young Guardsman" and his elder brethren of the same parentage. This similarity, this sort of family likeness, so far however from diminishing our pleasure, rather becomes an additional claim upon our regard, by uniting the interest of Mr. Lever's past literature with that of his present, and we rejoice at every new introduction allowed us by Mr. Lever to the members of "Our Mess."

Geneva and Oxford; a Discourse delivered at the Opening Meeting of the Theological School of Geneva, October 3rd, 1842. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, President, author of "The History of the Great Reformation," &c. With an Introduction by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, M.A., Rector of Watton, Herts.

Few men could be better qualified than M. D'Aubigné, the able historian of the Reformation, to hold the balance between the Oxford Tractarians and that great moral revolution against which they have ventured to set themselves in array, notwithstanding the irrefragable proofs by which they are surrounded of its energetic effects and stupendous benefits. Whether this returning again to darkness is to any extent to prevail among us in time to come, time alone will show; but sure we are that if it is, great will be the guilt of those on whom the defence of the truth devolves, and who, having so sacred a deposit committed to their charge, shall have either slept at their post, or betrayed it to the enemy. Mr. Bickersteth introduces this valuable little work with a few pertinent and weighty observations. "The intolerable yoke of bondage," he says, "which some would bind on our neck in the use of forms, is neither required by anything in the Word of God, nor by any consent which ministers have given to use the services of the church, and, if unchecked, will go on, and bury all spiritual religion in a newly-whitewashed tomb of Popery." After

showing what the great principles of the Reformation really are, M. D'Aubigné proceeds to illustrate them by their opposites, and both these he has accomplished with great force and clearness. "Oxford," he observes, "conducts to Rome—Mr. Sibthorpe and others have shown it. Now, England owes all to the Reformation. What was she before? So sunk in lifeless forms, in common with nearly all Europe, as that despotism seemed the only preservative from dissolution. The Reformation developed in a remarkable manner that Christian spirit, those liberties, that fear of God, that loyal affection for princes, that love of country, those generous sacrifices, that genius, that force, that activity, which form the prosperity and the glory of England." And shall we forsake all this at the bidding of a few men who would bewilder our minds as they have their own with the dust of antiquity?—forbid it all that is noble within us,—forbid it common sense. "God has given the power of the seas," observes M. D'Aubigné, "to us, to carry the gospel everywhere; but if, instead of this, we carry another and a sacerdotal religion to the heathen, God will withdraw our power." We believe it, and we should ill discharge our duty as patriots even, did we not lift up our voice against so dreadful a catastrophe.

A Practical Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, its Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment: with Remarks on Climate, the use of the Stethoscope, and a Table of Physical Signs. By FRANCIS COOK, M.D., M.R.C. S.E., Member of the Royal Medical and Hunterian Societies of Edinburgh, and Physician to the Louth General Dispensary.

Hope is the moving spring of all exertion, just as despair is its bane. The persuasion that a thing is impossible, at once nullifies endeavour, and like the Turkish "it is fate," torporises activity and exertion. That great affliction of our country, that awful malady which has desolated so many household hearths, even now slaying its yearly fifty thousand, Consumption, has hitherto been placed beyond the pale of human encounter, by the received opinion, that its course could never be arrested, its power never be controlled,—and thus has this dread disease been left to commit all its fearful ravage, no man having courage to stand in the gap and throw his strength into the encounter of arresting its awful progress.

Now, did the largest-minded philanthropy desire a field for its exertions, did ambition crave an eminence to climb, either would seek in vain for a scope so commanding as that which seems to cry aloud for their exertions from the countries where this misery is sapping away so much of the life-blood of the community. If men can imagine glory in the murders of the battle-field, how infinitely nobler must be the glowing satisfaction of him who preserves life! and if a whole existence of absorbing thought could lead the medical student to some successful issue in the treatment of Consumption, the merely carrying on the eye for a few lustres of years and beholding the myriads who had else been sepulchred in the corruption of the grave, glowing with health and vigorous with vitality, seems to offer reward

almost too overwhelming to the heart, even for labour the most intensely self-denying.

With this impression, that it is ignoble to despair, we have the greater pleasure in finding hope authorized by competent judgment; and though in the pages of this Magazine we may not think fit to enter into pathological symptoms and treatment, we have much pleasure in transferring a portion of Dr. Cook's more general remarks to our own pages, and referring such of our readers as may, unhappily, have a deep interest in the subject, to the remainder.

"It must be acknowledged, that this subject is beset with difficulties, which might preclude all hope of a favourable reception for the following pages: such being the scepticism which prevails among members of the profession as to any benefit which science can confer on the consumptive invalid, as almost to have rendered the incurability of phthisis a medical aphorism; while any one who adduces arguments tending to a different conclusion, is listened to with doubt or incredulity.

"But are these doubts well founded with regard to a disease of which it is ascertained, from the surest of all evidence, namely from pathological anatomy,* that recoveries are of frequent occurrence: or is it consistent with the present advanced state of the medical art, that we should be contented to persevere in a mode of treatment, which, according to the admission of the author of a recent work on consumption, has no more power of arresting this disease than that which was in vogue ten centuries ago?

"It will be my object, in the following pages, to inquire into the causes of this failure, and to endeavour to ascertain why this disease has not participated, equally with others, in the improvements which have taken place in medical practice of late years. Remedies are now known for diseases, which, even within the memory of many now living, were considered to be beyond the pale of art: may we not hope that the time is at hand when we shall be able to say the same with regard to consumption? This desired result will not, however, be attained by those who, too timid to examine and judge for themselves, receive without hesitation or criticism whatever opinions and modes of practice they find established; but by those whose zeal induces them to study attentively the causes, symptoms, and progress of disease, and to give an impartial trial to the various remedies which are from time to time proposed.

"It is for this reason, not from any desire to undervalue the conclusions of others, that I have been induced to question the accuracy of certain opinions which are current, as to the proper indications of cure in consumption; and in the chapter on treatment, to recommend a deviation from the ordinary, or, as it may justly be termed, the debilitating† mode of practice."

An Essay on the Art of Flying, with an Indication of the Materials best adapted for Wings. Dated 1839. *Second Edition*, 1842. By CHARLES CLAUDE HAMILTON, Author of several Works on History, Geography, and Education.

We have lived to see our shops, streets, and houses lighted with an invisible gas, carried for miles under ground, and turned on or off for use at our command or pleasure. We have ships that can go with or

* "'Pathological anatomy,' says Dr, Carswell, 'has never afforded more conclusive evidence in proof of the curability of a disease, than it has in that of pulmonary consumption.'

† "'It is my conviction,' says Dr. Campbell, 'founded on no very limited experience, that phthisis is not only frequently arrested in its progress, or remedied after

without the wind or tide, or against both, as we may desire, which if stated as a problem fifty years ago, every sailor in the British navy would have flatly denied as an impossibility. We have railroads that will take us two hundred miles in ten hours without moving from our seat, if we so please. We have a highway called a Tunnel under the Thames, through which we may securely pass, while ships are overhead lying at anchor; besides many other marvellous achievements, and who shall say what we may not do? For our own parts, we have made up our minds to doubt nothing, and it is well we have, for here at last comes "*The Art of Flying!*" We are aware that we pay Mr. Hamilton a poor compliment when we say that we almost question if we should have thought him earnest in the announcement of his pamphlet, had we not chanced to observe the following going the round of the papers.

"The following notice has appeared in the *London Gazette*—'Application is intended to be made in parliament, in the next session, for leave to bring in a bill to authorize the assignment to, and purchase by, a company of certain letters patent, granted to William Samuel Henson, of New City Chambers, in the City of London, engineer, for certain improvements for locomotive apparatus, and machinery, in conveying letters, goods, and passengers *through the air*, part of which improvements are applicable to locomotive and other machinery, to be used on water or on land.'"

This at once set the matter at rest, and we could no longer venture to question but that some day or other, and we know not how soon, our mail-bags will be carried *through the air*, and our *Post* will be actually seen, without a figure, "*Flying.*" Should this be the case, as far as we can understand, Mr. Hamilton will have a fair claim to the invention, for he not only three years ago described the process, but pointed out the means. Any description of ours would very imperfectly convey the contents of Mr. Hamilton's pages, and we therefore recommend the pamphlet itself to the attention of those of our readers who may take an interest in the subject.

Man and his Mistress; or, Woman's Revolt. A Mock-Heroic Melo-Drama. By GEORGE NASH, author of "Records of the French Prisoners," "The Idealist," "The Drama," &c.

We suppose that a smile is all that Mr. Nash has expected to gain from his sprightly burlesque: smiles we have given, and smiles, we doubt not, will sunshine him all over. "Man and his Mistress" is a sort of Chrononotonthologos affair, with plenty of sharp hits and lively reprisals. Nevertheless, if the ladies should happen to look at the satire instead of the fun, we scarcely know where the poet who has turned his arms against them will find courage to justify his rebellion from the sovereign rule of ladykind. We doubt not, however, that Mr. Nash made an excellent and accurate estimate of the strength of that truly feminine quality, good temper, before he put it to the test.

its full developement, by some obscure sanative effort of the system, but that it is a disease amenable to the control of remedial measures, when these are applied in a proper manner, and directed under the guidance of a rational pathology."

Bells and Pomegranates. No. III. Dramatic Lyrics. By ROBERT BROWNING, author of "Paracelsus."

Mr. Browning is a very provoking poet; but he is a poet, and we are obliged to tolerate the vagaries of his muse, simply because there is in her the high blood of the heavenly-born Sister-Nine. Now, though we do certainly defer to the aristocracy of talent, we must ask him whether it is fair to us, or just to himself, to exercise the sort of tyranny which this poetical caracoling manifests? Never, surely, did the steed of bard so prance, and prove so restive—now floundering in the mud of obscurity, until, finding we are like to receive nothing but splashes, we are tempted to abandon him altogether, and then breaking into fire and energy, and carrying us into some scene where we suddenly catch sight of showers of the gleams of shattered diamonds. *We will not* be tempted into praising these Dramatic Lyrics. It is of no use for Mr. Browning to put in his plea that he has taken out a license for poetical frenzy; we hold that sanity is essential to sense, and we look for coherence, at least, in poetry.

In truth, we admire Mr. Browning so much, that we wish he would allow us to admire him more.

Scientific Wanderings, or Results of Observation and Experiment; being an attempt to Illustrate the Elements of Physics, by an Appeal to Natural and Experimental Phenomena. By the Rev. R. FRASER. With numerous Woodcuts.

When the man of real science condescends, from the elevation of his acquirements, to become the instructor of youth, he is at the least entitled to our respect and gratitude. The present volume has these claims upon us. It is a successful endeavour to clothe instruction in a familiar and agreeable garb, and to render it at once attractive and more easy of acquirement. The author has adopted the narrative form, and has happily effected a sort of personal interest in the travellers the reader is supposed to accompany. The present volume, which is intended to form one of a series, refers to aëriform substances, taking this branch of physics in its restricted sense, as relating both to airs and liquids, but it is the author's intention afterwards to carry his auditors on to the more complicated phenomena of solids.

We can only say that we are as well pleased with the execution of this little work as with its plan. Science, the severity of whose aspect usually deters the young, is here presented with so inviting an air as to attract as much as heretofore it may have repelled. Indeed this little volume ought by no means to be engrossed by the young. The amount of valuable information it contains must prove acceptable to every stage of life, for few there are who may not find important scientific facts, either wholly unknown or partially faded

from the mind; and though the manner may be adapted to attract the juvenile, assuredly the matter is all-important to the adult.

Inglis's Solitary Walks through Many Lands. Popular Library of Modern Authors.

This is a new edition of this lively and amusing record of Wanderings, and being in an economical form, sufficiently neatly got up, with fair paper and good typography, is as desirable as those who wish to possess the largest number of books with limited means could wish. We are always pleased to notice to the public these cheap forms of popular authors.

Steill's Pictorial Spelling-Book, or a Series of Easy and Progressive Lessons on Facts and Objects.

A pleasant endeavour to beguile a child into learning by means of illustrations, chiefly facetious and amusing. Many of the old-fashioned formularies are discarded, and some little endeavour at science, with a few easy lessons in natural history, introduced. We like the idea, although a few errors have crept into its execution, which will doubtless be rectified in a second edition.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Pictorial History of England.—This laborious and erudite work has now reached its fortieth number, bringing the revolutionary horrors of France down to the close of Robespierre's life, itself a just counterpart of the sufferings he had heaped upon others; and then giving about thirty pages of the "History of Religion," continued from a former volume. The illustrations very happily aid the descriptions, realizing at a glance ideas that words might inefficently express. When finished, this will prove a most valuable historical record.

History of British India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq.—We have now before us the third part of the fourth volume of this work, and having before expressed our sense of the merits of its author, we have only to say, that as he advances in his labour, we find his worth as an historian augmenting also. The work is as valuable as it is agreeable.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspere.—The refined taste and literary acumen displayed in the conduct of this work are of the highest order. We know not whether most to admire, the elegance of the illustrations or the industry of the research. Assuredly we have now a Shakspere enjoying all the advantages of a competent editorship.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Canadian Scenery.—Bartlett's Portfolio seems almost inexhaustible of beauties: it has already yielded

up a multitude, and seems yet as fruitful as ever. These simultaneous works are progressing on with no diminution of pictorial interest. "Glendalough," and the "Head of the Devil's Glen," are really grand.

Knight's London.—We should really be at a loss how to obtain from other source any one of the numerous pictures of men and things, of objects animate and inanimate, of society ancient and modern, that crowd upon us in the pages of this most instructive and amusing work. Capital articles on "Old London Rogueries," on "London Burials," "London Fires," "Billingsgate," "The Churches of the Fourteenth Century," "Sketches of the History of Crime and Police," and "Old St. Paul's," occupy the later numbers. When all are so good, it is difficult to pronounce on the best.

Elements of Electro-Metallurgy. By ALFRED SMEE, F. R. S.—The completion of this work is now before us; and considering as we do that we are as yet but on the brink of those wonders that the philosopher shall yet unfold to us, as he gains further and further insight into the operations of a power which shall dim and distance even the most vaunted of the discoveries of modern days, we are glad to see the subject brought in every worthy form before the public. The present publication has the double value of being useful as well as scientific, and having gone into a second edition, is a fair proof that its merits are in some measure understood.

The Local Historian's Table-Book. By M. A. RICHARDSON. This curious publication has now travelled down with untiring industry as far as 1796; and we must needs express our wonder at the vast mass of matter of solely local interest that has been here accumulated together. To the residents in that northern neighbourhood, the "Local Historian" will doubtless prove as valuable as it is curious.

The Works of Robert Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.—This promises to be an exceedingly pleasing edition of the Scotch poet. The *outside* predisposes us to be pleased with the *in*, as it presents us with a wrapper, composed of pictorial allusions to the principal actions of the poems of the bard, both spirited and clever. Internally there are some very pretty illustrations, and the edition is certainly got up in good style.

The Book of Scottish Songs.—This is a selection from the most approved of the ballads of a country which has ever been celebrated for its minstrelsy. The collection has been made with taste and feeling; the typography is excellent; each of the miniature pages are encircled with a delicate little border, printed in colours; there is a sweet vignette in the title-page, with some really interesting critical and historical notices appended. The work is well worthy the approbation of the class for whom it is intended.

A Chronicle for the Care-worn. By EDWARD WEST.—This is the first number of a new periodical, and from only having the few opening pages before us, we should hold ourselves rash in deciding on its

merits. We can, however, say, that the project appears to have been inspired by benevolent feelings on the part of Mr. West, who is the Secretary to "The Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society," and who seems to desire to induce a more kindly feeling, and a more compacting association between the higher and the lower classes. The motive is laudable, and we wish him success.

Perry's Gravitating Inkstand. — This is another of those useful inventions which Messrs. Perry and Co. have successively introduced. It consists of a longitudinal cylinder, which on being turned down presents the ink in a clear state for use, and on being turned up, secures it from dust and evaporation. By this simple contrivance, all the purposes of a closed inkstand are accomplished, with an ever ready supply of clear ink, free from the disadvantages attending those that are open. We have had occasion to speak of Messrs. Perry's previous inventions with deserved commendation, but we think this the most perfect we have seen, as not being liable to derangement. We have no doubt it will speedily come into general use, for which it appears to be admirably adapted.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Adam Brown, the Merchant. By Horace Smith. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Forest Days. A Romance of Old Times. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Lord Byron's Childe Harold. 24mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
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Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi, written when she was eighty, to William Augustus Conway. 8vo. 2*s.*

The Nautical Magazine and Naval Chronicle for 1842. With Maps, &c. 8vo. 13s. 6d.
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Life of Bishop Bedell. By J. H. Monck Mason. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
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True Stories from the History of the Church. Square, 2s. 6d.
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Life and Times of Savonarola, illustrating the Progress of the Reformation in Italy during the Fifteenth Century. Royal 18mo. 6s. 6d.
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Carr's Synopsis of Practical Philosophy. 18mo. 5s.
The Life of Robert Pollock. By his Brother. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Aikin on the British and American Constitutions. 12mo. 3s.
The Cambridge University Register for 1843. By W. A. Warwick. 12mo. 4s.
The Hollybranch. An Album for 1843. By Emma Davies. 4to. 12s.
Songs from the Parsonage. By a Clergyman. 12mo. 5s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is to be published about the middle of the month. The subject is one of extreme interest. Warwic, "the king-maker," as he was called, being the hero, the climax of whose life, Hume observes, "resembles more the fiction of a poem or romance than an event in true history." Such a subject from the author of "Rienzi" may well excite the high expectation with which the publication of this work has for some time past been looked forward to.

Mr. James's new work, "FOREST DAYS," is now published, and we have had the pleasure of giving an interesting account of it in our Review department.

Lady Chatterton, during her late tour, has collected materials for another of her valuable books of travel, which she is on the eve of committing to the press. A Tour in Spain is so courageous an undertaking for a lady, as naturally to attach peculiar interest to the narration. Lady Chatterton's Sketches, whether with the pen or pencil, are always beautiful; and we understand this work is to be profusely adorned with drawings of picturesque objects taken during her interesting sojourn.

A new work, of very striking character, is preparing, entitled "MAGIC AND MESMERISM," an episode of the eighteenth century, which will contain some very extraordinary details.

The new work some time since announced, under the title of "THE IRISH COQUETTE," and which has been delayed on account of the indisposition of the fair author, is now likely to be speedily completed.

The Viscountess St Jean's "SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL," are expected to be speedily forthcoming.

The new work, entitled "RAYMOND, a Tale of Truth," is now nearly completed. We hope to notice it in our next review article.

Mr. Fenton's new volume of Poetry, from which we had the pleasure of giving an extract in our last month's number, may be expected in a few days.

Mrs. Jameson's Guide to the Private Picture Galleries is advancing; though, from the number of details involved, it has been several times unavoidably delayed.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "SHAKSPEREAN CONCORDANCE."—This work, which has occupied more than thirteen years in preparation and compilation, is now being printed, and the first number is expected to be ready early in March. It includes not only every word in the various readings of the old editions, but has been completed to the present time by including the variations which occur in the editions of Charles Knight, Tyas, and Paine Collier.

A second edition of Mr. Michell's historical novel, entitled "THE TRADUCED," is just ready.

The long-expected engraving of the "Saints'-Day," for the Art-Union of London, is at length completed; the proofs will soon be in the hands of the fortunate prize-holders, and the prints in course of issue to the subscribers of 1841 in about six weeks. The excellence of the engraving, which is in the highest and purest style of art, will amply compensate for the delay that has taken place, and the distribution throughout the length and breadth of the country of upwards of five thousand of these prints, must do much for the advancement of art, and raise the standard of taste among the people.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We rejoice to be able to state that the manufacturing interests of the country are in a more promising state than they have for some time appeared. The cotton manufactures have assumed a more lively aspect, wages have improved, and there is a brisk amount of trade being done in the supply of goods for the Australian, Indian, and Chinese markets. We are glad to see this employment of legitimate industry, which we trust will go on augmenting, rather than prove fluctuating and transitory. The wool markets are also active, with some improvement of prices in the raw material. From among the destitute workmen of Paisley some hundreds have been taken into employment during the month, thus proving that in this unhappy district also some revival is felt. In wheat the market remains firm. In Colonial and East India produce matters remain nearly stationary. There has been in tea a steady demand, with prices slightly advanced. In coffee the supplies have been ample, and the rate somewhat lower. In sugar the market is steady. We also advert with satisfaction to the measure just adopted of sending out free labourers for the cultivation of our possessions in the West Indies, as likely to be productive of good to the home country. Altogether, we trust that affairs are assuming a more favourable aspect.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 27th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 173.—India Bonds, 6 pr.—Consols, 94 three fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 95 five eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 102.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.* 2*d.*, 64*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian ex Venezuela, 11 three eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three fourths.—Spanish, Three per Cent. Acct., 23 seven eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 103.—Portuguese Converted, 36 one eighth.—Brazilian Bonds, 75.

MONEY MARKET.—Money continues easy, holders feeling the difficulty of finding profitable employment for their spare capital. Spanish Bonds are now the principal subject of interest in the Foreign Stock Exchange, the doubts existing in the public mind respecting the suppression of the smuggling trade in that country, in consequence of a reduction in the rates of duty now in force there on the introduction of British goods having had its effect. A slight fluctuation of prices was observable on the English Stock Exchange, occasioned by the probability of some disagreement between the French and English Governments respecting Spain—a supposition, however, sufficiently unfounded.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 20, 1842, TO JAN. 20, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 20.—W. Butler, Holborn-hill, victualler.—W. W. Mansell, Old Broad-street, City, bill-broker.—R. Percival, Hockerill, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.—J. Duncan, Lombard-street, cloth merchant. — W. Ashcroft, jun., Arbour-square, Commercial-road, cooper. — J. J. Dell, Strand, tavern keeper. — A. D. Brokovski, High-street, Wapping, ship chandler. — W. Webb, Liverpool, ironmonger. — W. Wright, Burslem, Staffordshire, baker.—D. Matthews, Pendleton, Lancashire, victualler.

Dec. 23.—T. Blason, Ecton, Northamptonshire, innkeeper. — C. Jones, Devereux-court, Strand, hotel-keeper.—W. Bowler, Castle-lane, Southwark, comb-maker.—G. B. Salvi, Duke-street, Portland-place, wine-merchant.—J. Bennett, Reading, Berkshire, railroad-contractor.—J. Buckthought, East Looe, Cornwall, carrier. — G. Richmond, Rose-hill, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer. — T. Fraser, Brook-street, Bond-street, Italian warehouseman.—R. Barnes, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tanner. — C. Allen, Walsall, Staffordshire, saddler.—H. Pitt, Selby, Yorkshire, wine-merchant.—J. and W. Herring, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants.—J. Gregory, Sheffield, manufacturer of table knives.

Dec. 27.—W. J. B. Staunton, Bishopsgate-street, City, wine-merchant. — S. Partridge, Peerless-row, City-road, licensed victualler.—T. F. Harris, Great Portland-street, draper.—G. Coates, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, apothecary.—T. Kimpton, High-street, Newington-butts, Surrey, draper.—J. Pawcett, St. John's-street, St. Sepulchre, coach-builder. — G. Harker, Sunderlandwick, Yorkshire, farmer.—T. Holt, Clitheroe, dealer in coals.—J. N. Sargent, Nottingham, grocer.

Dec. 30.—J. Godson, Wilstead-street, New-road, licensed victualler. — B. H. Thorold, Harmston, Lincolnshire.—J. Barnes, Jermyn-street, St. James's, lodginghouse-keeper.—G. J. Newton, Leicester-square, draper. — W. Morgan, sen., St. Swithin's-lane, hardwareman. — W. Hoad, Wickham, Southampton, grocer.—E. Thompson, East Grinstead, Sussex, corn dealer.—W. Fox, Gwernyllt, Denbighshire, ironmaster.—R. Smith, Leeds, flour dealer.—W. Smith, Leeds, ironfounder. — J. James, Cheltenham, wine-merchant.

Jan. 3.—J. S. Biffe, Lombard-street, chronometer maker. — W. Paine, Stony Stratford, baker.—W. Cock, Bungay, grocer.—J. Mayer, New City chambers, Bishopsgate-street, earthenware manufacturer.—J. Hodson, Reading, druggist. — I. Lockwood, Leptas, Yorkshire, manufacturer of fancy waistcoating.—J. Wilson, Manchester, warehouseman.—G. Foster, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher.—J. Crowther, Huddersfield, cornmiller.—J. Ray, Leeds, porter merchant. — J. Taylor, and J. Butterworth, Rochdale, painters.

Jan. 6.—G. Pile, and W. J. B. Staunton, Salvador-house, Bishopsgate-street Without, wine merchants. — T. Manning, High-street, Camden-town, grocer. — H. White, Topsham, Devonshire, builder.—J. Swallow, sen., J. Swallow, jun., and G. Swallow, Skircoat, Yorkshire, corn millers. — E. T. Hall, and J. Hall, Leeds, flax spinners. — M. Willock, Huddersfield, merchant.—W. Gawthorp, Huddersfield, plumber and glazier. — G. C. Harris, Bristol, auctioneer.

Jan. 10.—J. P. Howard, Attlebridge, Norfolk, maltster.—W. R. Kemp, Alfred's-terrace, Holloway, grocer.—F. Ford, Aldgate, draper. — W. Finch, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, miller.—E. C. Knuppel, Haymarket, hotel keeper. —T. Ittit-Whitmarsh, Tunbridge Wells, hotel-keeper.—T. Walker Houghton-le-Skerne, Durham, grocer.—R. Goodenough, Newton Abbott, Devonshire, woollen-draper. — R. R. Preston, Wakefield, Yorkshire, innkeeper. — W. Bath, Bilston, Staffordshire, brandy-merchant. — W. Horne, Stanningley, Yorkshire, listing-maker. — G. Knowles, Halifax, Yorkshire, corn-dealer.—R. Boag, Birkenhead, Cheshire, baker.

Jan. 13.—J. Henson, Bury-court, St. Mary-axe, upholsterer. — W. Smith, and J. Stickals, Queen's-buildings, Knightsbridge, cheesemongers. — G. F. Cobham, and W. B. Wright, Gravesend, carpenters.—S. Shaw, Great Portland-street, St. Marylebone, upholsterer. — J. Wardle, Griffen-street, shipowner.—J. Casson, Liverpool, corn merchant. — J. Dickenson, Newport, Monmouthshire, butcher.

Jan. 17.— W. Mayhew, Crutched-friars, wine merchant.—J. Lattimer, Hanslope, Buckinghamshire, cornfactor. — T. E. Clarke, Acle, Norfolk, apothecary.—J. May, Clapham-rise, china dealer. — W. I. Welsh, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn fields, attorney. — J. H. Ritchie, Rotherhithe, shipwright. — W. Humphrey, Old Dorret-place, Clapham-road, dealer in furniture. — T. Hughes, Great Coram-street,

Brunswick-square, lodging-housekeeper. — J. Jardine, Richibucto, New Brunswick, merchant. — J. Linskill, Bridlington, Yorkshire, schoolmaster. — J. Norfolk, and E. Barker Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire, dyers—R. and R. D. Dunn, Wakefield, cornfactors.—J. Coleman, Birmingham, victualler.—J. H. Ormerod, Manchester, wine merchant. — W. Thompson, Exeter, lime-burner.—M. Groves, York. Joiner.

Jan. 20.—C. Evans, Whitechapel-road, potatoe and coal dealer.—S. M. Long, Enfield, limeburner.—D. K. Price, and D. Price, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-hill, warehousemen.—W. H. Woodhall, Bishopsgate-street, Without, woollen draper. — R. Hunt, Kingston-upon-Hull, Hosier.—J. Senior, Lascells Hall, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer.—W. Morgan, Cheltenham, builder.—E. Edge, Dawley Green, Shropshire, victualler.—E. T. Hall, and J. Hall, Leeds, flax spinners.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	48-39	29,70-29,55	S.W.		Raining lightly during the morning, aft. cloudy.
24	29-41	29,59-29,71	S.W.	,165	Clear, white frost in the morning.
25	25 49	29,76-29,62	S.S.W.		Morning clear, aft. cloudy, with a little rain.
26	51-42	29,55-29,39	S. by W.	,173	Cloudy, small rain about noon.
27	45 34	29,46-29,57	S.W.	,057	Cloudy, a little rain in morn., aft. generally clear.
28	26-39	29,91-30,09	S.W.		Clear.
29	35 49	30,03-30,09	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
30	48-55	30,01-30,05	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear.
31	47-55	30,01-29,95	S.W.&N.W.		Morning clear, aft. cloudy, rain in the evening.
Jan.					
1	30-38	30,16-30,11	N.W.	,025	Clear.
2	26-36	29,94-29,97	N.W.		Generally clear.
3	19-35	30,07-30,14	N. W.		Clear till the evening.
4	30-42	29,83-30,03	S. & N.W	,175	Raining generally till noon, afternoon clear.
5	30 39	29,73-29,93	S.W.&N.W.		Morning showery, afternoon clear.
6	29-40	30,02-29,90	N.W.&W.S.	,15	Generally cloudy.
7	30-45	29,80-29,78	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
8	30-42	29,78-29,86	S.W.		Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
9	20-41	29,89-29,24	S.W.		Generally clear till the evening, when rain fell.
10	32-41	28-85-28,99	S.W.	,28	Raining in morning, otherwise generally clear.
11	29-37	29,06-28,91	S.W.		Morn. clear, aft. overcast, snowing fast in even.
12	27 34	28,70-29,16	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise generally clear.
13	24-45	*28,23-28,56	S. by W.		Rain, hurricane about 3 and 4 P.M., boisterous.
14	30 38	28,96-28,54	S. by W.& S.	,415	Morning clear, aft. and even. cloudy, with rain.
15	22 35	28,84-28,96	S.W.&N.W.	,16	Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.
16	25-39	29,31-29,81	N.W.		Generally clear.
17	32-44	30,09-30,12	S.W.		General cloud during the whole day.
18	34-48	30,22-30,35	S.W.		Cloudy except in the evening.
19	30-48	30,36-30,29	S.W.		Very foggy till the evening.
20	30-41	30,20-30,04	E. by N.		Cloudy.
21	31 35	29,93-29 94	E. by S. & S.		General overcast.
22	30-43	29,95-29,94	S. by E.		General overcast.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

* The very low state of the barometer about noon of the 13th of January is worthy of particular notice. Twenty-eight inches twenty-two hundredths is very nearly six-tenths lower than recorded during the whole of the year 1841. It appears to have been remarkably low in various parts, especially so at the observatory at Cambridge, where, at 1h. 35m. it was registered at 28. 13. At Swaffham Bulbeck, at 2 pm., it stood at 28.14, and it is generally thought to be the lowest perhaps ever attained in this country near the level of the sea. On the 24th of December, 1821, however, I find in my own journal, at 10h. 30m. p.m., the barometer stood at 28.06, being 16 lower than we register on the 13th January, 1843, blowing at the same time almost a hurricane from the S.S.W. Letters from various parts of the continent were inserted in the *Times* shortly afterwards, recording the disastrous gales, &c., and in one we read that, at Frankfort, the barometer, on the same night, December 24, 1821, was as low as twenty-six inches six lines. In the first volume of "The Cambridge Philosophical Society," in a paper by the Rev. J. Hailstone, he mentions that his barometer, at Trumpington, was, on the 25th December, 1821, as low as twenty-eight inches.

NEW PATENTS.

T. Mansell, of Birmingham, Agent, for certain improved machinery for cutting or shaping leather, paper, linen, lastings, silks, and other fabrics. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

E. Timmins, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in apparatus used for arresting the progress of, and extinguishing fire. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Melford, in the county of Suffolk, Clerk, Master of Arts, for certain improvements in instruments for writing or marking, part or parts of which improvements are applicable to brushes for water-colour drawings. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

J. Stubbins, of Nottingham, Hosier, for improved combinations of machinery to be employed for manufacturing certain parts of articles in stocking or lace fabrics. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

Don P. Pouchant, of Glasgow, Civil Engineer, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of machinery for manufacturing sugar. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

J. Sealey, of Bridgwater, Merchant, for an improved tile. Dec. 3rd, 2 months.

C. H. Wild, of Birmingham, Engineer, for an improved switch for railway purposes. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

T. Howard, of Hyde, Chester, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and spinning cotton, wool, flax, silk, and similar fibrous material. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

W. Hancock, jun., of Amwell Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in bands, straps, and cords for driving machinery, and other mechanical purposes. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

F. W. Etheridge, of Frindsbury, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and other similar plastic substances. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

W. H. Stuckey, of Guildford Street, Esq., for certain improvements in filtering water and other fluids. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

W. Pope, of the Edgeware Road, Ironmonger, for an improved stove. Dec. 6th, 6 months.

W. O. English, of Kingston-upon-Hull, Distiller, for improvements in purifying spirits of turpentine, spirits of tar, and naptha. Dec. 8th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. C. Jones, of Vauxhall Terrace, Practical Chemist, and G. F. Wilson, of Vauxhall, Gentleman, for improvements in operating upon certain organic bodies or substances, in order to obtain products or materials therefrom, for the manufacture of candles and other purposes. Dec. 3rd, 6 months.

W. S. Harris and S. Hamel, both of Leicester, Cotton-winders and Copartners, for improvements in the manufacture of reels for reeling cotton and linen thread. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. Kempson, of the borough of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of muffs, cuffs, ruffs, tippets, mantillas, pelerines, dressing-gowns, boots, shoes, slippers, coats, cloaks, shawls, stocks, cravats, capes, boas, caps, bonnets, and trimmings, for parts of dress. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

G. Purt, of Saint Mary-at-hill, Soda-water-manufacturer, and W. Hale, of Woolwich, Engineer, for improvements in producing aerated liquors. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

R. Barber, of Leicester, Reel Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of boots, shoes, and clogs. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of metallic hoops and tyres for wheels, and in the method of fixing the same for use, and also improvements in the machinery or apparatus to be employed therein. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of axles and axle-trees for carriages, carts, and other vehicles, used on rail or other roads. Dec. 8th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. Lomas, of Manchester, Worsted Spinner, and I. Shimwell, of the same place, Worsted Spinner, for certain improvements in the manufacture of fringes, cords, and

other similar small wares, and also in the machinery or apparatus for producing the same. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Grantham, of Liverpool, Engineer, for certain improvements in the constructions and arrangements of the engines and their appendages for propelling vessels on water. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Brown, of Soho, Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and steam-propelling machinery. Dec. 8th.

B. Fothergill, of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machines called mules, and other machines for spinning cotton-wool and other fibrous substances. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

P. M. Parsons, of Waterloo Road, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and boilers, and in motive machinery connected therewith. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

C. Keene, of New Bond Street, Hosier, for improvements in the manufacture of hose, stocks, drawers, gloves, mitts, caps, comforters, and cuffs. Dec. 15th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Dec. 15th, 6 months.

T. Cardwell, of Bombay, in the East Indies, Merchant, for improvements in the construction of presses for compressing cotton and other articles. Dec. 15th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in dressing mill-stones. Dec. 15th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

C. M. E. Saulter, of Austin-friars, in the City of London, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Dec. 15th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

G. S. Richault, of the Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester Square, Editor of Music, for improvements in apparatus for exercising the fingers of the human hand in order to facilitate their use in the playing of the piano-forte and other instruments. Dec. 15th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Winchester, of Wood Street, Hatter, for certain improvements in steam-boilers, and in the methods of applying steam or other power to locomotive purposes. Dec. 15th, 6 months.

E. R. Rigby, and C. J. Rigby, of Gracechurch Street, Brush Manufacturers and Copartners, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of certain articles in which bristles have been or are now used. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

G. H. Moreau, of Leicester Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in steam generators. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

G. H. Moreau, of Leicester Square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in propelling vessels. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

J. Squire, of Ponghill, Cornwall, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-boilers or generators. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

T. J. Miller, of Millbank Street, Westminster, Oil Merchant, for improvements in apparatus for supporting a person in bed, or when reclining. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

W. Bridges, of Birmingham, Button Tool Maker, for certain improvements in buttons. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

H. P. Vaile, late of Fleet Street, Gentleman, for improvements in combining mechanical instruments for obtaining power. Dec. 22nd, 6 months.

J. Beaman, of Smethwick, Stafford, Ironmaster, for an improvement in the manufacture of malleable iron. Dec. 22nd, 6 months.

W. G. Kneller, of Wimbledon, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of soda in the evaporation of brine and in the concentration and manufacture of sulphuric acid. Dec. 22nd, 6 months.

R. Wilson, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive and other steam-engines. Dec. 22nd, 6 months.

J. Morris, of Cateaton Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in locomotive and other steam-engines. Dec. 22nd, 6 months.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Borgia: a Tragedy. By Henry T. Worley, Esq.

There is a strange anomaly in the nature of man: though ever grasping at enjoyment and toiling after pleasure, he yet finds the loftiest luxury in those scenes which are adverse to mirth. The Tragic muse invites us to those banquets of the soul which the Comic one in vain would emulate, and, paradox as it may seem, there may be fulness of enjoyment venting its overflowing in a sigh, while the pleasure that was expressed by a smile might be but as lip-deep as its own manifestation. The elements of sublimity amalgamate not with mirth: they may be found amid the storm and the tempest both of the material and immaterial world, amid the clash of the thunder or the fury of the passions, but never are they discoverable in the gay sunshine of a cloudless sky, nor in the echoes of a merry laugh.

So, then, Tragic sublimity opens to us a field of exquisite and elevating soul-enjoyment, and a fine tragedy is therefore one of the highest efforts of human genius. Seldom, indeed, and in proportion to its dignity, do we meet with this enjoyment—but we have it here. There is a simple dignity in this tragedy of "Borgia," a chaste severity in its arrangements, which, whether the result of art competent to hide itself, or of a deep interest in the author all engrossed by the oneness of his subject, and not to be turned aside from the sole and single view by any minor interventions, powerfully, in either case, enhancing the interest of the passion of this play. The character of the "Borgia," a being who fixes our gaze with the power of the basilisk's spell, is a grand conception of splendid sin. The combination of the woman with all her graces, a species of nobility in her dignity, of sentiment in her pride, of poetry in her sentiments, of philosophy in her recklessness, stand out more prominently for having the

fiend in her heart. It is as if the lurid light of hell shone out of the finest mortal eyes, and irradiated the fairest countenance. Strange anomaly of all that is best and worst—an angel form inspired with Satanic spirit. This, then, is the "Borgia;" not a creature of vulgar passions or vulgar purposes, but one who links philosophy and refinement, like the enchainment of the glorious and gladsome to the putrid and loathsome, and commands the mingled emotions of admiration and horror;—one whose vast imagination could alone have conceived the crimes the supremacy of her genius could alone have accomplished; one whose deeds echo through the land with murderous horror; whose name is a byword and reproach; whose breath is a pestilence; the faintest ringing of whose dulcet voice is a doom; whose beauty is a blight;—one who, when told

"Here in Venice,
Some hate that tremble not,"

replies,

"Then I'm no Borgia."

And yet, within the core of this majestic, beautiful, incarnate evil, one divine impulse, one pure and holy emotion, rescuing her in some degree from the entirety of demoniac possession, rises like a heaven-born star in her soul. Maternal love, at once the holiest and strongest of human emotions, brings back the Borgia within the pale of our sympathies. She meets her son, and instinct, shaking the heart's throne, tells her who ought to sit there. So comes the woman, and so shrinks the fiend. Thus speaks the mother to the son.

Lucretia Borgia. I'd have thee feel towards me as thou hadst
Known me from infancy—as though the first
Of thy young thoughts back-running memory finds
Were of some little pleasure I had wrought thee
Sweeter than largest after ones; I would be
'Mongst thy mind's habitants as the fond kind nurse
Had carried thee; coax'd thee with hushing tales
Oft baulk'd thy humours, yet not chidingly,
But only of her fears; taught thee thy prayers,
And how to crook thy knees, how build thy hands,
I' the uttering them; was to thee i' the place
Of the lost trunk and fountain of thy life
That thou didst never see.
Gennaro. Where's the hot blood
That did with such a quick and filling tide
Course through my ridgy veins? Queen-seeming stranger,
What's i' thy words, that they should have such power
More than the natural?
Lucretia Borgia. 'Tis an honest power,
Come it from where it will. Hast ever wished
That thou hadst known thy mother?
Gennaro. What a thrill
Shoots through me with that word! Mysterious being!
Majestic as mysterious—fair as both—
I do adjure thee, answer me, Didst thou know her?
Lucretia Borgia. Even as she knew herself; she was a woman,
Being much sinn'd against, had done much sin;

But they that told her evil nothing told
Of the offence that caus'd it.
Gennaro. My poor mother!
Lucretia Borgia. Bless thee for speaking of her in such tone!
I am sure thou wouldst have loved her, hadst thou known her.
Gennaro. Oh, tell me of her—
Beseech thee tell me of her! On my knees,
I do implore thee tell me all thou knowest
Of her whom I am part of! Oh, how often—
How earnestly, yet ever to no end,
Have I entreated of the rugged hind
With whom I pass'd my years, till the last twain—
A cold and clownish herdsman, of scant speech,
That had his dwelling midst the Apennine,—
Who were my parents—what their lot of life—
Why they did quit me to the alien hand,
If they still lived? and twenty other questions,
That curious Nature prompted, to all which
Either he answered nothing, or with speech
Purposely from the purpose strove to turn
My thoughts to other things.
Lucretia Borgia. Did never word,
In some soft moment that the sternest have
When they feel happy, from his lips escape
Whence thou mightst guess their name? Bethink thee, Gennaro!
Did he say nothing to thee?
Gennaro. Nothing, lady,
Or what did 'mount to nothing; thus much only:
Being one day wearied with my urgency,
For so I did his patience importune
Even as the unjust judge—
He told me that my father died ere I
Could syllable his name, and my poor mother,
Girt with strong enemies that strove to quench
My infant and new-lighted spark of life
Gave me in charge to him. Their name, their country,
Condition, and strange accidents of life
(For strange they must have been that did so chance,)
Of these he dropp'd no hint.
Lucretia Borgia. Why didst thou leave him?
Gennaro. Because I did not love him, nor the life
I led with him.
Lucretia Borgia. And whether wentst thou, then?
Gennaro. To Venice, lady, where a scarr'd old sergeant,
That chanced to pass an hour in our cottage,
Told me the state lack'd soldiers. He had fain
I took the Borgia's service, but such tales
Of the accursed Lucretia of that name
Had spread even to our solitude, that I
Had sooner entered Satan's.
Lucretia Borgia. What a sting
His witless words ensheathe! Be not thus rash
Of speech, my Gennaro, for the world oft talks
Evil or good, of those that merit neither,
Being by their motives judged and not their actions;
And such may be the Borgia.
Gennaro. Stain not thou
Thy beautiful and mercy-dropping lip

With speech of such as her; for her deeds pass
The measurement of man; and to embrace
The waist of her offences but belongs
To the Eternal span. But, of my mother—
Beseech thee, of my mother! Oh, couldst tell
How sweet, how precious, 'bove its fellow sounds,
Is every letter that doth spell that name,
Thou would'st not grudge me all thou knowest of her—
I do entreat thee, tell me!

Lucretia Borgia. Thou almost
Persuad'st me to thy wish.

Gennaro. Be quite a Christian,
Doing a Christian's deed; and if she live not,
(As sure she cannot live so long away,)
Thou for thy tender tale, shall be to me
In my dead mother's place.

Lucretia Borgia. How to decide?
That is the question in this strong dilemma.

Gennaro. Why dost thou stand thus rapt?

Lucretia Borgia. Imperial fate!
The world's great axle, whereon all things wheel,
How dost thou turn all thing to thy completing!
Come hither, Gennaro;
Bethink thee,—for the skies do often use
With our own vows to vex us, that so taught
We might to the Eternal leave to choose
His bounties and our own necessities—
Bethink thee,—should thy mother prove a thing
Most opposite what thou would'st have her be,
Bloody and lewd, that worshipped her own will,
And own'd no God beside; in all her ways,
And very elements that made her up,
So awful and so strange, earth did did not hold,
Nor limning fancy feign her like in hell,
Or such was deemed to be—which to all else
Save to ourselves, differs not from to be?
Could—coulds't thou love her still?

Gennaro. Thou dost but seek
To scare me with wild words; but Heaven to hear,
Be she to others what she will, to me
She shall be mother still!

Lurcretia Borgia. My mind's made up;
And come what may, I will this thing unfold—
Hist! one doth come this way!— [*Putting on her mask.*]
So am I safe.

(Enter *Maffio, Oloferno, Ascanio, and Jeppo.*)

Maffio. Halt with the lights there; noble Gennaro,
Knows't thou with whom thou talkest?

Oloferno. Thou dream'st not
What baleful planet doth conceal its fires
Behind yon cloudy visor.

Ascanio. Oh, thou art snared,
And by a luring Lamia 'trapped to love
One that 'longs not to earth.

Jeppo. Behold the hand,
Foul screech o' the night, shall drag thee from thy bush,
And blink thy sight with day!

* * * * *

Maffio. Is it even so ?
Hath she no accents left to shape her name ?
Then will I to her black and sinful soul
Strike with the sound of mine. Madam, look on me!
I am one Maffio Orsini, nephew
To noble Duke Gravina, whom thy ruffians
Stabb'd in his dead of sleep.
Oloferno. Madam, look on me!
I am one Oloferno Vitellozzi,
Brother of Oppiani; in whose cup,
At thine own festive but most fatal board
Thou didst put poisonous drugs, so more securely
To lay his coffers waste.
Ascanio. Madam, look on me!
I am one Ascanio Petrucci, son
Of Old Petrucci, Signior of Sienna,
Whose grey and reverend head thou didst strike off
To sieze on his broad lands.
Jeppo. Madam, look on me!
My name is Jeppo Leveretti, cousin
To valiant Count Vitelli, whom thou hadst
Slain in a gaol at Rome.
Lucretia Borgia. O God, O God!
Uproot the based hills and let the mountains
Fall on and cover me!
Gennaro. My flow of blood,
Turns to cold ice—my heart stands still and beats not!

* * * * *

Lucretia Borgia (*falling on her knees before Gennaro, and taking his hand.*)
Gennaro—sweet Gennaro! do not heed these men!
Some enemy hath set them on to this;
I did not do the things they charge me with!
Upon my soul, I did not! Oh, I'll swear—
Maffio. Till thou art black with lies and still swear on,
Thou blushless piece of falsehood! Gennaro, 'tis Lucretia Borgia—

Raymond: a Tale of Truth.

We have all felt, at different seasons of our lives, how sweet it is to turn from the passionate and exciting, and rest our wearied spirit on the soft, the composing, and the natural. It is this feeling which makes the soldier turn from the so-called glory of the battle-field, and shutting his ear to the notes of the shrill fife, and the roll of the deep drum, seek for silence and loneliness; it is this that sends the merchant, the financier, and the minister, from active enterprise and deep thought, to seek for rest in the bosom of the social circle; it is this which diffuses the crowding inhabitants of our vast metropolis through every green hamlet and shady nook of our provinces through the smiling summer; and it is exactly with this feeling, that passing from the bustle, the turmoil, and the excitement of more impassioned spirits, that "Raymond" ought to be read. Turning from stimulants, we crave the healing balm of soothing influence. Passion and ambition rest from their mastership, the affections expand and blossom,

and there is a benignant calm diffusing itself over the soul, the result of so and happy and renovating an influence.

The design of the author has been to make "Raymond" a tale of truthful nature. It is a vulgar error to count things large or trivial, and to suppose that one of the atomic events which compose our life's history is of less account than that which is usually estimated as its greatest. The most minute action that man can perform may be that which shall most affect his own destiny, and have the widest influence on the circumstances of others. "Raymond" is written on the recognition of this truth, and therefore it is that the author has chosen to refresh our spirits by lingering in the balmy air of unsophisticated nature, and developing the detail of his narrative amid the placid scenes of country life. Home affections and home feelings, have here their fullest influence. The gentlest emotions hold the strongest sway: they are those which are the most instantly recognised, and have the widest field of power. Those whose hearts are most open to the natural affections, and least adulterated by the passions, will find a renovating rest from the perusal of this work, whilst those who are sinking under the exhaustion of over-excited spirits will experience a revival of mental strength from the air of its simple truth and nature.

There is a transition in the scenes of the narrative from happy and peaceful country life in England, to the east with all its palmy greatness and glowing gorgeousness: the fate of Seringapatam and the fortunes of Tippoo Saib have their influence on the life of our hero. It is from this portion of the work that we select our extract. Old Thoma, a Syriac Christian, his daughter Ursula, and their menaced tribe, seeking succour from menaced destruction, are here brought upon the scene.

"The deputation was at length on foot, and Ursula drew Raymond to the outer door, by her spontaneous, fervent benediction, to watch its progress through the long defile, by which a wider plain found entrance to that small valley where old Thoma dwelt. The cavalcade moved on. Many a holy and fearless man was there, but meek and low was the mien and carriage of them all. Ursula's father was among them; his venerable person and manner was characteristic of each person; he wore the sacerdotal dress of deep red silk—worn also by the Cassanars—flowing long and gracefully down to the ground; his feet were sandalled, and his whitened beard swept long and mournfully now upon his pensive breast. At this distance, peculiar features could not well be seen, but the eager eye of the anxious maiden sought for her father among the pastoral band. Raymond read the meaning of her varying gaze, and met in the silent admiration of her full, beaming eyes, as they returned to his, in token of the object being found that satisfied their affectionate solicitude: a moment, and they fell, confused and moistened, to his feet! The emotion, if any such there was, besides the thought which centred in her father, was but momentary, for Raymond was enjoined to seek, by her description, the figure of the apostolic Thoma.

"It is difficult to find a language that will comport with sage and ancient dignity, and with kindly domestic love, in one essay; yet here, with the Indo-Christians, these features of the social mind were commonly united. The sweep and swell of epic description are alone in keeping with the one; yet the dulcet mildness of the other must be there, or words would never reach the heart, to which the whole delineation is addressed. So, then,

let each most courteous reader imagine here the completed portraiture, though but a feeble sketch of these most patriarchal worthies be here attempted; it wants an able hand, indeed, to paint the form of noble beauty smiling benignant at the heart.

"The cavalcade, we observed, moved on. The good archbishop, it is said, was there to precede them, though aged and infirm; he alone was mounted on a goodly sumpter mule, while his modest clergy accompanied him on foot. The housings of the quiet animal were mostly bordered white, and appeared from a distance, spotless as a flake of snow. The bishop himself was dressed in a vestment of dark red silk; a large golden cross hung from his neck, to which the beams of the sun gave the diverging rays of a star. His venerable beard reached below his girdle. He was by very far the most majestic in his appearance of the Syrians there; but the suavity of his deportment was in perfect harmony with his Christian profession. A youthful Cassanar beside him carried the sacred emblem of his charge, the pastoral staff, and led the patient mule.

"Around and behind the deputation rode about five hundred Maratta cavalry, curvetting and prancing in wild military glory. Occasionally, one fleeing from the rest, seemed in pursuit of an object swift and chivalrous as he—yet nothing was before him!—then waving his light bornouse around his graceful form, and fluttering above his head, he ambled up to his troop again, and fell back quietly amids the ranks. And this samk deputation was journeying through the bright land of the vine, the anana, the olive, and the pomegranate. Here verdure realized to imagination the deep intensity of spreading emeralds. Their path was amidst the sands of gold, where the glittering waters laved the 'sparkling diamond's eyes!'

"They were journeying now beneath the brow of an abrupt and almost mountainous hill; its top was crowned with a dark grove of stately trees. The cedar and the gloomy cypress were there, with the broad fans of the palm and plantain—here were the low acacia and the choice magnolia. The banian tree rooted its fibres there, making many a sylvan temple, most sacred to the God of all creation. These formed a dark and thoughtful shade, impervious to the orient sun that rolled above them; and many an hour did the sorrowful eyes of the young Englishman rest upon the dark line which they made along the distant sky at eventide, while he silently mused on the scenes of his childhood, or recalled the benevolent image of his uncle, bending under the weight of years and depression. These were hours very dear to the Syriac maiden, for she never was more at ease with the stranger than then. Pensive, yet communicative, Raymond narrated every incident in the history of his life which memory had stored up, and, like the Moorish soldier's tale, it found a sanctuary in the attentive maiden's breast, in which to lie inhumed.

"At this period, Raymond did not dream of being secured by love's enthralling chains again; but, without reflection, he continually paid to Ursula the heart's best homage; and the ardent piety breathed with her constant, rich, low tones, became habitually dear to him. He honoured Ursula with an attention quite as essential to his own tranquillity as to hers, and yet reflected not that he was about to leave secluded Travancore, and all its quiet harmony and love. A prisoner he was no longer belonging to Mysore, for Tippoo granted him his freedom before entering on his long, uncertain journey; but Raymond would never leave St. Vincent to languish in captivity unheeded. Yet this, for the most part, belongs to the sequel of our narrative; and it is important to return to the eventful period at which the deputation set forth upon their road to Tippoo's camp.

"There was a night of quietness and soft repose, on which the lingerers in the valley-home watched away a tropical twilight. The hour had passed at which the curfew tolls in churches of our western island—dun

and grey; the Bul-bul poured in even stream his honeyed melody upon the wistful ear of night; still Raymond listened in the cottage porch, for much he loved to lengthen out enjoyment of these days among the mountains.

"Films and exhalations rolled in smoky columns along the lower valleys. Alive to every sound and pastoral sensation, the ear gave heed as the wild buffalo made the affrighted echo scream, when she sent back the winding of his impatient bellow from the distant savannas. Hour after hour passed: still Raymond watched, and fitfully sighed as he roused him to listen again. Sleep seemed for that night to have fled from his eyelids, so little inclined was the watcher of night for repose.

"Again, every sound was hushed!—not a zephyr was abroad—the night was intensely hot, and darkness laid like an additional pressureupon every living thing. Raymond bestirred him to thread the encircling veranda, in search of a breath of cool air. It was during the dry season in India, and he languished for invigoration from his native western gales; still he continued to move from side to side of the enclosure, when his attention was awakened by a portentous sound of thundering artillery; and presently a fearful lurid light appeared above the line of groves, which to the astonished gaze of Raymond seemed to join earth and heaven in a general conflagration. 'Ursula! Ursula!' cried the young man, as he approached the low window. 'Tippoo is abroad,' added he; 'Merciful God defend the Christians! He has burned the old town Angamallee.'

"Ursula was soon close at his side, and in anguish unutterable beheld the monstrous red light above the trees. 'My father!—oh, my father!' cried the bewildered maiden; 'will the savage sultan spare thy meek grey hairs?'"

We leave our readers to pursue this narrative for themselves. We doubt not this extract will prove their best inducement.

The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola; illustrating the progress of the Reformation in Italy, during the fifteenth century.

Luther, if the greatest, was not the sole, Apostle of the Reformation. If, with the strength of a Goliath, he overturned the temple of Rome, others, his precursors, shook its pillars. A world may behold the glory of a conqueror, but the discerning few will note in the efforts which bring destruction on those who make them more self-devotion to a purpose than they can even imagine in the man whose reward is his success. Again, the first effort, though the feeblest, is also the noblest. He who originates a lofty and a daring measure, is as great, if not greater, than he who carries it into execution. There is heroism in adventuring our all without hope. He who is encouraged by a prize, labours and struggles for it, whilst he who pants in some holy cause sees his motive only, and forgets everything of self; never either contemplating penalties or payments, but looking with a single eye to the high motive of his emprise; and though his endeavours may be futile, though his struggle may be but the fluttering of the frail wing of some captive bird, yet he is the pioneer of thought, the leader of men's minds, the rudder of the mighty vessel which he may not even know that he is guiding. Yes, it is assuredly the first footprint in a new path which makes the road easy for others following.

Girolamo Savonarola was one of those whose honest and truth-seeking spirit struggled through all the bigotry and mental darkness

of an age of the Church's debasement and humiliation. He became the prophet of that Church's downfall, and consequently provoked the enmity of the unscrupulous Alexander the Sixth, the father of the Borgia. Nature had done much for Savonarola, and his condition of life conferred upon him peculiar advantages. His grandfather had left the profession of arms to devote himself to the arts and sciences, and under his tutorage the boy imbibed a love of learning which is, indeed, not only the graceful handmaid, but the strong champion of religion. While yet a youth, the canonization of Catherine of Sienna took place, and there is little doubt made a strong impression on his susceptible nature. Though surrounded by all the pleasures of society, his mind gradually estranged itself from the world, and, after nursing for a while that heaven-born passion, which in early and ardent youth seems sometimes to partake of the nature of an earthly love, and is all-glowing and excitable, he deserted from his father's home, and joined a Dominican order at Bologna. Thus thrown into the bosom of religious seclusion, Savonarola was left to see with his own eyes, investigate with his own judgment, weigh in his own balance; and thus the Reformer was nurtured in the very bosom of the Church, and from her own teaching taught to protest against herself. But ere this came to pass the future martyr had to pass through much mental training. He was invited to Florence, and fostered by the Medici, and though refusing to acknowledge Lorenzo's authority, was yet borne through unscathed, and acquired influence both with prince and people. But at length the Prophet of Florence and the Pope of Rome became as adversaries; the war was open, and the honour of martyrdom hung over the head of Savonarola. Citation was followed by excommunication; persecution ensued, and then came the torture, the gallows, and the flame, and the martyr's task was done.

The name of Girolamo Savonarola is scarcely known in English literature, though, as one of the procursors of the Reformed Church, it deserves signal commemoration. Since the task has not been performed before, we rejoice that it has now been done so well. There is evidence of much research, and we have been well pleased with the discrimination with which the feelings of the young devotee are traced from his boyhood to his prime. There is a deep interest in watching the *progress of mind*, and when we are able thus to track the mental way of illustrious men, the study is as interesting as it is profitable. We owe some gratitude also to this author for thus furnishing us with a view of the precursor of Luther, who was born on the very day when Savonarola preached his first sermon, and who not only studied his works, but published his Exposition of two of the psalms with a preface of his own, in which he recognized and honoured him as a kindred spirit. The work is interesting as a biography, and is a desirable addition to English literature.

We give a tragic scene of the triune execution of Domenico da Pescia, Silvestro Maruffi, and Savonarola, his companions in suffering being brothers of the same order.

"On May 22, the sentence was made known to the brothers, and the execution on the following day announced, and, according to custom, a

priest appointed to converse with each. Savonarola and Fra Domenico were very composed—the latter wrote besides to the brothers at Fiesole, where he was prior, admonishing them to continue in love and holy exercises—to pray for them, and to bring the writings of Savonarola from his cell into the library—and to place a copy in the Refectorium, to read out from them at times at table. At their request to confess, three Benedictines were granted, and not, as would have been fair, members of their order.

"In the evening, Savonarola asked permission to speak with his companions in suffering, which was accorded, at the intercession of his spiritual attendant, whereupon all three were allowed to converse together, and fettered by their feet, an hour long in the hall of the palace. Fra Domenico had in the 'zeal of martyr-error,' desired to be burned alive. Savonarola dissuaded him from this wish. 'It less becomes us,' said he, 'to select our manner of death, since we know not whether we shall be able to bear it.' Silvestro Maruffi also wished to assert openly on the day of execution their innocence. But Savonarola dissuaded him; citing the example of Christ, who with the most perfect innocence did not choose to testify it on the cross.

"At early dawn of May 22, all three came once more together to receive the sacrament. Then Savonarola thus prayed aloud—'Lord, I know Thou art the true Creator of the world, and of the race of men. I know Thou art the holy indivisible Trinity, I know Thou art the eternal Word, who didst come from heaven to earth in the virgin womb of Mary; Thou hast raised thyself upon the tree of the cross, to shed thy holy blood for our sins and our misery. To Thee I pray, my Lord; to Thee I pray, my Saviour; to Thee I pray, my Comforter, that Thy sacred blood may not be shed in vain for me, that it may flow for the forgiveness of all my sins. For them do I entreat Thy pardon, for all that I have committed from the day of my baptism to this moment. Before Thee I confess my guilt; I pray Thee forgive me all the wrong I have done to this city and people in spiritual and temporal things, and all that I cannot know of myself, O Lord, in which I have gone astray. In lowliness I beg forgiveness of all who are assembled around me, and that they may pray for me, that Thou mayest strengthen me in my last hour, and that the enemy may not obtain dominion over me.'

"Having so prayed, Sanovarola administered the sacrament to himself, and then to them, on which the brothers were conducted down the stairs. Meanwhile Savonarola addressed words of consolation and exhortation to his brother, Silvestro Maruffi, who had shown himself till then less composed. They were led through the large hall which, at Savonarola's suggestion, had been built for the reception of the general council, and during their passage exposed to much insult, then brought to the Piazza. A funeral pile was heaped around three stakes, on the very spot where, a few weeks before, stood that which was intended for the ordeal by fire. The same multitude assembled, with the same eager curiosity, but with less uproar; the enemies of the Piagnoni were appeased by the prospect of speedy vengeance, and their friends terrified into silence. When Domenico arrived at the stake he said to the bystanders, 'Why do you not prompt me to say the Te Deum?' they replied, 'We should be cut to pieces.' He then told them to join him in saying it softly. The confessor asking if Savonarola had any thing to say, he answered only, that he should pray for him, and admonish his followers not to be scandalized at his death. Silvestro, though before much dejected, felt his spirit revive as the hour approached.

"There were three different elevations erected on the place of execution; on the first, next the palace, stood the bishop of Vasona, Benedetto de Pagagnotti, a former pupil of Savonarola, who, by the strict command of the pope, though not without resistance, was compelled to disrobe the

brethren of their clerical dignity, and to read out to them the brief of degradation, already prepared on the 11th of May, wherein Savonarola was designated 'The son of blasphemy, the nursling of destruction, and the seducer of the people.' During the ceremony of stripping him of his sacerdotal dress, degrading him from his office, and expelling him from the Church, Savonarola remained silent and abstracted, as a man who had already separated himself from the world, wherein he had no longer any work to perform for his Divine Master; but when the bishop took him by the hand, and instead of the form, 'I separate thee from the Church Militant,' used the words, 'I separate thee from the Church Triumphant,' Savonarola replied, loud enough to be heard by those standing round, 'From the Militant, but not from the Triumphant; that thou canst not do.' Thus, while men cut him off from the visible church, his joyful hope of being admitted to the assembly of saints in the presence of his Lord grew brighter, and he felt himself once more not forsaken, but accepted in the beloved.

"From thence the brothers were led to the second tribunal, where the commissaries read the papal sentence, in which all three, without naming any particular crime, were condemned as heretics. Next something was offered them to eat and drink, which Savonarola refused with the words, 'For what purpose, when I am parting from life?' To another, who reminded him, for his consolation, of what he had formerly done, he replied, 'Praise and honour of men I need not.' And when a priest, of the name of Nerotto, asked him if he went composed and quietly to meet death, he replied, 'Should I not willingly die for His sake who willingly died for me, a sinful man?' Thereupon Remolino addressed to all three the words, 'His Holiness Alexander VI. frees you from the punishment of purgatory, gives you perfect remission of your sins, and places you in the state of your innocence;' which words the so-pardoned having heard with sunken head, withdrew.

"At the third tribunal they were received by the Eight in council, where the sentence of the Signory having been read, they were then given over to the executioners. Arrived at the place of execution, the confessor asked Savonarola whether he had yet any thing to say before his last journey: 'Pray for me,' said Savonarola, 'and tell my friends that they take no offence at my death, but continue in my doctrine and in peace.'

"On the middle of the place was the scaffold erected, from which a high stake with a cross beam was raised. Silvestro first mounted the ladder, calmly and in silence, but with a tear in his eye; Fra Domenico followed him on the other side of the cross; and lastly Savonarola, for whom the middle place was destined, ascended the fatal steps, pronouncing to himself the Apostles' Creed. In the last moment Silvestro cried with a loud voice, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!' When come to the top, Savonarola once more, and for the last time, raised his eyes, and surveyed the thickly crowded throng of people. For them the executioner had intended a peculiar spectacle; he wished to fasten in such haste the iron round the neck of Savonarola, and in the same instant to light the pile, that Savonarola, in dying, should be seized with a double pain; but he lost the iron among the faggots, and while he was seeking it, Savonarola had already given up the ghost. Also a scandalous man, who had been under the former government exiled from the city, but had lately returned, expressed his joy that he should now see Savonarola burned, whom he would have gladly helped to the stake; then taking a burning faggot, he assisted to light the torture pile, without the authorities present saying a word. Below there stood some wicked youths, who threw stones in such a mass, that the executioner could only save himself with difficulty. Although soldiers were posted round the place, they could not hinder pieces of Savonarola's body falling into the hands of some individuals. The joy of his enemies mingled with the rude cry of the crowd,

'Now, brother, it is time to do miracles.' In the same moment a violent wind drove the scarcely-kindled fire so strongly on one side, that for a long while it did not touch his body. Universal fear seized on the multitude, so that they hastened from the spot; but the fire re-united, and the crowd returned. While Savonarola's arm was burning, they saw his right hand still raised with two fingers, as if he yet wished to speak his blessing on the people. Soon, however, the bodies mingled themselves with the ashes, which were taken thence in cars, and thrown from the old bridge into the Arno."

Poems: Tributes to Scarborough, Odes on Wellington and Napoleon, Haddon Hall, Ode on the Ruins of Conisbro' Castle, etc. etc. etc. By BEN. FENTON.

If we were required to point out the happiest individual from among the varied personages who compose the dramatic corps of this working-day world, enacting now its comedies and now its tragedies, waking the echoes of sad sighs or merry laughter, we should assuredly lay our finger on the poet and say, "This is the man!" We would not admit that his sensitive temperament, his acute feelings, his ready susceptibility of sorrow, all the various inroads to pain and suffering, which lie open in him more than in other men, were sufficient drawbacks to neutralize his advantages. No, he who can find poetry in the sunshine, painting in the flower, glad pictures in every gleam of light, and imaginations in every shade; who hears a voice and utterance in all nature; who can pore over a stream and muse under a tree; who can dive into the deepest recesses of the earth or float from star to star on the wings of a thought; whose ear cannot catch a syllabled sound but it calls him into a world of visions; whose eye cannot snatch a beam of light, but it carries him up, it may be into heaven—this man must needs be happy! Oh, never tell us that the poet's lot is one of suffering and sorrowing, increased and enhanced from the very refinement of his temperament! We say that while the mind triumphs over the body, the poet is happy even with beggary as his portion. We know that there are degrees in happiness, and that the poet's heritage must vary in its vastness, but the diamond may have as fine a water whatever be its proportions.

Mr. Fenton possesses this poet's vision. Looking through this brilliant atmosphere, he has fixed his eye on every varied object of interest that came within his ken. There is luxury to him in the beauty of natural scenery, hallowing reminiscences in every ancient tower or dwelling, responsive echoes to the power of music, a tender appreciation of natural feelings, a deep moral perception, but perhaps, above all, a glowingness in his spirit of patriotism which we admire as much as we honour. These are rare gifts, and they stamp the poet.

The patriotism of poetry has been marked with effects which prove its vast ascendency over the mind. Battles have been won by the aid of a song. What can so soon kindle enthusiasm or warm the heart of the soldier, or what can better link the feelings of the man to the land of his birth? For ourselves, we love these outbursts of patriotism, which make men better citizens and truer sons of the great

family of home, and we give an extract of this class from the pen of Mr. Fenton.

"My native land—my native land!
What land can vie with thee;
The citadel of high emprise,
The kingdom of the free?
Firm with thy guardian sea begirt,
That foams around thine isle,—
Thou, on the foes that menace thee,
Indignantly can smile.
My native land, dear England,
What land can vie with thee?

Like the proud eagle in the sky,
That clings to heaven alone;
Thou feel'st thy proud security,
Whilst other nations groan:
Thou feel'st, while oceans roll around,
An adamantine wall;
The bravery that nerves thy sons,
Protects beyond them all.
My native land, &c.

To every clime beneath the sun,
On every foreign shore,
Indulgent heaven, in gracious mood,
Some gifts hath deign'd to pour.
But what hath she on each bestowed,
However great or rare,—
That, measured in its amplitude,
Can with thy bliss compare?
My native land, &c.

What realm can boast the liberties,
That grace this happy land!
Or tell the charter'd rights that form,
The base on which they stand?
Or show a king, obey'd by love,
Beyond a despot's will;
By sacred laws, from wrongs restrain'd,
Sweet mercy's claims fulfil?
My native land, &c.

Rome, in her highest day of fame,
And Greece, in all her pride,
By many a legislative change,
The art to govern tried.
In vain their boasted skill essay'd
That perfect form to bring;
Like Britain's constituted code,
Her commons, lords, and king.
My native land, &c.

Justice with thee on solid base,
Her beauteous fabric rears;
Secure the peasant as the prince,
Protected by his peers.

To each alike, her laws dispensed,
Her cup to none runs o'er;
The poorest has impartial meed,
The rich can gain no more.
My native land, &c.

Thine only is the soil where man,
Enjoys a full repose;
Whose head admits the law's restraint;
Whose heart with freedom glows.
Where the paternal heritage,
Bequeath'd from sire to son;
Dissever'd by no feudal lord,
He proudly calls his own.
My native land, &c.

Though oft on foreign climes the sun,
More warm and equal rise;
Thine hardy race are born beneath,
And temper'd to thy skies.
Free from volcanic fires that whelm,
Whole cities in their train,—
Entomb'd for twice a thousand years,
Now brought to light again.
My native land, &c.

Of commerce the emporium,
Whilst every sail unfurl'd;
Bears *from* or *to* thy favour'd coast,
The produce of the world.
The gifts that Nature's richest vein,
Assigns to foreign shores;
Commerce, with lavish hand on thee,
In rich profusion pours.
My native land, &c.

Soaring aloft on mighty wing,
Imperial science towers;
Her sons, where can they raise their head,
With prouder front than ours?
And where can we, from Nature's mould,
A nobler being scan,
Than him, adorning court or glade,
The English gentleman?
My native land, &c.

Thy blooming fair, with winning grace,
In every shape display'd,—
Features and form that captivate,
In modesty array'd,
Where is the land, in all her pride,
Amidst her choicest flowers,
Can show in lovely woman's wreath,
A blush so bright as ours?
My native land, &c.

My native land, my native land,
What poet's lay can tell,
How full the tide of happiness
Thy subjects' hearts that swell?
Religion, order, dwell with thee,
In simplest form confest;
And all the gentle charities
That humanize the breast.
My native land, &c.

Then long mayest thou, my native land,
Enjoy thy high behest;
And still remain, as now thou art,
The happiest, freest, best!
And may the subjects of thy love,
Recount their blessings o'er,
And contrast thee with other lands,
To cherish thee the more!
My native land, dear England,
What land can vie with thee?"

Memoirs of a Griffin; or, a Cadet's First Year in India. By CAPTAIN BELLEW. Illustrated from Designs by the Author.

We suppose it is just possible that a few of our readers may have lived till the year 1843 without precisely knowing to what branch of natural history to refer the "Griffin," and being thus in the dark, may refer to the established lexicographers without learning much more about the matter. For the benefit of those thus situated, we think we cannot do better than put them in possession of our author's description of the extraordinary animal thus designated.

"*Griffin*, or more familiarly a *Griff*, is an Anglo Indian cant term applied to all new-comers, whose lot has been cast in the 'gorgeous East.' Whether the appellation has any connexion with the fabulous compound, the gryps or gryphon of armorial blazoning, is a point which I feel myself incompetent to decide. A griffin is the Johnny Newcome of the East, one whose European manners and ideas stand out in ludicrous relief when contrasted with those, so essentially different in most respects, which appertain to the new country of his sojourn. The ordinary period of griffinhood is a year, by which time the *novus homo*, if apt, is supposed to have acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language, habits, customs, and manners of the country, both Anglo-Indian and Native, so as to preclude his making himself supremely ridiculous by blunders, *gaucheries*, and the indiscriminate application of English standards to states of things to which those rules are not always exactly adapted. To illustrate by example:—a good-natured Englishman, who should present a Brahmin who worships the cow with a bottle of beef-steak sauce, would be decidedly 'griffinish,' particularly if he could be made acquainted with the nature of the gift; nevertheless, beef-steak, *per se*, is an excellent thing in an Englishman's estimation, and a better still with the addition of the before-mentioned condiment. But to return to our subject.

"At the termination, then, of the above-mentioned period, our griffin, if he has made the most of his time, becomes entitled to associate on pretty

equal terms with those sun-dried specimens of the *genus homo*, familiarly called the 'old hands:'—subs of fifteen years' standing, grey-headed captains, and superannuated majors, critics profound in the merits of a curry, or the quality of a batch of Hodgson's pale ale. He ceases to be the butt of his regiment, and persecutes in his turn, with the zeal of a convert, all novices not blessed with his modicum of local experience.

"Youth is proverbially of a plastic nature, and the juvenile griffin, consequently, in the majority of instances, readily accommodates himself to the altered circumstances in which he is placed; but not so the man of mature years, to whose moral and physical organization forty or fifty winters have imparted their rigid and unmalleable influences. Griffins of this description, which commonly comprises bishops, judges, commanders-in-chief, and gentlemen sent out on special missions, &c., protract their griffinage commonly during the whole period of their stay in the country, and never acquire the peculiar knowledge which entitles them to rank with the initiated. The late most excellent Bishop Heber, for example, who to the virtues of a Christian added all the qualities which could adorn the scholar and gentleman, was nevertheless an egregious griffin, as a perusal of his delightful travels in India, written in all the singleness of his benevolent heart, must convince any one acquainted with the character of the country and the native of India."

Griffinship, then, is the state of noviciate, the year of probation, of all the aspirants for rupees, nabobship, and the liver complaint, and is consequently rich in the ludicrous and grotesque. We like the idea of seizing on the Anglo-Indian manners, and impressing them for public amusement, for there is in the amusement an amount of information which we should be at a loss to seek elsewhere. *Our* "Griffin" commences by introducing himself in childhood, narrating his birth, parentage, and education, and having thus really excited a personal interest, we are prepared to accompany him on his voyage, and follow him through all the seasonings of his griffinship with hearty goodwill.

And in truth our author deserves a favourable hearing, not only for the spirit of hilarity and the invariable good-humour with which he encounters his various difficulties, but because this year's recital presents us with an accurate and faithful account of the manners of the luxurious East. The minutiæ of domestic life, the arrangements of the dwelling and the table, the retinues of domestics, the amusements, every incidental thing which fills up the simple but crowded picture of the passing of the diurnal hours, all the various usages of the presidencies, together with spicy military detail—these supply us with a very welcome and agreeable view of the way in which our fellow-subjects contrive to make themselves happy under the warm sunbeams of the Orient. There is, too, a sort of unstudied reality in the style of the narrative which stamps its veracity. The incidents are too naturally put together for fiction to have any of the credit; and we like this the better, because we can award it the fuller confidence. There is a constant succession of new scenes, a great diversity of actors, and much new matter, in this work, the whole enlivened by a *bonhomie* which gives it its most interesting aspect.

Sir Robert Peel, and his Era: being a Synoptical View of the Chief Events and Measures of his Life and Times.

That the present Premier is a man of great talent and large resources, all parties are ready to allow. They who conscientiously differ may yet bear an honest enmity, not to men but measures; and in truth, it is not by underrating an adversary that most honour is gained by the victory. Men who attain power must have some of the ingredients of greatness in themselves, and thus it is that among the ranks of those enlisted under the banners of opposite politics, we recognise on either hand individuals of capacious mind and true integrity of purpose. Thus rendering unto every man "custom to whom custom, honour to whom honour, tribute to whom tribute," we desire to do justice to truth in all men, and so to honour honesty in all parties. Such a consideration of an Era as that which is now before us, opens to us views of the condition of a country at stated periods, in what degree it may be advancing in power and position; how science may be enlightening, and commerce working: but turning from these graver considerations to which an extract would not do justice, we transfer a lighter portion of the work to our own pages.

Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons.

"What time does Peel come down to the house?

"Generally about five o'clock; he is very punctual. He will be here immediately. Oh, there he is, with papers in his hand, I suppose the copy of some newly-concluded commercial treaty. You will see him stand at the bar to catch the Speaker's eye, when, of course, he has not long to wait; though, if other matters are in the way, he must take his turn. Hark!

"'Sir Robert Peel!'

"'Papers, Sir, by command of Her Majesty.'

"'Bring them up.'

"There, now, he is 'bringing them up.'

"Does it not strike you, as he moves up the floor of the House, that there is a sort of *mauvaise honte* about him?—a thing that surprises me, considering his rather handsome person, address, and long usage of the House of Commons.

"Yes, but though reputed such a peculiarly cool, cautious man, he is, in temperament, very sensitive, and keenly alive to all the proprieties of morals and of manners. You see he is a florid man—sanguineous; and such men are frequently very attentive to externals, while 'black' or 'bilious' men, though just as full of SELF, are more apt to neglect manner, in their deeper meditation of matter.

"How old is Peel?

"He approaches his fifty-fifth year, and, as you may perceive, is in the bloom of health, as well as the prime of life.

"Do you know anything of his domestic life—of Lady Peel, who she is, and what she is?

"Not a bit; and if I had heard anything I would not repeat it. Ladies' maids, chambermaids, and footmen are the very worst appreciators of character: so far from being able to see below the surface, they do not even see the surface; and a man so quiet in his domestic habits as Sir Robert Peel can only be known through a medium which it would foul a man to penetrate. As for Lady Peel, I only know what everybody knows—that she is the daughter of General Sir John Floyd; that he was married

to her in 1820; that she is a quiet, unobtrusive lady; and said to be doatingly fond of her husband and her family.

"As for Sir Robert's oratory, what do you think of that?

"It depends on your estimate and definition of oratory. As a *speaker*, Sir Robert Peel has no rival in the House of Commons.

"Why, what do *you* mean? I understand by an orator, a man who can talk well!

"No doubt, no doubt! But Sir Robert Peel is not a Burke, nor a Fox, nor a Canning: his understanding, though not very capacious, is excellent: and though rather slow to appreciate and acknowledge principles, he is not capable of doggedly persevering in a course against which his intellect protests. His eloquence is therefore a reflection of his character. His mind is not deep-toned, his oratory is not electric, he clothes no principles in burning words, emits no 'living thunders,' imprints no ineffaceable recollections. Yet he is really an admirable and accomplished public speaker—as such, unrivalled in the present House. The habits of his mind enable him to arrange his topics with great art, and to present them with exceeding clearness; in the language of Milton, 'his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.' His voice, though neither sonorous, nor capable of varied expression, is managed with much skill, and so rendered subservient to the speaker's purposes as to make him, if not a powerful, at least a delightful and exceedingly interesting talker.

"Sir Robert Peel knows that he is a capital speaker, and like a good singer, has no objection to a display. His tact and prudence restrain him from being unnecessarily intrusive: yet, if he could, he would reserve all the ministerial talking to himself. He enjoys the sensation of having to make a speech of some four hours in length, on introducing some new measure, with the House crowded with listening members, the strangers' gallery crammed, and the public impatient; and very likely his enjoyment of such a sensation as this compensates, in some degree, for any mortification arising from his having to propose a measure which he may have formerly opposed. Next to this, he greatly enjoys having to reply to opponents who may have laid themselves open to fair retort, or even to a dexterous quibble, or an ingenious rhetorical perversion. Let some blundering speaker make some awkward admission or obvious exaggeration—let some philosopher wander out of the ordinary track, and draw arguments for annual Parliaments from the annual revolution of the earth—then Sir Robert Peel treasures them all up, gives them a ludicrous turn, and with his face all wreathed with smiles, turns round to enjoy the bursting laughter and the ringing cheer which echo behind him. His enjoyment of this kind of thing has betrayed him into that habit of rhetorical evasion which has too much characterised his Parliamentary speeches, and procured for him the reputation of being the greatest master of plausibilities in the House of Commons. He is shaking off this habit, and taking fairer and therefore higher ground.

Cool, cautious, and collected, he can nevertheless be put into a passion. He can also simulate emotion tolerably well, either of sympathy or of indignation: but his fictitious and real passion are very different things. His general habits are those of great courtesy; and though occasionally manifesting what Lord Castlereagh might have called 'an ignorant impatience of being harassed,' he submits with much patience to much badgering in the shape of questions asked, or deputations waiting upon him.

"Such is Sir Robert Peel, now in the maturity of his powers, and enjoying more absolute authority as a prime minister than any of his predecessors in the same office since the days of Pitt. To whom shall we compare him? We cannot compare Sir Robert Walpole with Sir Robert

Peel, for the men in their individualities present striking contrasts. Sir Robert Walpole cared little for his personal dignity, provided that he could secure his object: Sir Robert Peel would rather let his object go, than have his personal dignity compromised. Both deserve the reputation of adroitness, but Sir Robert Walpole was singularly adroit in private, whereas Sir Robert Peel chooses only to be adroit in public. Sir Robert Walpole could cozen, cajole, and laugh at and laugh with his supporters while behind the scenes: Sir Robert Peel expects that his partisans will pay as much deference to him as he to them. Sir Robert Walpole was obtuse with reference to public opinion, but Sir Robert Peel is thin-skinned, and very sensitive as to his character and reputation.

"Yet one may fancy some points of resemblance. 'He was not,' says Burke, in his masterly character of Walpole, 'a genius of the first class, but he was an intelligent, a prudent, and a safe minister.' Hume, describing Walpole, while Walpole was in office, says, 'Sir Robert Walpole, prime minister of England is a man of ability, not of genius; good-natured, constant, but not magnanimous; moderate in the exercise of power, not equal in the engrossing of it.....The private character of the man is better than the public; his virtues more than his vices; his fortune greater than his fame. With many good qualities, he has incurred the public hatred; with good capacity, he has not escaped ridicule.' But take rather Professor Smyth's summing up of the character of Walpole: —'His intelligence and prudence enabled him, without the assistance of the more divine influence of genius, to see and provide for the interests of a commercial nation; and he perceived that he could assist the prosperity of his country effectually, by clearing away, as much as possible, the duties and impositions by which he found our commerce encumbered and impoverished. He found our Book of Rates [Tariff] the worst, and left it the best in Europe—a most important eulogium. We have here merit, and of a most solid nature; a man in a high station going through minute details and tediously disgusting examinations, and exerting his patience, his industry, and his talents, in a sort of silent and obscure drudgery, where, though they were exerted highly to the benefit of the community, they could not be exerted with that *éclat* to which they most assuredly were entitled."

Personal Narrative of the Campaigns in Affghanistan, Sinde, Beloochistan, &c. Detailed in a Series of Letters of the late Colonel William H. Dennie, C. R., Lieut.-Col. of her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry Regiment, Aid-de-Camp to the Queen. With an Appendix, containing Colonel Dennie's Correspondence with Lord Keane, Sir Henry Fane, etc. Compiled and arranged by WILLIAM E. STEELE, M.D.

Strong feelings can never for any great length of time occupy and engross the public mind, any more than it can that of individuals. It is a happy condition of our nature, that emotion should subside as drop the crested waves of the sea; and thus benevolently has our constitution been arranged, that where the aids of religion and high principle are wanting, the passions exhaust and cure themselves. Grief grows calm, and hatred apathetic, without the intervention of any other aid than that of time. Thus it is that the ferment of public curiosity has subsided respecting the Indian wars; the mere blush of its novelty has passed away, but there remains a more stable and permanent interest, which cannot but keep its standing. History

puts in her claims, and thus all relevant matter has a stronger hold upon appreciation than mere curiosity could ever invest it with: it compensates in permanency what is lost in excitement. Thus it is that this little work, compiled from the authentic papers of one who was sharer and eye witness in what he describes, has a value which the best arranged hearsay evidence could never equal. Here is a credible witness of all that a soldier in active service could behold in the very midst of the scenes of warfare—one who himself led on our troops to victory, and shared in all the toil as well as the glory of a camp. Sorry indeed are we to note those indications of wounded feeling and frustrated hopes which embittered the peace of a brave man;—but his reputation survives him. This little work, naturally and unaffectedly written, and addressed not to the public, but his relatives, gives us many interesting details of the circumstances of the war. By its means we are enabled to fill in much of that picture which, without such aid, might remain indistinct; and therefore, to those who desire to complete, as far as possible, their knowledge of our Indian warfare, we recommend this book.

Something of the privations of our countrymen may be gathered from the following:

"Kandahar, June 15, 1839.

"The last letter I wrote to you was from Quettah, in the province of Shawl—the first place worthy of a name I came to after leaving the low lands of Sinde, or the countries lying on the borders of the great Indus. We ascended from Dadur to that place through the Bolan Pass, an elevation of between five and six thousand feet, having previously traversed, at its foot, a long dreadful desert plain, from Shikarpore (or, to reckon correctly, from Roree on the banks of the Indus) to Dadur, of about one hundred and fifty miles. *Desert* will scarcely describe the aspect of that fearful tract, where no sign of animal or vegetable life is to be found; which the wild beast, from its desolation, shuns, and which is neither inhabited by bird nor insect: no sound whatever disturbs the awful silence; and as for the heat—*you*, God be praised, can form no conception of it: *I have escaped*, and can only tell you that I shudder to look back at what I and those with me underwent. The tract of country above described is by the nations of India considered the hottest in the world. The Persians and other Mohammedans hereabout have a saying to this effect, 'Oh, Allah! wherefore make *hell* when thou hast made Dadur?' The burning soil, the suffocating atmosphere, exceeds all credibility, and human life cannot long exist under it, but man perishes, literally *consumed!* Colonel Thompson, who commanded one of the regiments of my brigade, and who followed me a few days in the rear, died instantly in his tent; and Lieutenant Brady, of Her Majesty's seventeenth foot, fell dead in the same manner—their bodies turning as black as charcoal. Between fifty and sixty persons of another convoy were suffocated by the breath of this same deadly simoom, which sweeps across the face of the desert at intervals, during the hot season, dealing destruction to all within its influence.

"I had told you of my having been left behind, with my brigade, at Shikarpore, of Sir John Keane having profited thereby, to relieve the Bombay army at our expense, by taking all our camels and provisions from us, which therefore kept us still longer in that dangerous position which others were anxious to fly from, and relieve themselves at our cost or expense—which was then considered as nothing less than that of our lives.

"The Bengal column felt nothing of these sufferings, for they advanced in February and March, and reached the cool and healthy table-land of

Affghanistan early in April. The Bombay column, supplying themselves from us, pushed on, reckless of our fate, the plea being, *to save the Europeans;* so that my command of a 'native' or black brigade became a punishment, or misfortune. Before I could proceed, or obtain carriage or food, which latter came in by dribbles, and which I could effect for four companies only, the month of May and the dreaded period had arrived. To give you a correct notion of the temperature, the thermometer stood, in the tent of a young officer, my aid-de-camp—a smaller one than mine, and termed a hill-tent—at one hundred and twenty-five degrees; in mine, which is one of the best and largest, at one hundred and eighteen and one hundred and twenty degrees. We were here compelled to halt for some days at certain stages, which have names in the map, but neither town, village, nor creature, to give reality to the fiction. We dug holes, five or six feet deep, in the ground, under our tents, and fastened wet blankets to the doors or apertures. These precautions, with wet towels round our heads, saved us. It seems a contradiction, after all I have stated, but the surrounding nations, who dread the heat as much at that time as ourselves, yet, in the hope of great plunder, poured down from the neighbouring hills, and, well mounted and armed, harassed our small bodies in the rear, who were escorting grain or treasure, which was the work allotted, of course, to us. In fact, from Shikarpore to Dadur, and all through the Bolan Pass, a long, continuous defile, of seven days' march, (but where I was dragging along ten days,) we had to fight our way the whole road. But here, thank God! I am at last, with my regiment, and the head-quarters or advance of the army, having arrived here a few days ago, with a treasure-party from Quettah or Shawl. By Sir John Keane assuming the command of the combined forces, Sir Willoughby Cotton has fallen back to the division, and Major-general Nott to that of my late brigade, (the second,) as I myself to that of my corps. Being, however, the next senior in the army, any casualty must restore me to a brigade; but pray, however, it may never be accompanied with the penalties I paid for such distinction: to be suffocated or burnt to charcoal, is any thing but a glorious death, or that of a soldier."

The Reminiscences of an Old Traveller throughout Different Parts of Europe, including Historical Details of the Russian Empire, and Anecdotes of the Court. By Thomas Brown, Esq.

When we read on a title-page these magical words—musical, most musical to the ears of an author—"*Fourth Edition,*" we feel that in such a case "our occupation's gone." The public has set its seal to an author's value, and we have but to acquiesce in its decision. It is possible that occasionally we may be tempted into a little heresy on the justice of its judgments; but, on the whole, when the public has fair play, we are among those that think it generally right. Public opinion is usually on the side of truth; and in the present instance of its commendation of Mr. Brown's "Reminiscences," we have much pleasure in agreeing with it. We love to linger with an old traveller on the way, and the route through which we are here led is one of choice interest. Commendations, however, on a work which carries "Fourth edition" on its title-page would indeed be an act of supererogation; and we can only leave Mr. Brown with a hope that, in due time, we may receive another volume, bearing the still more emphatic words of "*Fifth Edition*" on its opening leaf.

Criticisms on Art, and Sketches of the Picture Galleries of England; By WILLIAM HAZLITT. With Catalogues of the principal Galleries now first collected.

Hazlitt's character as a nice discriminator of the merit of works of Art need not now be canvassed: it is already too well established to need any "bush." We are here presented with his strictures on the various galleries which most enrich our country, and we can truly say that no man ought to walk through them, without having first prepared his mind for their higher appreciation by a perusal of this work. Hazlitt does not deal in technicals: he was a man of warm feeling, and of a warm heart. He *felt* a picture rather than *saw* it, and hence it is that those who are wholly ignorant of artistical terms or cant phrases, may read his book and comprehend his views, without fear of bewilderment in the mazes of scientic subtleties. The freshness of his feelings and the warmth of his energy are at once inspiring and invigorating, and cordially would we recommend all picture lovers to peruse these "Criticisms."

The following shows acute observation and great knowledge of the principles of the art:—

"Some painters fancy that they paint history, if they get the measurement from the foot to the knee, and put four bones where there are four bones. This is not our idea of it; but we think it is to show how one part of the body sways another in action and in passion. The last relates chiefly to the expression of the face, though not altogether. Passion may be shown in a clenched fist as well as in clenched teeth. The face, however, is the throne of expression. Character implies the feeling, which is fixed and permanent; expression that which is occasional and momentary, at least, technically speaking. Portrait treats of objects as they are; history of the events and changes to which they are liable. And so far history has a double superiority, or a double difficulty to overcome, viz. in the rapid glance over a number of parts subject to the simultaneous action of the same law, and in the scope of feeling required to sympathize with the critical and powerful movements of passion. It requires greater capacity of muscular motion to follow the progress of a carriage in violent motion, than to lean upon it standing still. If, to describe passion, it were merely necessary to observe its outward effects, these, perhaps, in the prominent points, become more visible and more tangible as the passion is more intense. But it is not only necessary to see the effects, but to discern the cause, in order to make the one true to the other. No painter gives more of intellectual or impassioned appearances than he understands or feels. It is an axiom in painting, that sympathy is indispensable to truth of expression. Without it you get only caricatures, which are not the thing. But to sympathise with passion, a greater fund of sensibility is demanded in proportion to the strength or tenderness of the passion. And as he feels most of this whose face expresses most passion, so he also feels most by sympathy whose hand can describe most passion. This amounts nearly, we take it, to a demonstration of an old and very disputed point. The same reasoning might be applied to poetry, but this is not the place.

"Again, it is easier to paint a portrait than an historical face, because the head *sits* for the first, but the expression will hardly *sit* for the last. Perhaps those passions are the best subjects for painting the expression

of which may be retained for some time, so as to be better caught, which throw out a sort of lambent fire, and leave a reflected glory behind them, as we see in Madonnas, Christ's heads, and what is understood by sacred subjects in general. The violences of human passion are too soon over to be copied by the hand, and the mere conception of the internal workings is not here sufficient, as it is in poetry. A portrait is to history what still life is to portraiture: that is, the whole remains the same while you are doing it, or while you are occupied about each part, the rest wait for you. Yet, what a difference is there between taking an original portrait, and making a copy of one! This shows that the face in its most ordinary state is continually varying and in action. So much of history is there in portrait!"

The Garden Almanac, or Floral Calendar for 1843; *being the third after Bissextile, or Leap Year, and the seventh of the reign of her present Majesty.* The Horticultural Department by JOSEPH HARRISON, Editor of the "Horticultural Cabinet," "Gardener's Record," &c.

We are much pleased with this Garden Almanac. Every one who takes an interest in horticulture should possess it, since, while it answers all the purposes of other calendars, it serves the additional one of a remembrancer of all matters connected with vegetation. It is a perfect manual of floral duties, allotting to each day it sown needful performances; and in glancing over it we can only wonder how it was possible to lay down the work of a whole year with so distinct a brevity. After these daily specifications, follow more copious monthly instructions, making on the whole a very sufficient Garden Director and Instructor.

The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology. Vol. XIII. Nectariniadæ, or Sun-Birds. By Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., etc. etc.

This truly national work is now approaching its completion, its remaining four volumes being promised by midsummer. Of those already published, thirteen have been devoted to Ornithology, three to Ichthyology, seven to Entomology, and thirteen to Mammalia; the four which are to come are to be devoted to British Birds and Fishes, and to the Fishes of Guiana, thus completing the whole forty volumes of a work of singular beauty and usefulness.

The present volume is devoted to the history of the Sun-Birds, those exquisite little gem-like beings, the living and floating jewels of the heavens. The illustrations are faithful and minutely accurate, and the volume is well worthy of its predecessors.

The Cold Water System: an Essay exhibiting the real merits and most safe and effectual employment of this excellent System in Indigestion, Costiveness, Asthma, Cough, Consumption, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., with Cautionary Remarks addressed to people of extreme opinions, and some New Cases. By THOMAS J. GRAHAM, M.D., Graduate of the University of Glasgow, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.

Dr. Graham, who is well known to the public by his previous valuable works on Medical Science, here enters on the consideration of the Water Cure, a subject which has recently excited much attention both in England and on the continent. With the caution which becomes the scientific investigator, Dr. Graham institutes the inquiry how far the system is entitled to consideration, and having, as he considers, ascertained its real value, he proves, in the work before us, its applicability, showing in what cases it may be available, and endeavouring, in the several diseases named in the title-page, to point out its proper limits. To those who are really desirous of information on the subject, we have no doubt Dr. Graham's book will prove a valuable assistant; for whilst, as we have said, he endeavours to assign to this powerful remedy its proper limits, his conclusions appear in many cases to be decidedly favourable to it. The auxiliaries to its employment are in these pages ably pointed out, and we think all who are really interested in the subject would do well attentively to peruse this valuable essay.

The Ladies' Work-table Book, containing clear and practical Instructions in Plain and Fancy Needle-work, Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, Crochet, and Tatting, with numerous Engravings, illustrative of the various stitches in those useful and fashionable employments.

Happily, the Ladies' Work-table is to be found in most English houses. If it is too much to call it the source, it may safely be pronounced the index of much of our domestic comfort; and we therefore hail with perfect cordiality every endeavour to facilitate pursuits so friendly to the culture of the home-born virtues. The work before us appears to be well adapted to this end. It contains, as its title imports, practical illustrations in the various kinds of needle-work, and these not drily given, but relieved by observations and reflections, which render the work really valuable and interesting. As a gift-book, we think this tasteful little volume deserving of all the favour which we anticipate for it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Double Duel, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.

Sir Michael Paulet, a novel, by Miss E. Pickering, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Tuft Hunter, by Lord W. Lennox, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Russian Campaign of 1812, translated by von Clausewitz, with a map, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Money Lender, a novel, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Titian, a Romance of Venice, by R. S. Mackenzie, L. L. D., 3 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.

The Scottish Heiress, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Memoirs of a Griffin, or a Cadet's First Year in India, by Capt. Bellew, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cloth.

"Church Clavering, or the Schoolmaster," by the Rev. W. Gresley, 12mo. 4*s.* cl.

Ranke's History of the Popes, translated by Kelly, Part II., medium 8vo. 4*s.*; ditto, complete in 1 vol. 12*s.* swd.

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. J. Williams, missionary, by the Rev. E. Prout, 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.

English Country Life, by Martingale, post 8vo. 9*s.* cloth.

History of Woman in England, by Miss Hannah Lawrence, Vol. I. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Sir Robert Peel and his Era, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Collier's Shakspere's Plays, Poems, &c. Vol. VII. 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.

The Opinions of Sir R. Peel, by W. T. Healy, Esq. post 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

New Holland, its Colonization, Productions, and Resources, by Thomas Bartlett, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Doings in China during the Years 1841-2, by Lieut. Alexander Murray, crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Sigourney's Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands, 6 steel plates, fcap. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.

The Year Book of Facts for 1843, fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.

Life and Remains of Lucretia Davidson, by Miss Sedgwick, fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.

Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England, by A. Welby Pugin, 36 illustrations, 8vo. 9*s.* cloth.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is now ready. We have had much pleasure in expressing our admiration of it in our present number. We predict for it a course of high popularity.

The Viscountess St. Jean's new work, "SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL," is now on the eve of publication. It will contain a number of beautiful drawings from her own pencil.

Mr. Fenton's volume of Poetry, and the new Tale entitled "RAYMOND," are now ready.

The new work, entitled "MAGIC AND MESMERISM," is in a forward state.

Mr. Montague Gore has in the press a third edition of his "LETTER TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON," on the affairs of India. This is the pamphlet, a copy of which, with the Marquis Wellesley's notes, sold for the enormous sum of ninety-one guineas, at the recent sale of the late Marquis's library. In the forthcoming edition the Notes will be inserted.

Lady Chatterton's new work is advancing. It will be embellished with a number of beautiful drawings, taken on the spot by Lady Chatterton.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	38-46	29,95-29,86	S. & S. by E.		Generally cloudy.
24	40-47	29 81-staty.	S.		Generally overcast, a little rain at night.
25	40 48	29 91-29,98	S.S.W.	,066	Except about noon, generally cloudy.
26	40 50	29,93 29,98	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
27	46-54	29 91-29.84	S.W.		Do.
28	49-56	29,69-29,80	S.W.		Do. till the evening.
29	47 54	29,87 29,80	S.W.		Do. Do.
30	55-44	29,68-29,80	S.W. & W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
31	34-50	29.86-29,80	S. by W.		Generally cloudy, misling rain about noon.
Feb.					
1	44-53	29,83-29,78	S.W.	,1	Clear about noon, otherwise cloudy.
2	44-40	29 56-29,72	S.W.	,22	Raining during the morning, cloudy all day.
3	41-33	29,46-29,12	S.W.& N.W.		Morning clear. Hail and snow aft. and evening.
4	27-37	29,23-29,56	N.W & N.		Do., and evg. clear. Sleet and snow about noon.
5	21-36	29,73-29,75	N.W.		Clear.
6	27 37	29,78-29,74	N. & N.W.		Mor. intervals of sunshine, aft. sleet and snow.
7	28-37	29,91-29,81	N.		Cloudy: snow afternoon, rain in the evening.
8	33-38	29,93-29.95	N.E.	,58	Cloudy.
9	34-38	29,80-29,84	N. by E.		Do., misling rain morning and evening.
10	32-40	29-82-29 76	N. by E. & N.		Generally clear.
11	30-42	29,78-29.90	N.		Cloudy.
12	31 41	29,94-29,97	N. by E.		Do.
13	25-39	29,95-29,85	N. E.		Clear. Sharp white frost.
14	17-39	29,66-29,55	S.W.& N.W.		Mor. clear, do- aft. cloudy, misling rain and sleet
15	15 30	29,39-29,26	N. by W.		Cloudy, small snow frequently falling.
16	19-31	29,15-29.13	N.		Generally cloudy.
17	15-35	29,39-29,44	N. & N.by E.		Clear till the evening.
18	27-34	29,39 staty.	N.E.		Snow falling lightly generally through the day.
19	29-35	29,39-29,31	N.E.		Cloudy, misling rain afternoon.
20	33-39	29,25-staty.	E.	,615	Do. raining lightly throughout the morning.
21	35 49	29,34-29,30	E.bN.& E.bS		Sun shining generally through light cirrus.
22	37-48	29,24-29,30	E.& S.E.	,17	Cloudy till the evening.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

It is with regret that we perceive that the more favourable aspect which our commercial affairs wore during the preceding month has been succeeded by a great degree of depression. In the iron trade the few sales that can be got up are at deteriorated prices, while the stocks on hand are accumulating. In the cotton trade, the masters still find a tolerable degree of employment for the men, though they complain of the sluggishness of the demand and the reduction of their prices. The large supply of cotton wool on hand has had the effect of keeping down its own price, and consequently of enabling the manufacturer to carry goods to market at lower rates than could otherwise have been possible. In the cloth market the feeling is also sluggish. In the East India produce, the market has been active, and prices fairly supported. The last sale of tea showed considerable activity, buyers having previously hung back until their stocks were exhausted, in expectation of a profitable change in the market, and consequently being compulsory purchasers. Other things remain as in our last report.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 25th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 176.—India Bonds, 66s. pr.—Consols, 95 three fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 96 three eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 103 three eighths.—Exchequer Bills 1000*l.* 2*d.*, 67s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 24 three eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three fourths.—Spanish, Three per Cent. 27 five eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 103.—Portuguese Converted, 40.—Brazilian Bonds, 75 one half.

MONEY MARKET.—The complaint of the want of favourable openings for the employment of capital still prevails. Even its investment in the Consols is more than usually unsatisfactory, as a fall in their value may more than balance the interest accruing. Neither can money be lodged in Exchequer Bills without the payment of a premium, thus deteriorating their annual returns of income. The amount of good acceptances in the market is so small that not more than from two to three per cent. per annum is required.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JAN. 24, 1843, TO FEB. 17, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 24.—T. G. Clarkson, Commercial-road, Lambeth, tanner.—J. Bear, Ramsgate, draper.—F. Rose, Watton, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.—A. Matthews, Robertsbridge, Salehurst, Sussex, apothecary.—J. Robertson, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Eyre, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant.—A. Longstaff, Roughton, Lincolnshire, auctioneer.—T. Jones, Liverpool, coal dealer.—J. Pattison, Bridlington-quay, Yorkshire, saddler.—J. Lumley, Low-street, Yorkshire, common brewer.—J. Power and J. Wallace, Liverpool, merchants.—H. Parker, O. Shore, J. Brewin, and J. Rodgers, Sheffield, bankers.

Jan. 27.—A. Hay, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, coachmaker.—G. Cole, Bexley-heath, grocer.—J. S. Gowing, Lowestoft, grocer.—J. Gillman, Stewkley, Buckinghamshire, grocer.—A. Winton, D. Winton, and J. Webber, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehousemen.—J. Emson, jun., Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, veterinary surgeon.—R. Payne, Hatton-wall, brass-founder.—J. Orbell, Brandon, Essex, miller.—T. Brightman, Spalding, apothecary.—J. Bancroft, Salford, Lancashire, grocer.—T. Simpson, Gateshead, Durham, painter.—C. Mottram, Liverpool, wool-broker.—S. Highfield, Liverpool, merchant.

Jan. 31.—F. Fenton, Little Peter-street, Westminster, grocer.—W. Woods, sen., and W. Woods, jun., Newgate-street, City, general hardwaremen.—R. Ames, Margate, linen draper.—W. H. Turner and T. B. Turner, Blackburn, cotton spinners.—J. Bradwell, York, ironmonger.—J. Ridsdale, Leeds, snuff merchant.—J. Jones, Liverpool, wine and spirit merchant.—D. Robertson, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Rymer, Manchester, house painter and plasterer.—T. Cartwright, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, banker.

Feb. 3.—F. Cutbush, Kennington, seedsman.—W. Marshall, Worthing, butcher.—A. Norton, Edward-street, Portman-square, upholsterer.—T. Herridge, Upper Wharton-street, Clerkenwell, builder.—W. Mays, Brigstock, Northamptonshire, feltmonger.—L. Robinson, Ballingdon, Essex, millwright.—S. Presland, and H. J. Osbaldiston, Castle-court, Lawrence-lane, warehouseman.—I. Nowell, Huddersfield, currier.—E. Cragg, Kendal, Westmorland, innkeeper.—H. Lane, Derby, innkeeper.—R. Whiston, Clun, Salop, shoemaker.—T. Knowles, D. Lewis, and E. Dodd, Dudley, foundrymen.—G. Thompson, Manchester, solicitor.—W. Moss, Kingston-upon-Hull, woollen-draper.—T. Moss, Newport Grange, Yorkshire, brick-maker.—C. Pickslay, Sheffield, merchant.—H. P. O. Shore, J. Brewin, and J. Rogers, Sheffield, bankers.—G. T. Caswell, Birmingham, glass-dealer.—E. Ollerenshaw, Manchester, hat-manufacturer.—R. T. Cartwright, Louth, woollen-draper.

Feb. 7.—J. Overington, Arundel, plumber and glazier.—J. Rands, Southampton, boot and shoe dealer.—T. Berry, Lewes, brewer.—J. Van, Milton, next Gravesend, gold lace manufacturer.—T. Reynolds, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, merchant.—J. Walker, Hayfield, Derbyshire, grocer.—J. Gordon, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Denver and W. Nixley, Liverpool, woollen drapers.—J. Wood, Bean Vale, Nottinghamshire, miller.—R. Elliot, Sheffield, merchant.—J. Elliot, Sheffield, merchant.—T. Walker, Kirkstall, Yorkshire, brewer.—W. Jones, Park, Glamorganshire, ship builder.

Feb. 10.—T. Pearson, Liverpool-road, Islington, builder.—J. and T. Whitelaw, Litchfield-street, Soho, carpenters.—E. Tribe, Bedford-street, Bedford-square, money scrivener.—J. Cooper, Sutton, Macclesfield, mercer.—R. Shepherd, Liverpool, bootmaker.—J. Barraclough, Bradford, timber merchant.—J. Spivey, Lepton, Yorkshire, provision dealer.—W. C. Thornton, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.—A. Brain, Bedwelty, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.—N. Dickenson, Manchester, dyer.—T. Joyce, Bristol, woollen draper.

Feb. 14.—D. Button, Albion-place, Battlebridge, Islington, pawnbroker.—H. J. Smith, Globe Wharf, Surrey-canal, Old Kent-road, coal merchant.—H. Marklew, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.—T. Norrington, Writtle, Essex, wheelwright.—H. Cooley and J. Thompson, Hastings, Sussex, tea dealers.—J. Bromwell, Northampton, builder.—J. B. Gibson, Northampton, linendraper.—G. Greatley, Hatton-garden, jeweller.—R. Slinmon, Victoria-place, Hoxton Old Town, linendraper.—G. Fendall, Woodstock-street, butcher.—T. M'Enteer, Liverpool, provision merchant.—W. W. Harvey, sen., and W. W. Harvey, jun., Mansfield, coachmakers.

Feb. 17.—J. De J. Pariente, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe, merchant.—T. Patton, Swan-street, Newington, ironfounder.—T. Fawcett, Whipsnade, Bedfordshire.—J. P. Davis, Bromley, innkeeper.—H. Z. Jervis, Moorgate-street, money scrivener.—J. Towne, George-street, Spitalfields, chocolate manufacturer.—A. Gregory, Dover, linen draper.—J. P. Cottrill, Worcester, grocer.—W. Dunn, Barnstaple, currier.—J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddler.—W. Adamson, Hexham, Northumberland, butcher.—J. Lewis, Fernhill, Salop, draper.—J. Sartain, Broughton Gifford, Wiltshire, cattle dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

A. G. Hull, of Clifford Street, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for improvements in electrical apparatus for medical purposes, and in the application thereof to the same purposes. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

T. Thompson, of Coventry, Weaver, for certain improvements in weaving figured fabrics. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of the City of London, Civil Engineer, and G. Stevens of Limehouse, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar and the products of sugar. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

Edward Thomas, Lord Thurlow, of Ashfield Lodge, Ixworth, Suffolk, for an improvement or improvements in bits for horses and other animals. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

B. Bailey, of the borough of Leicester, Framesmith, for improvements in machinery employed in the manufacture of stockings, gloves, and other framework knitted fabrics. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

J. S. Bourlier, of Sherbon Street, Blandford Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery used in printing calicoes, silks, paper-hangings, and other fabrics. Dec. 29th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Rock, Jun., of Birmingham, Factor, for improvements in the construction of locks. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

H. S. Rush, of Sloane Street, Mechanic, for improvements in apparatus for containing matches for obtaining instantaneous light. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

Baron Victor de Wydroff, of Old Bracknell, Berkshire, for improvements in the construction of railways, and in wheels to run on railways, and in apparatus for clearing the rails. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

J. Bishop, of Poland Street, Westminster, Jeweller, for improvements in apparatus for portioning steam-power, and also improvements in plugs, cocks, or taps, for steam, gases, and liquids. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

C. Bailey, of Nant-y-Glo Iron-works, Monmouth, Esquire, for certain improved constructions of rails for tramways and railways. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

J. Harvey, Jun., of Regent Street, Goldsmith, for certain improvements in steam-engines. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. Ritter, of 106, Fenchurch Street, Gentleman, for improvements in crystallizing and purifying sugar. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. J. Loat, of Clapham, Builder, for an improved mode of constructing floors and roofs. Jan. 12th, 6 months.

J. E. D. Rogers, of Upper Ebury Street, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements in the separation of sulphur from various mineral substances. Jan. 12th, 6 months.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Skinner's Place, Size Lane, for a certain process or processes of combining clay with some other substances, for the producing of a certain ceramic paste, capable of being moulded into a variety of forms, and the application thereof to several purposes. Jan. 14th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Harvey, of Basing Place, Waterloo Road, Timber-merchant, for improvements in paving streets, roads, and other places; some of which improvements are his own invention, and others have been communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

W. Snell, of Northampton Square, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for the manufacture of farina. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

N. Card, of Manchester, Candle-wick manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candle-wicks, and in the machinery or apparatus for producing such manufacture. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

H. H. Vivian, of Singleton, Glamorgan, Esquire, and W. Gossage, of Birmingham, Chemist, for certain improvements in treating or reducing ores of zinc; also, certain improvements in furnaces to be used for reducing ores of zinc, part of which improvements are applicable to other furnaces. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

J. Hamer, of Wardour Street, Engineer, for improvements in propelling vessels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, of Regent's Park, for improvements in rotatory or revolving engines, and in apparatus connected with steam-engines, and in propelling vessels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

J. Kirkman, jun., of Soho Square, Pianoforte-manufacturer, for improvements in the action of pianofortes. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

T. W. Bennett, of Gray's-inn-road, Timber-merchant, for improvements in paving or covering roads, streets, and other ways or surfaces. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Dover, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machines for grinding and for dressing or sifting grain and other substances. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in dressing and getting up of hosiery goods, comprising shirts, drawers, stockings, socks, gloves, and other looped fabrics made from merino, lamb's-wool, worsted, cotton, and other yarns, and in machinery for raising the nap or pile on the same. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

T. Sunderland, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Esq., for improvements in moving floating bodies through water and air, and in accelerating the flow of water, air, and other fluids through shafts, pipes, and other channels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

U. Clarke, of Leicester, Dyer, for certain improvements in frame-work knitting machinery, and a new kind of frame-work knitted fabric. Jan. 21st, 6 months.

F. A. Winsor, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Barrister-at-law, for a new apparatus for the production of light. Jan. 26th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

C. F. Bielefield, of Wellington Street North, Strand, Papier Maché Manufacturer, for improvements in suspending or hanging swing looking-glasses, and other articles requiring like movements. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

H. Chapman, of Arundel Street, Strand, for a fabric for maps, charts, prints, drawings, and other purposes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

F. M'Getrick, of Ernest Street, St. Pancras, Artisan, and M. B. Tennant, of Henry Street, Regent's Park, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for preventing the engines and carriages from going off railways, and for removing obstructions on railways. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

E. Smallwood, of North Lodge, Hampstead, Gentleman, for improvements in covering roads, ways, and other surfaces. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

R. Goodacre, of Ullesthorpe, Leicester, Gentleman, for certain improvements in weighing apparatus applicable to cranes or other elevating machines, whereby the weight of goods may be ascertained while in a state of suspension. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, jun., of Oak Farm Works, Dudley, Stafford, Iron Master, for improvements in the manufacture of metals for edge-tools. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

G. P. Bidder, of Great George Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, for an improved mode of cutting that kind of slate commonly called roofing slates, though sometimes used for other purposes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

W. J. Greenstreet, of Blackfriars-road, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for producing or obtaining motive power. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

J. Kirby, of Banbury, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for manufacturing bricks, tiles, and other articles from clay or earthy materials. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

G. P. Baily, of 146, Fenchurch Street, London, Brush Maker, for certain improvements in brushes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

H. Phillips, of Exeter, Chemist, for improvements in removing impurities from coal-gas for the purposes of light. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

M. J. Roberts, of Brynycaeron, Carmarthen, Esq., for improvements in dyeing wool and woollen fabrics. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Thursday, February 2.

Parliament was this day opened by commission. The Lords Commissioners were the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Wharncliffe, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Lord Chancellor read the following most gracious speech :—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you, that her Majesty receives from all Princes and States assurances of a friendly disposition towards this country and of an earnest desire to co-operate with her Majesty in the maintenance of general peace.

"By the treaty which her Majesty has concluded with the United States of America, and by the adjustment of those differences which, from their long continuance, had endangered the preservation of peace, her Majesty trusts that the amicable relations of the two countries have been confirmed.

"The increased exertions which, by the liberality of parliament, her Majesty was enabled to make for the termination of hostilities with China, have been eminently successful.

"The skill, valour, and discipline of the naval and military forces employed upon this service have been most conspicuous, and have led to the conclusion of peace upon the terms proposed by her Majesty.

"Her Majesty rejoices in the prospect, that by the free access which will be opened to the principal marts of that populous and extensive empire, encouragement will be given to the commercial enterprise of her people.

"As soon as the ratifications of the treaty shall have been exchanged, it will be laid before you.

In concert with her allies, her Majesty has succeeded in obtaining for the Christian population of Syria the establishment of a system of administration which they were entitled to expect from the engagements of the Sultan, and from the good faith of this country.

"The differences for some time existing between the Turkish and Persian governments had recently led to acts of hostility; but as each of these states has accepted the joint mediation of Great Britain and Russia, her Majesty entertains a confident hope that their mutual relations will be speedily and amicably adjusted.

"Her Majesty has concluded with the Emperor of Russia a treaty of commerce and navigation, which will be laid before you. Her Majesty regards this treaty with great satisfaction, as the foundation for increased intercourse between her Majesty's subjects and those of the Emperor.

"Her Majesty is happy to inform you that complete success has attended the recent military operations in Affghanistan. Her Majesty has the greatest satisfaction in recording her high sense of the ability with which these operations have been directed, and of the constancy and valour which have been manifested by the European and native forces.

"The superiority of her Majesty's arms has been established by decisive victories on the scenes of former disasters, and the complete liberation of her Majesty's subjects who were held in captivity, and for whom her Majesty felt the deepest interest, has been effected.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that it has not been deemed advisable to continue the occupation, by a military force, of the countries to the westward of the Indus.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"Her Majesty has directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. Such reductions have been made in the amount of the naval and military force as have been deemed compatible, under present circumstances, with the efficient performance of the public service throughout the extended empire of her Majesty.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Her Majesty regrets the diminished receipts from some of the ordinary sources of revenue.

"Her Majesty fears that it must be in part attributed to the reduced consumption of many articles, caused by that depression of the manufacturing industry of the country which has so long prevailed, and which her Majesty has so deeply lamented.

"In considering, however, the present state of the Revenue, her Majesty is assured that you will bear in mind, that it has been materially affected by the extensive reductions in the Import Duties, which received your sanction during the last session of Parliament, and that little progress has been hitherto made in the collection of those taxes which were imposed for the purpose of supplying the deficiency from that and other causes.

"Her Majesty feels confident that the future produce of the Revenue will be sufficient to meet every exigency of the public service.

"Her Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that her Majesty derived the utmost gratification from the loyalty and affectionate attachment to her Majesty, which were manifested on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to Scotland.

"Her Majesty regrets that in the course of last year the public peace in some of the manufacturing districts was seriously disturbed, and the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects were endangered by tumultuous assemblages and acts of open violence. The ordinary law, promptly enforced, was sufficient for the effectual repression of these disorders. Her Majesty confidently relies upon its efficacy, and upon the zealous support of her loyal and peaceable subjects, for the maintenance of tranquillity.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you that measures connected with the improvement of the law, and with various questions of domestic policy, will be submitted for your consideration.

"Her Majesty confidently relies on your zealous endeavours to promote the public welfare, and fervently prays that the favour of Divine Providence may direct and prosper your counsels, and make them conducive to the happiness and contentment of her people."

After prayers were read, the Lord Chancellor adjourned the House until five o'clock, when, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, the Select Vestries Bill was read a first time, *pro forma*.

Feb. 2.—The Earl of Powis moved the address, which was seconded by the Earl of Eglinton. Some conversation ensued respecting the Eastern wars.—Earl Stanhope gave notice of a motion for Thursday, for considering the condition of the productive classes.—The address was agreed to.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 4.—No House.

Feb. 6.—Lord Brougham gave notice of a motion for the next day, relative to the Ashburton Treaty. The Marquis of Clanricarde moved for returns relative to the working of the Poor Law in Ireland, which were ordered. Lord Cottenham laid on the table two bills; one relative to the Arrest for Debt, and the other to the law of Debtor and Creditor. Lord Denman again brought forward the Law of Evidence Bill, which was read a first time.

Feb. 7.—Lord Monteagle gave notice that he intended to move on the 23rd of this month, for a select committee to inquire into the operations and effect of the Corn Laws. Lord Campbell moved that the papers relating to the Church of Scotland, should be laid on the table of the house. Lord Denman made a motion on the bill for improving the Law of Evidence, which was read a second time.

Feb. 8.—No house.

Feb. 9.—The Law of Evidence Bill went through committee, and was ordered for a third reading. Earl Stanhope brought forward his motion for a committee to inquire into the present state of the Working Classes, with a view to providing them with profitable employment; after some conversation the house divided, and the motion was rejected by a majority of 25 to 4.

Feb. 10.—The Law of Evidence was read a third time and passed.

Feb. 11.—No House.

Feb. 13.—Lord Campbell, according to motion, moved that a select committee be appointed to consider the Law of Defamation and Libel, which was agreed to. The Attorneys' and Solicitors' Bill was read a second time.

Feb. 14.—The Duke of Wellington proposed that their Lordships should express their approbation of the services of her Majesty's fleet and army, through which, in China, such inportant results had been obtained. The resolution was carried unanimously.¶

Feb. 15.—No House.

Feb. 16.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 17.—Nothing of importance,

Feb. 18.—No House.

Feb. 20.—The Duke of Wellington moved certain resolutions relative to the army lately employed in Affghanistan, which gave rise to much debate, but were at length carried unanimously.

Feb. 21.—Lord Clanricarde spoke of the New House of Parliament, and the present inconvenience to which the members were subjected. He proposed that a portion of the new building should be finished as soon as possible, for their Lordships' accommodation.

Feb. 22.—No House.

House of Commons.—Feb. 2.—Several new members were sworn, and new writs issued for vacant seats.—Lord Courtney moved the address.—Conversation then ensued on Lord Ellenborough's East India Governorship, America, and the present distress of the country. The address was then carried unanimously.

Feb. 3.—Lord Courtney brought up the report upon the address in answer to the speech from the Throne, which after some conversation was agreed to.—Mr. Hume moved for returns of the quantity of Sycee silver imported into this country from China, with the loss or profit arising from sending it to the Mint instead of selling it in the market on its arrival. The motion in an amended form was agreed to.

Feb. 4.—No House.

Feb. 5.—Mr. Tufnel moved for leave to bring in a bill to disfranchise Sudbury, which was supported by Sir Robert Peel, and the bill was read a first time.

Feb. 7.—Sir Charles Napier moved for returns of the quantity of corn imported from the United States, Egypt, and the ports of the Black Sea, since the passing of the new Corn Law Bill, which was ordered.

Feb. 8th.—No House.

Feb. 9th.—Mr. Vernon Smith moved for a copy of any despatch from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Directors, containing a proclamation addressed to the chiefs and princes of India, respecting the recovery of the gates of the temple of Somnauth, a motion which caused much discussion on the conduct of Lord Ellenborough, after which it was agreed to.

Feb. 10.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 11.—No House.

Feb. 13.—The House went into Committee on the subject of the forged Exchequer bills. Mr. Goulburn explained the views of government respecting them, which were that it was responsible to the amount of £262,000. The Medical Charities Bill was read a second time.—Lord Howick rose to move a Committee of the whole House for considering the depression of manufacturing industry, and the distress of the country, with a view to determine whether some legislative interference might not accomplish some relief for the people—much discussion on the motion.

Feb. 14.—Lord Stanley proposed a motion of thanks to the officers and men employed in the naval and military operations in China. The vote was passed, including by name, Sir Hugh Gough, Sir W. Parker, Sir Gordon Bremer, and Generals Lord Saltoun, G. Burrel, Sir R. Bartley, and Sir J. H. Schoede.—Mr. Hamilton, the newly-elected representative of the University of Dublin, took the oaths and his seat.—The adjourned debate on the distress of the country was resumed, and after much discussion was again adjourned.

Feb. 15.—Lord Howick's motion again resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 16.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 17.—The Forged Exchequer Bills Bill was read a second time.—The Personation of Voters' Bill was read a second time. The House went into Committee on the Transported Convicts' Bill, which passed through Committee. Lord Howick's motion resumed, upon which there was much discussion and excitement, in consequence of a speech from Mr. Cobden, in which he said that he held Sir R. Peel individually responsible for the distress of the country. The House divided—For the motion, 191; against it, 306.

Feb. 18.—No House.

Feb. 20.—Sir S. Spry took the oaths and his seat for Bodmin.—The Lancaster and Preston Junction Railway Bill was read the second time.—The London Cemetery Bill was also read a second time.—Sir R. Peel moved that a vote of thanks should be given to the Governor-General of India, and to the officers and men employed in Affghanistan. The motion was carried unanimously, with the exception of one resolution concerning Lord Ellenborough, to which Mr. Hume objected.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the forged Exchequer Bills.—The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was read a second time.—The Registration Bill and the Turnpike Roads Bill were both read a first time.

Feb. 21.—Mr. Duncombe brought forward his motion of censure on Chief Baron Abinger on the manner in which he had discharged his duty as Judge during the Special Commissions at Lancaster and Chester. On the division of the House, there appeared for the motion, 73; against it, 228.

Feb. 22.—The Forged Exchequer Bills Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Coroners' Inquest Bill was likewise read a third time and passed.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1843.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Sketches and Extracts from a Travelling Journal. By MADAME LA VICOMTESSE DE SATGE ST. JEAN.

THIS world of ours is a very different world to different people. The insensate being whose desires are limited to the gratification of corporeal wants, may look on the face of Nature without discovering a single charm in her radiant features; whilst the eye of the intelligent discovers, as it gazes, beauties unfolding into illimitable variety. The one beholds nothing in the sunshine but a genial and gladdening heat; the other finds creation gilt with glory: the one walks through the world in the dense blindness of selfishness; the other finds brightness on the blossom, odour in the flowers, music in the summer air, sentiment in the sighing of the winds, poetry in the breakings of a cloud, gladness in the rich ripe field, and luxury of soul in all.

This distinction ends not here. The first of these classes lives and—dies. His name is as mortal as himself; his reputation as perishable as his corporeal frame. The crowd closes over the spot of his habitation as the waves flow over the track of the vessel, and the traces of their transit are alike obliterated. But the last lives rather for others than himself. His mind, receiving all high and refined impressions, transmits them again, arranged, enriched, combined, illustrated, with new associations, having undergone the process of setting the jewels and refining the gold; while, like the gems which typify them, they are not perishable, but enduring; diffusing an influence on all around, and being capable of perpetuation beyond calculation.

We need scarcely say to which of these classes Madame La Vis-

comtesse De Satge St. Jean belongs. Gifted by nature with feeling and quick perception, and owing to cultivation taste and refinement, with a quick eye for the beautiful, and graceful fluency of description, with womanly sentiment and generous ardour, we wonder not at the merits of her work. With such a mind, and passing through scenes where Nature revelled in loveliness or reposed in grandeur—where legends clung to every moss-grown stone, and lay to every flower-gemmed dell—no marvel that we have a work so rich in interest as the beautiful volume before us.

Madame La Viscomtesse's own words, perhaps, will furnish the best idea of her own work, though so far from commensurate with its merits. Her motto is

> "No skill have I to guide the wandering sage
> With acute measurement of time and place,
> But simply to record, with hasty touch,
> The flying landscape, with the thought
> Less fleeting, which such scenes inspire."

And acting on this feeling, Madame La Viscomtesse has committed the fresh feeling, the new thought, the vivid impulse, the newly-received impression, the lay and the legend, the tradition and romance, to the keeping of her Journal, from which she has now favoured the world with extracts, leaving us nothing to regret but that any should be left behind. It would be impossible to peruse these tasteful and truthful sketches without feeling the heart and spirits harmonized into a tone correspondent to that which they breathe, since they so powerfully impart their own inspiration.

There is something peculiarly interesting in tracing the progress of this distinguished lady, in the midst of her happy family, as we find glimpses of the localities through which she has passed, manifested by the recitals which she has gathered on the spot, and by descriptions of truthful fidelity. On the line of travel we find many of these scenes of changeful beauty: now at the pass of Esterelles; now at Venice; now at the Baths of Loëche; now in our England, and now again in continental rambling; now dwelling on a tradition of the old ruined "Chateau of Falconeirie; now telling the touching history of the Sionese Shepherdess; now changing the theme to the wild legend of the "Demon of the Valley;" now telling the gentle tale of the "Orphans of Sallenche;" and in the intervening pages throwing in the sweet and grateful effusions of her gentle muse. In truth, we know not to which of these the preference ought to be given—whether to the deeply interesting and touching prose, or to the sweet breathings of poetry. The same warm heart and refined taste are manifest in both; while the diversity which they produce constitutes one of the highest charms of this exquisite volume.

Great, however, as is the talent manifested by this lady, both as poet and prose writer, the powers of her capability are yet further proved by the rich, the numerous, and highly artistical illustrations which enrich the volume, and which are real triumphs of art. We look with surprise on these manifestations of the painter's power conjoined to those which we have already noted, while the industry which

they manifest is a rare jewel on the hand of genius. Illustrative views, drawn on stone by the Viscomtesse, actually crowd the volume, realizing with exquisite taste, as well as fidelity, the very scenes of which we read in the adjoining page. In short, it would be difficult for us to do justice to the combination of merits which the high talent of this lady has associated. We can only say that this singularly elegant volume stands alone in the literature of the day, as a brilliant assemblage of the power of prose, the grace of poetry, and the charm of pictorial representation.

We give one of her interesting incidents of travel.

"Scarcely were we installed in the chimney-corner, talking over the events of the night, when the roll of carriage-wheels on the rough *pavé*, succeeded by a loud knocking at the door, announced the arrival of another visitor.

"This proved to be no other than our friend the Count de R——, who was accompanying us as far as Paris, on his route to Holland. He had remained behind us at the preceding post for lack of horses, and, contrary to our expectations, had now overtaken us, having weathered the storm so far. He thankfully availed himself, like ourselves, of the first shelter; his horses having also judged it advisable to make a halt by refusing to proceed.

"Whilst the elements continued to wage war without, accompanied by a fresh deluge of rain, the parties assembled round the fire were evidently busily engaged in taking cognizance of each other. The lady, more especially, who from her accent and complexion I had put down as German, eyed our new guest with a singularly anxious and inquisitive expression. So soon as their glances met, it was discovered that they were not altogether strangers to each other, and a scene of recognition took place, in which pleasure and surprise were equally demonstrated.

"Their conversation in German became long and animated, and from the expressions of extreme gratitude and thankfulness which from time to time fell from the lady's lips, in addressing the Count de R——, we became inquisitive to learn the particulars of this unexpected rencontre.

"When the lady and her son left us, which they did shortly afterwards, being anxious to continue their journey, our friend gave us the following curious detail of his previous acquaintance with them.

"'Madame de B——,' said our friend, 'the lady I have so unexpectedly fallen in with, is the widow of Col. B——, one of my oldest and most esteemed friends. At the time to which I am alluding, Moscow was in the hands of the French, and in consequence of the immense services rendered by her husband, and the severe shock his health had sustained by the disastrous campaign in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, she had been permitted by General G——, contrary to the received order, to accompany the Colonel to Russia. He was unhappily killed at the battle of Smolensko, and his wife left at a miserable auberge in one of the neighbouring villages, where she gave birth to a son.

"'I had, as I before remarked, been the intimate friend of her deceased husband, and had been present at their marriage, celebrated with unusual *éclat* at Berlin, about two years before. In passing through this village with the brigade of the 10th Dragoons, in a carriage, or *fourgon*, containing the treasure of the regiment, and charged at the same time with government despatches which it was necessary to deliver up within a certain time, I stopped to take a hasty refreshment at the solitary auberge, and here found the young and lovely wife of my unfortunate friend, with an infant of four months old, in a state of the greatest misery and destitution.

"'She entreated me, with tears and prayers, to take her on to Berlin; but so many formidable obstacles opposed themselves to this act of charity, incompatible with the direct orders of government, that I was compelled to deny her request. The wounded found by the road-side, the general's orders obliged me to receive and succour, but no other permission could I avail myself of without the greatest risk.

"'Her distress, however, at length overcame all other considerations. She threw herself on the ground before me, clasping my knees, and entreating me in the name of that friendship I had vowed to her deceased husband, to carry her on to her family, and not to abandon her and her little one to perish with cold and hunger, as they had literally every chance of doing, amid the extreme rigours of the season.

"'It was impossible any longer to resist her touching entreaties, and in less than half an hour, she occupied with her infant the place beside me in a sort of cabriolet in which I travelled, forming the front of the *fourgon*.

"'The snow was at least four feet in depth, and from the weight of the carriage, and the dreadful state of the roads, we proceeded, even with four and sometimes six horses, very slowly.

"'Her exhaustion from cold and fatigue was great, after four days and nights of incessant travelling, in a vehicle exposed in so great a degree to the inclemencies of the season.

"'On the evening of the fifth day of our march, the cold was so intense, that I procured with some difficulty some additional clothing, in the shape of furs and skins, my companion having employed her own scanty supplies in wrapping up her little one. I then administered to her a small glass of brandy, which I was in hopes might re-animate her, and, perchance, procure her a little repose.

"'In about half an hour, we both fell into a profound sleep, which lasted until the dawn of day, when I was startled by a piercing cry from my female companion.

"'Her child was gone! She had let it slip from her arms whilst asleep. To describe her agony would be impossible. She insisted on returning immediately, and by every persuasive epithet which language could command, entreated me to accompany her.

"The risk was great, not only in quitting my post, but in the delay which must necessarily ensue from such a step.

"'We were fortunately near the post, and whilst the horses were changing, I returned with my unfortunate protegée. The wolves were at this time unusually numerous—scouring the country, doubtless in search of the dying and the dead, those unfortunate victims of the ambition of Napoleon, whose bodies strewed the road-side, and this idea rendered the agony of her mind still more intense.

"After walking upwards of two hours knee deep in snow, without trace of any living thing but ourselves, we discovered, at a little distance before us, something peeping above the snow, and hastening towards the desired object, we found it was truly the lost babe, unhurt and asleep! It had providentially fallen between the fore wheels of the carriage, one of which had partially covered it with snow; but so completely was it swathed up in flannels and woollen, that its cold bed had been in no way prejudicial, and the agonized mother once more pressed her little one to her aching bosom, where it needed no other restorative.

"No sooner, however, was she assured that her child lived and was restored to her, than nature gave way under its conflicting emotions, and she sunk inanimate on the snowy couch which had so lately received her infant.

"My embarrassment and alarm were extreme. Not a living creature near me, and, consequently, without the means of procuring any assistance.

"Taking the infant under one arm, I at length contrived with the other to raise and reanimate the mother, pouring a few drops of the brandy flask I carried about me into her mouth, which was the only restorative I possessed. In this manner, half leading, half carrying her, we arrived at the post, where she was again placed in the carriage, being compelled to proceed with her under all circumstances, or leave her behind.

"As we approached Berlin, my companion gathered new courage, and we fortunately arrived there without further accident or incident. I was happily enabled, from the king's private purse, confided to me by the General C——, whose aid-de-camp I then was, to relieve her momentary wants, until she could rejoin her family, and, two years afterwards, to procure for her a pension from government.

"Her son, the interesting young man who accompanied her, following the career of his brave but unfortunate father, is now a valiant and distinguished officer, and has risen step by step to the rank of captain. He was wounded a few years since, and is now returning with his mother from the baths of the Pyrenees, the pride and solace of her existence."

The Wives of England, their Relative Duties, Domestic Influences, and Social Obligations. By the Author of "The Women of England."

Having before had opportunities of bearing our full and cordial testimony to the value and utility of Mrs. Ellis's writings, to the usefulness of her labours, and the purity of her purposes, we opened her present volume with a predisposition to be pleased; to find sterling sense and kind feeling in every page, with such a store of sound advice as might make its welcome and powerful way into multitudes of England's fire-side circles; framing the heart to its duties, energizing the spirit for its trials, and turning the tide of the affections into their fitting channels—we expected all this, and we have not been disappointed.

And yet, sooth to say, the impression left upon us is one of pain, made unwittingly indeed, and perhaps for that very reason the more powerful. If it be fitting and necessary for Woman to be this slave, Man can be nothing but a tyrant!

We acknowledge that the patience which Mrs. Ellis teaches is angelic—is divine; but it gives us occasion to remember that it is the crimes of the world that are overruled to the production of its highest virtues. Were there no injuries there could be no forgiveness; were there no oppression there could be no humility; did extravagance never bring destitution, where would heaven-born Charity find subjects for its ministry? And thus reasoning, if it be needful for woman to exercise towards man but a tithe of the submission, the humiliation, the adaptation, which Mrs. Ellis prescribes, if her virtues in an union with him must be so ever laborious, so ever vigilant, so ever ministering, what, we ask, must be the selfishness of man? Surely in such a case the orange wreath must be the crown of martyrdom.

We have read, and while we read have asked ourselves where now is fled that fine chivalric feeling, that almost deifying devotion, that mixture of honouring service, true faith, and loving loyalty, which was the temper of the olden times? How, in days which we are wont to

call barbaric, did the gentler sex receive as an almost divine right the services which she is now called upon to render; services considered ennobling in the tendering, repaid by the acceptance? Looking into the pages of literature, how do we find the influence of woman recognised as ennobling, inspiring, and rewarding the highest purposes of man? Where would the painter find those images of beauty,—we do not mean merely corporeal, but soul-full, mind-full beauty, the mere perception of which impressed upon his canvass hath purchased for himself an immortality of fame, saving from woman in her loftiest character? Doth not sculpture also manifest the like obligations? And for poetry, we doubt if ever a line would have been written without the influence of woman. It is not very long since we heard one of England's best artists, now alas! gone to his long home, speak of the impression made by the first glance of an intellectually beautiful woman as of an emanation of the presence of the Deity—a manifestation of himself in his highest works. Unquestionably the graduation of civilization and intellect in a country may be marked by the rise or fall of the estimation of its women. Nay, the character of an individual may be tested by his estimation of the sex. If man sees nothing in woman but a necessary implement for his bodily comfort, and feels not that she possesses an elevating power capable of stimulating his mind to higher and loftier aims, we must needs say that the corporeal predominates over the intellectual in himself; and when this obtuseness is the temper of a community rather than one of its units, we are at once supplied with a thermometer on which to note its temperament.

It is not then a slight thing whether women are looked upon as mere creatures made for man's comfort, rather than as a something superior to himself in all those subtile and finer essences which in spite of weakness, in spite of frailty, make her the connecting link between angel and man, since her influence and consideration mark the spirit of the age. Refinement and intellect ebb and flow, and this work of Mrs. Ellis may merely be a symptom that the utilitarian spirit of the times is abasing woman and her companion Muses down to mere daily drudges of domestic toil. For our own part, we feel that Mrs. Ellis has innocently shown the greatest severity towards the race. If it be requisite for woman to practise all these adaptive and forbearing virtues, what must man be to make them needful? What will the lover say to this schooling of his mistress? what must the husband say to this tuition of his wife? Would not either exclaim, Give us the impulses of sympathy, and meet our wishes under the Scriptures' highest, holiest, purest, and last law, that eleventh commandment, which the Saviour himself gave, *the law of love?* If woman could believe matrimony to be the dark and sullen page which Mrs. Ellis has unfolded, most assuredly her writing would be a general forbidding of the banns; but happily hope will whisper fairer promises, to be kept, we trust, by multitudes of English husbands. Mrs. Ellis, however, writes for the unreasonable:—we have not been able to discover the exceptions. But she shall speak for herself.

"The love of woman appears to have been created solely to minister; that of man, to be ministered unto. It is true, his avocations lead him daily to some labour, or some effort for the maintenance of his family; and

he often conscientiously believes that this labour is for his wife. But the probability is, that he would be just as attentive to his business, and as eager about making money, had he no wife at all—witness the number of single men who provide with as great care, and as plentifully, according to their wants, for the maintenance of a house without either wife or child.

"As it is the natural characteristic of a woman's love in its most refined, as well as its most practical developement, to be perpetually doing something for the good or the happiness of the object of her affection, it is but reasonable that man's personal comfort should be studiously attended to; and in this, the complacence and satisfaction which most men evince on finding themselves placed at a table before a favourite dish, situated beside a clean hearth, or accommodated with an empty sofa, is of itself a sufficient reward for any sacrifice such indulgence may have cost. In proofs of affection like these, there is something tangible which speaks home to the senses—something which man can understand without an effort; and he will sit down to eat, or compose himself to rest, with more hearty good-will towards the wife who has been thoughtful about these things, than if she had been all day busily employed in writing a treatise on morals for his especial benefit.

"Again, man's dignity, as well as his comfort, must be ministered unto. I propose to treat this subject more fully in another chapter, but in speaking of man's peculiarities it must never be forgotten, that he ought not to be required to bear the least infringement upon his dignity as a man, and a husband. The woman who has the bad taste, and worse feeling, to venture upon this experiment, effectually lowers herself; for in proportion as her husband sinks, she must sink with him, and ever, as wife, be lower still. Many, however, from ignorance, and with the very best intentions, err in this way, and I am inclined to think such persons suffer more from the consequences of their folly, than others do from their wilful deviation from what is right; just as self-love is more wounded by an innocent, than by an intentional humiliation; because the latter shows us how little we are really esteemed, while the former invests us with a certain degree of importance, as being worthy of a premeditated insult.

"It is unquestionably the inalienable right of all men, whether ill or well, rich or poor, wise or foolish, to be treated with deference, and made much of in their own houses. It is true that in the last mentioned case, this duty may be attended with some difficulty in the performance; but as no man becomes a fool, or loses his senses by marriage, the woman who has selected such a companion must abide by the consequences; and even he, whatever may be his degree of folly, is entitled to respect from her, because she has voluntarily placed herself in such a position that she must necessarily be his inferior.

"I have said, that whether well or ill, a husband is entitled to respect; and it is perhaps when ill, more than at any other time, that men are impressed with a sense of their own importance. It is, therefore, an act of kindness, as well as of justice, and a concession easily made, to endeavour to keep up this idea, by all those little acts of delicate attention which at once do good to the body, and sustain the mind. Illness is to men a sufficient trial and humiliation of itself, as it deprives them of their free agency, cuts them off from their accustomed manly avocations, and shuts them up to a kind of imprisonment, which from their previous habits they are little calculated to bear. A sensible and kind-hearted woman, therefore, will never inflict upon the man she loves, when thus circumstanced, the additional punishment of feeling that it is possible for him to be forgotten or neglected.

"But chiefly in poverty, or when labouring under depressed circumstances, it is the part of a true wife to exhibit by the most delicate, but

most profound respect, how highly she is capable of valuing her husband, independently of all those adventitious circumstances, according to which he has been valued by the world. It is here that the dignity of man is most apt to give way—here that his stout heart fails him—and here that it must be woman's part to build him up. Not, as many are too apt to suppose, merely to comfort him by her endearments, but actually to raise him in his own esteem, to restore to him his estimate of his moral worth, and to convince him that it is beyond the power of circumstances to degrade an upright and honest man.

"And, alas! how much of this is needed in the present day! Could the gay and thoughtless Daughters of England know for what situations they are training.—Could they know how often it will become their duty to assume the character of the strong, in order to support the weak, they would surely begin by times to think of these things; and to study the different workings of the human heart, so as to be able to manage even its master-chords, without striking them too rudely, or with a hand too little skilled.

"And after all, this great dignity of man, is not much of it artificial, or at least put on like a robe of state to answer an especial end? Yes; and a pitiful and heart-rending spectacle it is, to see the weakness of man's heart disrobed of all its mantling pride—the utter nakedness, I might almost say, for woman has ever something left to conceal her destitution. In the multitude of her resources she has also a multitude of alleviations to her distress; but man has nothing. In his humiliation he is like a blighted tree. The birds of the air no longer nestle in its boughs, the weary traveller no longer sits down to rest beneath its shade. Nothing is left to it but the clinging ivy, to cover with freshness and beauty its ruin and decay.

"It is said of woman that her imagination is easily captivated, that she is won by the hero's fame, and led on by her love of glory and distinction to follow in the sunny path of the illustrious or the great. But far more fatal to the peace of woman, more influential upon her conduct, more triumphant in their mastery over her whole being, are the tears and the helplessness of man, when his proud spirit sinks within him, or when he flies from his compeers in the race of glory, to bury his shame, and perhaps his guilt, in her bosom.

"I will not ask how often, after this exhibition of his weakness, after regaining his post of honour, and being received again a competitor for distinction, he has forgotten the witness of his humiliation; but I believe it is only as a wife, a mother, or a sister, that woman can be this friend to man, with safety to herself, and with certainty that he will not afterwards rather avoid than seek her, from the feeling that she has beheld him shorn of his dignity, and is consequently able to remind him of the humiliating past. For the wife it might also be a dangerous experiment, even in her fondest and most unguarded moments, to make any allusion to scenes and circumstances of this description; especially to presume upon having necessarily assumed at such times the stronger and more important part. When her husband chooses to be dignified again, and is capable of maintaining that dignity, she must adapt herself to the happy change, and fall back into comparative insignificance, just as if circumstances had never given her a momentary superiority over him."

* * * * * *

"I have listened much when men have been discussing the merits of women, and have never heard any quality so universally commended by the nobler sex, as quietness; while the opposite demerit of a tongue too loud, too ready, or too importunate in its exertions, has been as universally condemned. Thus I am inclined to think that silence in general, and smooth speech when language must be used, are ranked by most

men amongst the highest excellencies of the female character; while on the other hand, those wordy weapons sometimes so injudiciously made use of, are of all things what they most abhor."

* * * * * *

"In the case of a highly gifted woman, even where there is an equal or superior degree of talent possessed by her husband, nothing can be more injudicious, or more fatal to her happiness, than an exhibition even of the least disposition to presume upon such gifts. Let her husband be once subjected to a feeling of jealousy of her importance, which, without the strictest watchfulness, will be liable to arise, and her peace of mind and her free agency are alike destroyed for the remainder of her life; or at any rate, until she can convince him afresh, by a long continuance of the most scrupulous conduct, that the injury committed against him was purely accidental, and foreign alike to her feelings and her inclinations.

"Until this desirable end is accomplished, vain will be all her efforts to render homage to her husband as a superior. He will regard all such attempts as acts of condescension, assumed for no other purpose than that of showing how gracefully she can stoop. In vain may she then endeavour to assist or direct his judgment; he will in such a case most naturally prefer to thwart her, for the purpose of proving his own independence and his power."

Again.

"But beyond this vague and general feeling of being neglected, and this incapacity of doing anything to avert so desolate a doom, it sometimes happens that there is real cause to suspect a transfer of the husband's interest and affection to another. And although nothing can be more destructive to the happiness of married life, or more at variance with the nature of true and deep affection, than a predisposition to suspicion on these points; yet where the case is too evident to admit of doubt, it would evince a culpable indifference in the wife who could suffer it to remain unnoticed.

"Here, however, if ever in the whole range of human experience, it is necessary to act with delicacy and caution. It is necessary in the first place to be sure. In the next, no selfish motive, no indignant feeling, no disposition to revenge, must mingle with what is said or done on so melancholy and momentous an occasion; for though the dignity of virtue, and the purity of the female character, as well as the temporal and eternal good of the offender, alike require that some decided measures should be adopted to avert the evil; the wife herself must not forget, that under such circumstances she possesses no other than a legal claim—that as a being to be cherished and beloved, she is utterly discarded from her husband's heart—that scarcely is his home her own—that her respectability, her position in society, all that in which an honoured and a trusted wife delights, are only nominally her's; and that she is in reality, or rather in all which belongs to the true feelings of a woman, a low, lost thing, more lonely, pitiable, and degraded, than the veriest outcast from society who still retains a hold upon her husband's love. What then are admiration, wealth, or fame, to such a woman? Society, even though she were its idol, would have no power to flatter her; nor could the wide world, with all its congregated millions, awake within her desolated bosom a single thrill of pride. No, there is nothing but uncomplaining loneliness, and utter self-abasement, for the portion of that wife who cannot keep her husband's heart!

"It is in this spirit alone, that with any propriety or any hope, she can appeal to a husband's feelings, carefully guarding against all expression of tenderness, no longer welcome or desired; and keeping as it were aloof in her humility; yet withal, casting herself upon his pity, as one who is

struck down by a beloved hand, will kiss the instrument of her abasement; putting aside all selfish claims, as indeed she must; and making it evident, that though her own happiness is wrecked for ever, she cannot live without a hope, nor breathe without a prayer, for him.

"And surely if all this is carried out to the full extent of woman's delicacy, disinterestedness, and truth; and if accompanied by earnest and unceasing prayer for that help which no human power can then afford—surely towards a wife thus suffering and sincere, the husband whose heart is not yet wholly depraved, could scarcely withhold his pity, his protection, and his love!

"And if the husband should relent, if he should renounce the object of attraction to his wandering fancy, though nothing can obliterate the past, or break the chain of association between that and the thousand apprehensions which must of necessity link themselves into the sad future; all these dark thoughts must be concealed within her bosom, into whose secret counsels, and more secret griefs, no earthly friend must be admitted. Neither must sadness cloud her brow, nor any lurking suspicion betray itself upon the smooth surface of her after life, but vivacity and cheerfulness again must charm; while a manner disengaged, and a mind at liberty to please, and receive pleasure in return, must prove the mastery of principle over impulse—of affection over self."

This view of "Woman and her Master" is a painful one. A generous minded man will shrink away from the thought of subjecting the being nearest his heart, a being haply now trusting and loving, with entire faith and confidence in his stability and tenderness, to such a state of mental as well as bodily bondage. And what woman, with such a view of the martyrdom of matrimony, would venture into the arena? We believe that there are cases, and not a few, where disregard to the studied means of cultivating affection may spring from entire conviction of its unchangeableness, and even be construed into that sweetest of all compliments, which, while unmeant, is the most powerful mode of its cultivation—the perfect trust in its eternity.

Mrs. Ellis has been preaching to woman: she has, perhaps unintentionally, given a stronger and a more severe lesson to man. Let us hope that it may be profited by. For Mrs. Ellis, whom at this moment we will consider the representative of her sex, we will say that her own talents, her own powers of mind, her own elevation of character, her own perception of the beautiful and the good, raise her far above the humiliation, which, as a married woman, she seems to consider as the vowed religion of the state, and render her much fitter to fill the office, as it stands in our higher and happier idea of it, as a condition both blessed and blessing.

Turning, however, from this aspect of the work, and regarding its separate features, we cannot speak too highly of the womanly feeling, and, we were going to say, the masculine sense, by which it is distinguished. Well will it be that this soundly moral and faithfully advising volume should find its way into multitudes of English homes, refining, renovating, and preserving all its rich affections. How many of those minor evils which, springing up like the grain of mustard seed, slack not in their growth until they have become the greatest of all trees, and, upas-like, destroy every thing beneath their shadow, would then be uprooted, so that the rich sunshine of happiness might flood within. How many petty cares, wearying anxieties, disappointed hopes, and

fretful hours might be avoided; and how much of the cementing of real love unite our households together!

Most cordially, then, do we recommend this work for its purity of purpose, its capable advice, and its honest zeal, to both the men and the women of England: if to the latter it may offer an example, to the former it may prove a warning.

Poems by Viator.

The pure and classic taste so strikingly distinguishable in these poems reminds us of some fine piece of sculpture, in which justness of proportion and harmony of parts command our admiration, whilst their energy and animation seem to inspire the chiselled form with vitality and motion. It is but seldom that we see the taste of the scholar, usually, indeed, too quiescent, invigorated and inspirited by warm feeling and energetic impulse, and the union is as happy as it is rare. These poems of Viator are models of their kind; rich in sweet imagery, reflected in a stream of the smoothest versification. The flow of the language is as pleasing to the ear as the meaning which it conveys is delightful to the fancy—and what more can be said even of poetry? The "Anacreontic" with which the book opens is a sweet *morçeau*, whilst the "Serenade" which succeeds it is as tender as it is touching. "The Lament of Ariadne" is a fine strain of melting reproach, and "Time" a moral lesson. "The Death of Cleopatra," "Rome in Ruins," "The Spartan Mother," "Mary Queen of Scots," and "Hero and Leander," are all most felicitous and apposite, conveying faithful impressions of their subjects, being full of graceful sentiment and pure feeling; whilst the Paraphrases of Horace prove the classical scholar as well as the gifted poet.

But we do an author the fairest justice when we introduce him speaking his own words.

"THE SERENADE.

"'Twas eve—the sun had sunk beneath the wave,
Hush'd in the ocean city as the grave:
Beneath the latticed bower of Beauty bright,
Near where yon palace rears its lofty height,
A minstrel takes his stand, in hopes to move,
By music power, the ladye of his love:
'Look forth, my fairest, on the starlit night,
'And bless thy watching lover's longing sight;
'Let me but see thee smile, and hear the tone
'Of that sweet voice, thou dearest, loveliest one!
'Haply—' Great God! the assassin's blade is driven
Up to the hilt—his very heart is riven.
Beside his lute he falls, and e'en in death
Gasps forth Bianca's name with fleeting breath.
Away! 'tis done! Now down the marble stair
The maiden glides—the night breeze stirs her hair—
Rarely had such a face or form, I ween,
In princely hall or ladye's bower been seen.

In sooth, she hardly seems of human birth,
Or mortal mould,—too bright, too pure for earth.
'Art thou not here, my Giulio? Sure I heard
'Thy lute's dear tones. What, truant! not a word?'
She pauses, shuddering, for the moon's pale gleam,
With silvery light falls on a dark red stream:
Its source too soon she sees, where, in the shade,
Stiffening in death, her lover's form is laid.
Around his neck her arms she wildly flings,
Then through the air a harrowing death-shriek rings:
Life's golden cord is snapt; on that dear breast
Her anguish'd spirit finds its wish'd-for rest."

As a specimen of a different style of merit, we give the following sprightly

ANACREONTIC.

"Come, crown your brow, with flowers,
Fill high the mantling glass,
We'll pelt the laughing hours
With rose-leaves, as they pass.
Free from all care and sorrow,
Let us be blithe and gay;
Let come what may to-morrow,
Enjoy at least to-day."

Western Australia; containing a Statement of the Condition and Prospects of that Colony, and some Account of the Western Australian Company's Settlement of Australind.

To settlers proposing to locate themselves in Western Australia, this little work will prove invaluable. It comprises as much information of the country, its natural state, and its present aspect, as could have been collected, and seems fair and impartial. Perhaps one of its most important features—that most deserving estimation from its bearing on the prolongation of existence—is the peculiar salubrity of the climate, exemplified in the relation of some instances of restoration from injuries of body which seem to us little less than marvellous. Allowing, however, for some excess in the statements of these extraordinary cures, we retain a strong impression of the suitability of the climate to European constitutions: and, counting health as life's best blessing, we must allow that a country likely to minister to its preservation holds out one of the first inducements to the settler's consideration.

The gradations in the moral and physical capacities of the different portions of our untutored race which inhabit the vast tracts of land in which civilization has scarcely gained a footing, are marked and conspicuous. In one place, the mind of the untutored denizen of the woods has seemed as if merely requiring the withdrawal of a veil, and the flood of light should at once stream in; while with another, the blindness seems intense, and almost hopeless. The aborigines of Australia have never ranked high in the graduated scale of native capability; on the contrary, invention, which, more or less, is the birthright of man, seems not to have been called into exercise even by necessity. Heretofore they have been a wandering race,

roving through their native woods and wilds, not constructing houses as continued dwellings, and scarcely aiming at shelter from the inclemencies of the weather. Broken into small communities, and existing on the produce of the chase, they herd together on the banks of a river, or associate in the neighbourhood of lake or spring. Perhaps one of the most marked symptoms of the absence of any progression in their intellectual state, and one which shows them behind the most crude of any other aboriginal race, is that they have not learned to vest authority in any of their people. They recognise neither chief nor head; are subject to no authority, and submit to no control, each member of the community resting on the selfish basis of individual gratification, and being utterly unable to estimate the advantages of the adhesion of numbers. Even parental authority is disregarded; every boy, so soon as he can launch a spear, and find sustenance for himself, asserting at the same moment his own heedless independence. Thus compacted by no natural ties, and held together by no union of interests, their communities consist but of disjointed memberships, incapable of common purposes for the common good.

In person these aborigines are slight, but energetic, and capable of enduring no small degree of toil. Their physical conformation, as might be surmised from their character, is low and undeveloped, marked by a narrow and retreating forehead, an irritable deep-set eye, with a mouth of large dimensions, and a flattened nose. They possess, however, some natural quickness of apprehension, which has already been made available to a partial extent in the acquisition of our language, and in the practice of some usefulness to the English settlers. Their clothing has hitherto been constructed from the skin of the kangaroo or opossum, the fur forming the internal lining, and the shape being somewhat in the manner of a cloak; and even this is often dispensed with, the mildness of the climate so permitting, whilst the fashion of smearing the body with oil and red ochre everywhere prevails, and is supposed to protect their persons both from insects and the changes of the temperature of the climate.

Their low condition as a portion of the great human family, is at once tested by the quality of their food, which is composed of every possible nauseousness in whatever state of putridity, and comprises the very grubs from the trees, and the whale which may have been stranded on their coasts. One meritorious feature, however, ought not to be omitted, more especially as it is one which is as peculiar as it is honourable; they are averse to the use of spirituous liquors, that sin which seems to have spread like wild-fire through too many of those lands where civilized man has carried this his own debasement, and the repugnance is so laudable, that it ought not to be passed over without recording. Another proof of their backwardness in intellect, may be found in the absence of even the crude endeavour to supply their own wants, by such inventive processes as are practised with so much ingenuity by the simple tribes of other lands. They have neither canoes nor bows and arrows, nor do they set snares, or springs, or nets for the taking animal or fish. Thus, without the ameliorating influence of the settlers' instruction and example, the natives of

Australia must have remained in a state of existence but little removed from brute life.

Something, however, is now being done by our countrymen among this people, who are already making a few partial footsteps in the paths of civilisation; and in tracing the influence of emigration, one of its most prizeable results must still be found in the advancement of our species, wherever the citizens of our country carry out the examples of industry and inventiveness.

We have said, that to the settler this little work will prove invaluable. It not only describes the country, but relates what has been already done. It gives us not only its geographical position, but tells us of the state of its bays and harbours, rivers and estuaries, the aspect of the country, its soil, climate, and productions, the mode of its government, and the condition of the settlers.

Appended to it also is a Report of the Western Australian Agricultural and Horticultural Society, the mode of encouraging the instruction of the natives, the state of the bank, the duties and imposts, pilotage dues, and it supplies us also with the regulations of the Western Australian Company, its terms for land sales, the shipping returns, the regulations for purchasers of land claiming a free passage, and the regulations for emigrants, and is, in truth, a very useful volume.

Views upon the Statics of the Human Chest, Animal Heat, and Determinations of Blood to the Head. By JULIUS JEFFREYS, F.R.S., formerly of the Medical Staff in India, Staff Surgeon of Cawnpore, &c., Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.

Mr. Jeffreys, who is advantageously known to the public as the inventor of that very useful contrivance the Respirator, has here given to the public the result of his researches on the mode in which the act of breathing is performed, and in so doing has brought together a variety of facts which are in themselves highly interesting even to the non-medical reader. "The Views," observes Mr. Jeffreys, "which form the substance of the present work, will be perceived to be for the most part original. The subjects themselves are abundantly important." The first part treats of the capacity of the chest. The second of animal heat, and contains various facts and arguments derived from observations made chiefly in India, which open to the mind fresh views upon certain questions connected with the developement of heat, and the control of the vital powers over that process, and over the use and destination of the food. The third treats of the diffusion and dissipation of animal heat, to the phenomena of its local abstraction and retention, determinations of blood to the head, and point to an entire change in the views and prophylactic treatment to which we have been accustomed. Into a subject so important and various, it will not be possible for us here at any length to enter, though we must say that we have been highly gratified by the light which Mr. Jeffreys has thrown on his interesting inquiries. His remarks on the quantity of air contained in the chest, and its various uses, are extremely curious. They will also be found to be of a practical character, espe-

cially those which relate to professions requiring the use of the voice in public. A loud voice and long sentences often cause injury, but by attending to the rules here given, many a preacher, Mr. Jeffrey observes, might continue in his vocation. But we must refer to the volume itself on this and many other interesting subjects, as a work which will well repay the reader's attention.

Gerald, a Dramatic Poem; and other Poems. By J. WESTLAND MARSTON, author of "The Patrician's Daughter," a Tragedy.

It is genius alone which can trace the workings of genius. Only by like mind can mind be understood, and therefore is our poet-author so well fitted to develope the character of his poet-hero. Thus it is, that while there are but few eyes to follow the aërial flight, fewer still are the hands that can delineate its progress. The power of appreciation is one thing, the power of expression another. The one is rare, the other rarer, and seldom are they co-existent; yet here we have both, and that of the highest order.

Gerald, then, is a history of the *mind*—the *mind of genius*. The attempt is high, but the execution is worthy of its aim. We know not where or when we have met with sentiments of such true nobility, thoughts so elevated and so just, and feelings so exquisitely tender. The interest is powerful, and yet independent of the ordinary method of excitement, founded solely on our participation in the mental emotions of the hero, and not on the comparatively commonplace system of stimulating incidents, skilfully worked up to some impassioned crisis. It is, indeed, purely and solely as a history of the mind, the soul, to which may be referred the high and elevated interest which we find in Gerald.

It may be at once inferred the plan of Gerald is simply constructed, with even the careful avoidance of stimulative events, which might distract the mind from its deep metaphysical interest; and in noticing this aspect of the work, we cannot but be struck with the truth that vulgarity belongs to no condition, its presence being as possible in the most elevated classes of society as in the lowliest, and that the most exquisite and aërial atmosphere of poesy may as well float around the simple cottage roof of the husbandman, as over the palace dome of the prince, just as the sunshine which gilds the one disdains not to irradiate the other. Perhaps with the intention of asserting that Genius, instead of appearing upon earth with a long pedigree of progenitors, proves better the legitimacy of its heavenly birth by being found cradled in a cottage, our author may have chosen to introduce his hero as the son of a country farmer, with no higher rearing than became his station, the struggling soul breaking through the mists of obscurity, and native energy shivering the shackles of low associations. We may imagine a mind of this cast wakening into consciousness of its own faculties; perceiving itself surrounded by a class of those every-day men whom our Divine Author has fitly made for the satisfied discharge of the ordinary duties of the world, and whose high value may be at once found in the necessity of their existence, for the conducting the terrestrial affairs of our sublunary state—hedged in, we

say, by this right-minded class on the one hand, between whom and himself so little sympathy of soul could be elicited; and on the other, the heart of Nature opening itself to him in all her ways and works, what wonder if the Child of Genius should rush to her bosom as to that of a parent, and as if on it were to be found all the happiness of earth.

Under such a nursing mother, the genius of "Gerald" expanded into that era of existence when all is felt might within, and all a worthy theatre for its exercise without. The poet glows with the desire of elevating and benefiting his fellow beings. His heart and his genius alike yearn and expand, and he pants with the desire of going on a crusade into the midst of a world between whom and himself there is so little in common.

And yet this child of Genius is not solitary, though his unlikeness to his parent,—a kind, affectionate, and humble-minded man,—has estranged him from him, and a wider line of demarcation, of which the landmarks are repugnance, divides him from the honest class among whom his lot has been cast. Though breathing an intellectual benevolence to all his unknown race, young Gerald loves not the simple circle who are within his daily ken, and while burning with desire to elevate a world, looks with something of the coldness of contempt on that portion of it who are his allotted companions in daily life; even disdaining the while to approximate with the simple-minded parent to whom he chances to be intellectually superior. Gerald, however, is bound to his species by a something more than theoretical tie. Love is the link which so unites him, and truly beautiful and right womanly is the gentle being who thus unites him to the world. Their affinity is in their dissimilarity: her tenderness of heart, and his loftiness of intellect, blend into an affection the purest and most solacing, whilst her melting benevolence diffusing itself over every intervening object, as much unites her with her fellow-beings as the elevation of his intellect disunites him from his associates.

But that love is the minor emotion of his soul, as perhaps with genius it must ever be, is proved by the circumstance that he nurtures the desire of going into the world, and preaching high things to the spirits of men, believing himself to be inspired by the desire of elevating his species, and of gaining honours to present as bridal gifts, being, the while, blind to the engrossing desire of his own heart of gaining a prophet's honour.

And thus launched into a world whose masses would be unfit for their daily uses, were they not insensate to the lofty impulses of genius, Gerald undergoes that intellectual martyrdom which they who presume to differ from the world must ever undergo. Alas, for the daily tortures of genius! the fretting of the spirit! the chafing of the heart! the wearing of the soul! Surely the extinction of these gifted beings is like the crushing some exquisitely delicate sun-bird beneath the heel of the world.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Gerald through the discipline of his spirit, to trace the vehemence of his passion, the chill of his heart, the despair of his soul; or to follow the operation of that process by which he who thought to convict a world of error is made sensible

of his own sin. There is depth of feeling and the purest morality implied rather than expressed throughout the whole of the delineation, and the work has the rare merit, instead of delighting with the flash of novelty, of growing on the mind, unfolding on contemplation numberless beauties and merits. The soul of true poetry is in "Gerald," possessed indeed rather in calm sublimity than in stirring action, or in the plenitude of fruitful imagery, so often heaped up to hide the absence of the energising spirit.

We know not whether it will be thought that we are turning from a higher to a lower matter of commendation when we would say a few words on the *usefulness* of such exquisite poetry as this before us, but being utilitarians in our own way, we cannot pass over this feature of its worth. The reading "Gerald" will not unfit us for the faithfully discharging the every-day duties of life: it will rather raise them in our thoughts, and the better teach us to acquit ourselves of them. The gentle, the kind, the forbearing—these are the feelings which it calls into play—these which teach us best the graces which adorn a home, sanctify the ties of our relationships, melt the heart into a universal benevolence, make us more loving and more loved—these are the honest and honourable tendencies and purposes of Gerald, and these are the highest offices of poetry.

To justify our commendation, we give the following, warning our readers at the same time that this work of "Gerald" has not gained our attention from imposing appearance, either of size or decoration, being only a little unadorned volume, its value existing, gem-like, in itself.

> "They love indeed
> Whose hearts religion hallows, and whose deeds
> A heavenly law subserve. The passion roused
> By mere material blandishments—the flush
> That mantles in an Houri's face, the fires
> Seductive of her eye, the glowing frame
> Ripening to Beauty's fulness—are of Earth,
> And wake but earthly impulse, fiercely brief!
> The countless ambushed arts, and subtle wiles
> Of woman's captivation—loveliness
> By wit enlivened, and bright satire's shaft,
> For the fair archer's grace at once forgiven;
> The natural artifice of attitude,
> Descending tresses whose soft shadows play
> Like darkening dimples—on an ivory neck.
> The head declining on the snowy arm,
> Conscious of gradual curve, and polished round,
> The mignon foot escaping from the folds
> Of the free careless robe—but Fancy fire,
> With whom caprice is nature. Love alone—
> The attraction, magnetism, sympathy,
> That Virtue bears to Virtue, is eterne!
> The pure is the immortal—Holiness
> Thy fount, Eternity! Thus love to God
> And all his attributes, must still precede
> Enduring human love. And then how bless'd
> The intercourse, the unity of hearts!
> Their common sense of beauty, mutual aims

For all that raises Earth, or draws down Heaven;
The growing meetness for an after sphere,
And yet withal, a deepening joy in this—
Joy in the prospect, in the actual joy—
In aspiration lofty, hope sublime,
And sympathies whose only voice is tears—
Mortality's concession to the soul
Whose extacy is tongueless! Still, with these,
What calm delight in all the homely forms
And offices of Life! The eye that reads
The planets, finds dear beauty in the flower;
The ear that anthems ravish, is attuned
To voice of pipe and timbrel; and the heart—
Sweet mediator between mind, and sense—
Makes the august familiar, and exalts
The common to the great."

Floral Fancies and Morals from Flowers. Embellished with Seventy Illustrations by the Author.

There is something pleasing to us in the fancifulness of these Fables. We like well to trace the operations of the mind starting from some given point, and wandering in fresh tracts of imagination, even though it be without chart or compass; but when these explorations have an end in view, unquestionably they receive an added value and importance. They who can look upon a flower, and see nothing beyond fair form and sweet colouring, possess no mental locomotive power; whilst they, who gazing on its loveliness, find it impossible for thought to rest there, receiving from it but an impulse which sends them into the wide fields of rich imagination, there to luxuriate, are altogether of another race of beings.

The author of these "Floral Fancies" possesses this discursiveness of mind. Every flower seems to have suggested a fable. The world is full of parallels, had man but the wit to trace them out. They are in fact but evidences of similar origin from the same Almighty mind, and exist as much morally as physically. The various characters of man may to a certain degree be traced in the various flowers which bedeck his path, and surely he need not disdain to read the lesson written by the Divine hand. For ourselves, we love the graceful teaching, and see not why these beautiful denizens of our fields and gardens, so richly robed and garnitured, may not preach as holy a sermon as any mitred prelate.

Our author then has drawn a moral from every flower, inculcating either a lesson against some sin or folly, or recommending the practice of some grace or moral good. Pretty fictions are woven into the matters of fact connected with the numerous floral families brought before our notice, all being made emblematical of some correspondent vice or virtue: these morals are all apposite and happy, full of pure precept and honest purpose. In another light the work may be looked upon as conveying a good deal of botanical instruction in a very agreeable manner, displaying to us much of the economy of the vegetable kingdom. The notes appended to each fable supply us with much useful

and pleasing information; and thus, both morally and intellectually, may we well be taught "to look through Nature up to Nature's God."

We think that this tasteful little volume would form a very acceptable present to the young, and we offer the suggestion accordingly.

We must add a few words on the illustrations, which are numerous and fanciful in the extreme, and pretty—though it strikes us that the poor flowers must have suffered some torture to have been made to assume such strange fantastic shapes. A grave old rose with a matronly face nursing a young baby of a rosebud, must needs make even a critic smile; but we are not disposed to consider a little amusing extravagance as a fault, in a work which on the whole has pleased us much.

Papers of Regnault. Edited by WILLIAM DE BARY.

These papers are ushered in by a sort of mystifying introduction, which tells us nothing, and leaves us to surmise whether or not author and editor may not be found with two faces under his hood, being one and the same individual; from which we pass on to "a short epistle to the printer," made up of conjoined complaints to author and typographer, in which the ghost of the "melancholy Regnault" being in an extremely facetious vein, and particularly jocular for a ghost, jests very merrily until the cock crows, and then, according to all established rule, evaporates into thin air; while we, turning to a new leaf, are transferred from lively prose to serious poetry. Howbeit we do not complain. As we might have surmised, the defunct author and the living editor appear to have been united by some Siamese bond of sympathy, for we seem to be still in the region of the same temperament. Occasionally moral, occasionally tender, yet still the cheerful, the self-enjoying tone predominates; and we find an air of originality and energy, with an easy and metrical flow of versification, pervading throughout. The subjects of these poems are as various as the matter which the world usually presents to a poetic eye, that vision which sees all things through the medium of its own atmosphere, and yet pierces far beneath the ordinary surface which they present. However, be Regnault embodied or disembodied, he is undoubtedly a *spirit*, for he is a poetic spirit at the least.

The Commissioner; or, Lunatico Inquirendo. With Twenty-eight Illustrations on Steel, by PHIZ.

The law of the land, as most powerfully evidenced in a recent instance, is decided against punishing a man for any action, however heinous, that he may commit, whilst he can clearly and lucidly prove himself insane; and being ever happy both to plead and to follow so illustrious an example, we see not why a critic can have any right to return a more severe verdict upon an author, of whatever scribbling crimes he may be accused, when he puts in a plea of lunacy as the excuse for all his sins. The truth of this extenuating circumstance, however, requires investigation: well, we have proof enough in our hands;

the whole book supplies it: here is line upon line, page upon page, and chapter upon chapter. A most voluminous and portly tome, without the evasion of leads, and printed in a small compact type, so that by the time we may have arrived at the four hundred and fortieth folio, we think that we have sufficiently copious proof at least that the author is possessed by the monomania of scribbling, and is therefore entitled to be acquitted by the suffrages of his peers of whatever crime he may have been pleased to commit.

In the fact of insanity there will scarcely be one dissentient voice, the author himself avowing himself a *lunatic* commissioned by the high court of parliament assembled in the moon, under the wise and just government of its sovereign, vulgarly known as the man in the moon, to investigate the condition of this globe of ours, it having been accused of harbouring numberless runaways from the lunar settlement, and to resummon them, under a sort of alien act, to return to their native sphere. And duly for us to introduce the measure, and in a proper business-like way, thus it was according to our author's statement. "On the twenty-seventh day of the week, then, in the sixteen millionth year of the moon's revolution round the earth, a great parliament, or assembly of representatives, was held in the capital city of St. Luke; when a speaker being chosen, on account of his being dumb, the house occupied itself some hours in discussing whether they should say what they meant, or what they did not mean; when it was decided that, according to the constitution and practice of the moon, every man ought to say exactly what he did not mean, but what somebody else did." By this sapient assembly the Commissioner, the Chevalier de Lunatico, was appointed, with full power to transmit himself to this terrestrial globe; and having inquired into the state of intellect of all such persons as came in his way, to present such of them as bore the signs of their country, and were clearly by birthright *lunatics*, with a certain note of invitation to return, which, however politely expressed, was nevertheless compulsory. Having with these ambassadorial powers set his foot on *terra firma*, the Chevalier speedily enough becomes involved in the affairs of certain personages who are conducting certain plots, the telling of which occupies the very copious volume now before us, and sooth to say, we are almost tempted into the belief that the avowed *lunatic* just descended from the sphere of madness is about the only sane person in the drama; for never were more extravagancies acted, never a wilder tissue of fictions strung together. As might be expected from avowed insanity, the characters are all wild and strange, the events such as mock at credibility, with not a little of an incoherence which ought, under the circumstances, to be accounted natural. Still, with all these sins against sobriety, some of the characters, although caricatural, are hits, and good ones. Instance, Tom Hamilton, Joey Pike, Lord Outrun, but most of all Mr. Darius Markem; but perhaps it is the illustrations, which are capital, full of spirit and humour, which help the most to identify the personages of the tale, and put us into better humour with its extravagancies. The work is insane enough, but on that account is entitled to forgiveness.

Ranke's History of the Popes, their Church and State, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the last Edition of the German. By WALTER K. KELLY, Esq., B. A., of Trinity College, Dublin. Part III.

We have here the third part of this truly valuable work,—a work which ought to be in the possession of every well-informed Protestant. These Copyright Editions of the Popular Library of Modern Authors, present an easy means of multiplying sterling productions on our library shelves at the least possible expense; and being got up in a neat form, deserve to be widely encouraged.

Inglis's Solitary Walks through many Lands. Third Edition.

This is another of the same class of works published in the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," and being in the same form and style, deserves the same commendation. As to its own merit, the words "third edition," show its degree of acceptableness with the public.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence; a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro forma Invoices, Account-Sales, Bills of Lading, and Bills of Exchange. Also an Explanation of the German Chain Rule, as applicable to the Calculation of Exchanges. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. By WILLIAM ANDERSON.

We consider this little work as one of a most valuable kind, and the most valuable of its kind. The young noviciate in commerce will find it an able help, and a powerful auxiliary, smoothing down his difficulties, and making his way plain; whilst the foreigners who enter our merchants' counting-houses, either as volunteers, giving their services as a compensation for being placed where they may gain an insight into our modes of business, or the remunerated clerk, a body which collectively amount to many thousands, would find this volume the most important help in all those embarrassments which their want of familiarity with the idioms of our language necessarily occasion. The present edition contains invoices, account-sales, and correspondence with Australia, which is a new feature. There ought not to be either clerk or counting-house without this little volume.

Spring Flowers; a Collection of Poems. By THOMAS WILLIAM NEWTON.

This little volume is the production of a young man, of amiable disposition and cultivated mind. It is, we believe, his maiden effort; and as such is one of much promise. The pieces are mostly short, and embrace a great variety of topics. In some of them we discover descriptive powers which would do no discredit to writers of established reputation, while all of them are more or less pervaded by that poetic feeling which affords the best earnest of future success. We congratulate Mr. Newton on his *debut* as an aspirant at literary distinction, and hope soon to meet with him again in our capacity of reviewers.

NEW MUSIC.

What a Marplot to everything is Time! But yesterday we were young and active, our spirits buoyant, gay, and sprightly, our imaginations fertile, and our loves in the meridian of happy enjoyment—to-day we are cold and phlegmatic, spirits we have none, invention has long forsaken us, and the only solace in life's weary pilgrimage, the beloved partner of our affections, sleeps in that stilly repose from which there is no awaking her. Who will say, after this, that Time is not a Marplot? Nothing can remain, nothing withstand his all-overpowering influence. As the hour changes so change we—from young to old, from gay to grave, from joy to woe, from manhood into second childhood—and still old Time rolls on as unconcerned as if nought could arrest his attention, or for a moment make him pause o'er the desolation of some powerful city, or the sculptured form of some loved maiden stretched on the bier of death. Who can look through its vista without many pangs of regret? who recal to memory happy days that are flown, unalloyed by tears, and silent knocks of the heart—pangs that *cannot* be shown? But to feel bespeaks the mourner wedded to its mate beyond the every-day show of attachment; and though we come and go like the fitful rays of a sunbeam, now the idol and ornament of society, now the lone wayfarer who begs his bread by the road-side, still, Time is unalterable; he swings his merry bomb through centuries, nor feels a jot the mental agony of us sublunary mortals; therefore is he, to our thinking, a Marplot.

But a few months since, our library table was strewn with all the annuals of the season—the blazonry of art, costly bindings, and exquisite taste, adorned every page we opened; and now where are they? Like

"The last Rose of Summer,"

faded and gone. The butterfly, apparelled for a brief period to flatter our vanities, is now heard and seen no more. Transient and short-lived as these books appear, they have each had their individual claim upon our pleasures and recreations, and have served to change the dull routine and monotonous stream of every-day life; they have wooed us from Time's heavy hour, and spread around the social board and homely circle a halo which, at the close of the year, might be vainly sought for in the outpourings of Italian trash and foreign tinsel which inundate the drawingrooms of the would-be fashionable world—maudlin rubbish, which must be patronized because—it is foreign music. Time was when England courted her native song. Where are gone her madrigals, her part singing? Where are ye, shades of Arne, Purcell, Shield, Dibdin? Alas! Time hath buried you in oblivion, and, in place of Nature's strains, we are engulfed in the vortex of asnine crudities, the whole flood of which amounts to—rubbish! Time, in the full plenitude of power, hath wrought these changes upon us; therefore, we say again, Time, art thou not a Marplot? Echo replies—"Thou art!" Then farewell all that was—and is—beautiful and good!

The Second Grand Royal Infant Opera. By Mrs. O. B. Dussek.

A splendid specimen of the learned taste and appreciation of talented authorship! A more pitiable collection of heterogeneous nonsense never disgraced a music shop; and if such concoctions are to be dished up, and served to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as the foundation upon which his mind is to be reared and modelled, the sooner such Bedlamites are placed in custody the better for the future peace and prosperity of the country at large. It is beneath criticism, and a waste of time and paper to write one word more about it.

We have before us six new songs from the pen of Mrs. Crawford, the music by Charles Horn. "Sweet Sixteen," though not a "Cherry Ripe," or a "Deep, deep Sea," is not without merit—it is simple, and treated in that musician-like manner which always stamped the compositions of the composer under our notice. Some of the poetic feeling is charming; we subjoin a specimen.

"With golden skies above me,
And flow'rs beneath my feet,
And friends that dearly love me,
O surely life is sweet.
How can I hate the world,
That never hated me?
The sails of hope, unfurl'd,
Dance o'er a summer sea.
Then tell me not of sorrow,
My heart's too young for care,
A brighter wreath to-morrow
Than this shall bind my hair."

We know not whether these songs originally formed a set, but certain are we the present words never had the music composed to them by Horn—they are evidently written to old melodies, and fall lamentably short of the composer's intention. To write music to clever flowing words is one thing, but to write words to an already prepared melody is a task often attempted, but rarely accomplished beyond the commonplace sing-song style of every would-be scribbler. For the honour of both writers, we could have wished their labours better bestowed.

Songs of Erin. No. I. The Maid of Kildare.

Purporting to be Alexander Lee's. We would modestly ask him if he ever saw the old ballads, "The Rose shall cease to blow," and "Nora, the pride of Kildare?" If such compilations are to form the ingredients of "Lays of Erin," in our own poor judgment we would much rather have the originals; unassuming though they be, they possess the beauty of originality, and we detest plagiarism in anything.

Rossini's Opera, "The Lady of the Lake."

This music is too well known to need criticism; suffice it to say, it is published in the best and most correct style, and our favourite

poet, Desmond Ryan, is the author of the words—a better than whom cannot be found for performing the task, by no means an agreeable one, and always thankless, even when ably treated. To the lover of the Rossini school we conscientiously recommend this edition (D'Almaine's,) of "The Lady of the Lake."

Hatton's Operetta, "Queen of the Thames." Same Publisher.

In this operetta some pleasing music will be found, though by no means adequate to the powers displayed by the same author and performer of the celebrated concert stuck played at one of the Philharmonic trial-nights some years since. The whole thing appears one of precipitation, as if *time* had been the object; if such be really the case, we lament that a highly talented writer should tamper with a reputation honourably and deservedly gained. We are well aware of the difficulties an English musician has to contend with, before he can win a cold calculating manager to produce his work, no matter what *its* excellence—*that* being the last consideration. But if Mr. Hatton could not obtain a hearing for a skilful production, he should have abided his time, and that it *must* come we will pledge our veracity. In vain may the manager of English theatres endeavour to keep the legitimate author (an Englishman) from the boards—in vain may he try to crush the rising talent of the country. They have *done* it, and succeeded hitherto, and what has been the result?—every theatrical lessee has closed his career in ruin and the Queen's Bench. The old adage states, "Give a dog rope enough, and he will hang himself;" this argument holds good in our present case. Let the managers have their swing in the foreign market, and closed doors *is* the sure ultimate end—we are therefore chary of a countryman losing caste, when an open road presents itself and a clear offing. As time wears on, things and abuses work their own cure; managers will soon tire, when empty pockets and closed treasuries announce the folly of their ways, and then will the bright ornaments of the land come forth with double effulgence. The English composer will demand his right, and receive it. In the foregoing remarks we would be thoroughly understood not to condemn Mr. Hatton's operetta, where much praise and credit is due, but to guard him against throwing away that position which he has now at command. His ability is of that class which would ornament a country, therefore to trifle with it is neither politic nor praiseworthy. We have before us six pieces from the operetta in question—"O clear and winding river," a simple little ballad in E flat two-four, and sung by Phillips. "Away to the silvery stream," is more worthy his pen. The subject is good, and well treated; there is a freshness about it perfectly invigorating, and in the hands of Phillips (a second Walton) must have made the audience rise *en masse*. This song to our taste is the gem of the piece. There is a clever cavatina, "The Sky-lark," but it lacks character; (though well put together;) it is handled like a musician, but is deficient of that leading principle—originality. The whole is the work of a clever man, hastily conceived, consequently falls far short of that excellence his superior acquirements would naturally lead the musical inquirer to anticipate.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hargrave, or Adventures of a Man of Fashion. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Sketches and Extracts. By La Vicomtesse de St. Jean. 8vo. 21*s.*
Raymond, a Tale of Truth. Post 8vo. 8*s.*
Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt. By the author of "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Miss Pen and her Niece. By Mrs. Stone. 3 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.*
Melanthe, or the Days of the Medici. By Mrs. Maberly. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Glimpses of Natural History. By a Lady. With Illustrations. 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
The Life of a Travelling Physician. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
History of the House of Commons. By W. Charles Townsend, Esq. Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.*
The British Minstrel. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Francis Horner. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 28*s.*
The Wives of England. By Mrs. Ellis. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* cloth, 12*s.* silk.
Dr. Chalmer's Works. Twenty-five vols. 12mo. 6*s.* per vol.
A Marriage Gift. By a Mother. A Legacy to her Children. Post 8vo. 5*s.*
The Highland Note-Book, or Sketches and Anecdotes. By R. Carruther. Fcap. 8vo. 4*s.*
The Brother of the Moon's Visit to the Court of Queen Vic. 10*s.* coloured, 5*s.* plain.
Poems, &c., by Ben. Fenton. 1 vol. post 8vo. 7*s.*
Tales from Jewish History. By the Misses C. and M. Moss. 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham. By John William Burgon. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 15*s.*
How to keep House on 150*l.* to 200*l.* a Year. 18mo. 1*s.*
Lives of the Princes of Wales, Heirs to the Throne of England. By Folkestone Williams, Esq. Vol. I. Small 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Chatterton's new work "RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES," is nearly ready. It will be embellished with a variety of interesting Drawings, taken on the spot by her Ladyship, and beautifully lithographed by a distinguished artist in Paris.

The Vicomtesse St. Jean's new work, "SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL," is now ready, and we have had the pleasure of noticing it in our present number; it is adorned by upwards of twenty drawings by the author.

The new work, entitled "MAGIC AND MESMERISM," is just ready. We expect to have the pleasure of noticing this interesting work in our next number.

The new edition of "BOYLE'S COURT AND FASHIONABLE GUIDE," corrected tothe present date, is just ready, with the addresses of the Members of both Houses of Parliament.

Mrs. Jameson's "GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES" is approaching completion.

Shortly will be published, in one volume, 8vo., "A Practical Commentary or Exposition, with Notes, on the Epistle General of James. A reprint of the Rev. Thomas Manton's work on that Epistle, abridged and edited by the Rev. T. M. Macdonough, M.A., Incumbent of Bransgore, Hants.

"MODERN PAINTERS." A work under this title, from the pen of a Graduate of Oxford, will soon appear, showing their superiority in the art of Landscape Painting, to all the ancient masters, proved by

examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the works of modern artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 22″ N. Longitude 2′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
22	38-46	29,39-29,45	S. by E. & E		Generally clear.
24	34-41	29,56-29,60	N.E.		Generally overcast.
25	32 39	29.50-29,56	N.E.		Do.
26	30-38	29,56-29,36	N.E.		Do.
27	32 40	28 95-29.86	N.E.	,275	Misling rain during the day.
28	35-41	28,94-29,32	North.		Generally cloudy.
March					
1	40-48	29.50-29,72	N. & N. b. E.		Mng. clear, otherwise cloudy, snowing abt. noon.
2	25-39	29,79-29.90	N.		Generally clear, white frost in the morning.
3	26 39	29 96-30,05	N.		Do.
4	29-41	30.20-30,28	N. & N. ½ W.		Do.
5	29-42	30.26-30-25	W. & W.b.S.		Do. till the evening.
6	31 41	30.18-30,16	S. b. W. & S.		Generally cloudy.
7	18-43	30,11-stady.	S.E.& E.b.N.		Clear. White frost in the morning.
8	24-43	30,15-30,23	N. E.		Generally clear.
9	34-37	30.27-30,25	N.E.&S.b.W		Generally overcast.
10	23-42	30.12-29,96	S. by W.		Do.
11	27-45	30.02-30,06	S. by W.		Do.
12	36-50	29-87-29,66	S.W.		Generally cloudy. Sunshine at times.
13	36-54	29.66-29,58	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, rain at night.
14	40 56	29 39-29 55	S.W.	,2	Generally cloudy, sunshine at intervals.
15	42 53	29,76-29,89	N. & N.W.	,03	Do., light rain in the morning.
16	45-53	29.92-29,96	N.W.& E b N	,01	Do. Do.
17	40-59	29,85-29,80	E. b. S. & S.		Clear. Slight fog in the morning.
18	38-61	29,79-29,83	S.		Do. Do.
19	33-49	29,84-29,80	N.E.		Generally Cloudy.
20	38-59	29,64-29,47	N.E. & Eb.S.		Clear.
21	43 58	29,46-29,42	S. by E.		Genlly. clear till evng., a light shower abt. noon.
22	45-58	29,36-29,30	S. by E.	,125	Chis. numerous. Sun shining throughout the day.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The principal operation of commercial enterprise has recently turned towards the colonies, and more particularly to our North American settlements; many valuable shipments having lately been destined for that quarter. Larger supplies of produce than usual are expected from the East Indies, and as the recent afflicting calamities in the West Indies have been immediately followed by the effect of a rise in sugar, the more ample supply from the East may work as a counterpoise. In wheat the supplies have been on a moderate scale, but of superior quality. The imports of tea continue to be extensive; at the public sales the biddings were heavy, and the buyers were not numerous. In coffee the prices have been tolerably well supported. The prices of cotton are improving, and the market has been very active. The stock is at present 140,000 bales more than it was at this time last year. Altogether trade is on the increase, and the brightest hopes are entertained that it will be a prosperous year.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 28th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 186.—India Bonds, 68s. pr.—Consols, 96 three fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 96 three eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 102 three eights.—Exchequer Bills 61 to 63 pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 25 seven eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 seven eighths—Spanish Three per Cent. 32 five eighths.—Active Spanish Bonds, 22 three fourths.—Mexican Stock, 30 seven eighths.—Brazilian Bonds, 78 one half.

MONEY MARKET.—One of the most important occurrences of the month has been the meeting of the Bank Proprietary, in which the stockholders who went prepared for a reduction in the amount of dividend were agreeably surprised at finding the rate of three and a half per cent. maintained. During the long run of paper currency, numbers of the bank notes have been necessarily lost, leaving their liability, a sum of between £300,000 and £400,000, in the hands of the directors, who have now resolved on its appropriation to the keeping up the usual rate of interest. There has been a reduction in the premium on Exchequer Bills, occasioned by the introduction into the money market of some of the newly issued bills which have been substituted for the forgeries, and by the expectation that there will be a reduction in the present rates of interest soon made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Money is still abundant in the market, much difficulty being experienced in finding good occupation.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEB. 21 TO MARCH 17, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 21.—J. Stanton, Lowestoft, victualler.—M. Oxborrow, Stockport, pawnbroker.—R. Mason, St. Alban's, corn dealer.—J. L. Foster, Jewry-street, Aldgate, coach and harness maker.—J. Evans, Torquay, ironmonger.—A. Vickers, Manchester, ironmonger.—J. Crallan, Sunderland, timber merchant.—E. and G. Wright, Bodmin, brewers.—G. Seaborn, Berkeley, baker.—W. Robinson, Liverpool, dealer in glass.

Feb. 24.—W. Russell, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, innkeeper.—J. H. Curtis, Soho-square, bookseller.—J. Pickering, Bedford, upholsterer.—J. Imray, Old Fish-street-hill, Upper Thames-street, stationer.—J. Hague, Rotherhithe, engineer.—J. T. Lluford and J. Weeks, Canterbury, Chemists.—E. Morris, Brighton, Tunbridge ware manufacturer.—T. Wrigley, King's Cross, Yorkshire, silk waste-spinner.—G. Cobb, Nottingham, licensed victualler.—J. Tams, Shelton, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturer.—G. Seaborn, Berkeley, Gloucestershire, baker.—G. Newmarch, Sheffield, farrier.—D. Duncan, Derby, engineer.—J. Wright, Horsforth, Woodside, Yorkshire, miller.

Feb. 28.—F. J. Manning, Dyer's Buildings, City, money scrivener.—L. E. Parkins, Bicester, market-end, Oxfordshire, chemist.—W. H. Swain, Farnham, draper.—M. Evans, J. Evans, and T. H. Evans, Old-street-road, paper stainers.—J. Earp, St. George's-place, Camberwell-road, Surrey, licensed victualler.—J. W. Jones, Butcher-row, Wiltshire, tailor.—W. Eden, Queen-street, Cheapside, printer.—J. Stubbs, Worthing, Brighton, coachmaker.—J. Todd, Hylton Ferry, Durham, ship builder.—J. Stevenson and W. Haste, Bradford, machine makers.—W. Y. Norton, Birch-hills, Bloxwich, Staffordshire, retail brewer.—J. Burghall, Rowtonbridge, Christleton, Chester, corn dealer.

March 3.—A. Yeatman and A. Lam, Fore-street, London, chemists.—E. Austen, Walmer, Kent, grocer.—P. S. Parkin, Robert-street, Chelsea, ironmonger.—W. Streeter, Brighton, licensed victualler.—J. N. Balme, Leeds, wool stapler.—W. Bury, Blackburn, grocer.—W. Emery, Halifax, corn merchant.—S. Dickinson, Huddersfield, clothes dealer.

March 7.—R. Chamberlain, Ipswich, ship owner.—H. Yeatman, Bear-lane, Blackfriars-road, victualler.—D. Baseley, High-street, Southwark, cheesemonger.—G. Barker, Ratcliffe-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, blacksmith.—J. Knapton and W. M'Kay, Manningham, Yorkshire, staff manufacturers.—S. Kirk, Sheffield, ironfounder.—P. J. Papillon, Leeds, wine merchant.—J. D. Binks, Worksop, innkeeper.—H. Lonsdale, Sheffield, grocer.—C. Parkins, Leeds, worsted spinner.—W. Thompson, Rawdon, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—R. Marsden, Elland, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer.—H. A. Jameson, North Shields, linen draper.—T. Softley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, slater.—G. Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship broker.—W. Jones, Higher Babeleigh Farm, Devonshire, lime burner.—T. Alston, Balderston, Lancashire, spade manufacturer.—W. Whiteley Liverpool, merchant.

March 10.—T. Davies, Grosvenor-street, draper.—H. Clarke, George-street, City, lock manufacturer.—G. Butler, Witham, Essex, builder.—W. J. Chetwynd, Elizabeth-place, Westminster-road, picture dealer.—J. Wilshin, Reading, draper.—H. Hughes and W. Hunter, St. Leonards-on-Sea, builders.—J. Peters, Mersham, Surrey, coal merchant.—J. Saunderson, Cambridge, horse dealer.—E. De Carle, Norwich, stone mason.—N. W. Corp, Yarmouth, merchant.—F. and G. Szarka, New Bond-street, furriers.—T. Cox, Gloucester, plumber.—E. Hall, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, draper.—T. Dickson, Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen and wool-

len draper.—G. Robson, jun., Osbaldwick, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—E. Butler, Carrington, Nottinghamshire, iron merchant.—G. Holroyd and J. Waller, Sheffield, stone masons.—T. Goodwin and W. H. Griffin, Lescoe, Derbyshire, brickmakers.

March 14.—D. Gover, Marquis-court, Drury-lane, builder.—W. Gorton, Cornhill, merchant.—W. J. B. H. Lofty, Bennet-street, Blackfriars-road, ship owner.—W. Aslett, Bitterne, Southampton, grocer.—J. Hannan, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's-lane, victualler.—E. Butt, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, linendraper.—H. Panton, T. W. Panton, G. Forster, and J. W. Morley, Sunderland, iron manufacturers.—A. Fraser, Trelleck-terrace, St. George's, Hanover-square, board and lodging-house keeper.—T. Wright, Edinburgh, and R. Burgess and R. Taylor, Tunstall, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturers.—W. Whitley, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Pugh, Gloucester, auctioneer.—T. Sanderson, Leeds, woollen draper.—T. Baines, Bradford, worsted spinner.—F. Popplewell, White Lee, Batley, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.—D. Greatbatch, Newcastle-under-Lyme, cabinet maker and upholsterer.—S. Middleham, Clifton, Yorkshire, wine and spirit merchant.—W. W. Robinson, Beverley, Yorkshire, linen and woollen draper.—T. Duggan, St. Joseph's Printworks, Cheadle-grove, near Cheadle, Cheshire, calico printer.—W. Howarth and W. Williams, Manchester, drysalters.—J. Buxton, Manchester, builder.

March 17.—E. Metsum, Portsea, Southampton, brewer.—J. Cooke, New-street, Dorset-square, upholsterer.—G. Clarke, Crawford-street, Bryanstone-square, bootmaker.—R. Beddington, Liquorpond-street, ironmonger.—C. Harrison, Red Lion-street, Holborn, victualler. T. Chevlett, Gracechurch-street, hosier.—R. Halls, Colchester, fishmonger.—J. Parry, Haverford-west, draper.—W. Eccles, Much Woolton, Lancashire, grocer.—R. D. Sothern, St. Helen's, Lancashire, ship builder.—H. Laybourn, Hartlepool, ship broker.—J., W. J., S., G., and J. Wood, Millbridge, Yorkshire, machine makers.—T. Bagshaw, Buxton, innkeeper.—F. Allen, jun., Bowden, Staffordshire, brickmaker.—C. Scott, Newcastle-under-Lyme, carrier.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Weild, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements applicable to window blinds and curtains, parts of which improvements are also applicable to doors. Jan. 28th, 6 months.

J. Barrow, of East-street, Manchester-square, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture and hanging of window sashes. Jan. 28th, 6 months.

D. I. Wertheimber, of West-street, Finsbury-circus, Gentleman, for improvements in calculating machines, part of which improvements is applicable to purposes where wheel-work is required. Jan. 28th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

G. B. Thorneycroft, of Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for improvements in furnaces used for the manufacture of iron, and also in the mode of manufacturing iron. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

W. Maugham, of Newport-street, Lambeth, Chemist, for an improvement in preparing aerated water. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

W. B. Boddy, of Saint Mary, Newington, Surgeon, for improvements in apparatus and means for opening, shutting, and fastening every description of sliding and lifting window sashes, windows, and window shutters. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

W. R. Shaw, of Leeds, Engineer, for certain improvements in feeding or supplying steam-boilers with water. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

S. Kirk, of Stalybridge, Lancaster, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing cotton and other fibrous substances for spinning. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

C. Hancock, of Grosvenor-place, Artist, for an improved means of dyeing or staining cotton, woollen, silk, and other fabrics, and rendering them repellent of waters and moisture. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

C. Clark, of Great Winchester-street, London, Merchant, for an improved pyro-hydro pneumatic apparatus or means of generating, purifying, and condensing steam and other vapours, and of extracting from vegetable substances the soluble portions thereof; as also the application of parts of the said apparatus to other heating, evaporating, and distilling purposes. Jan. 31st, 6 months.

J. Clark, of Glasgow, Power-loom Cloth-manufacturer, for an improved mode of manufacturing certain descriptions of cloths. Feb. 1st, 6 months.

J. Hill, of Manchester, Machine-maker, for certain improvements in, or applicable to, looms for weaving carpets and various other fabrics in which raised loops or a raised pile constitute the face or the figure of the fabric. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

R. Hicks, of Old Burlington-street, Middlesex, Surgeon, for certain improvements in apparatus for impregnating liquids with gases. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

J. Morgan, of Manchester, Manufacturer of Patent Candle-making Machines, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

J. Badger, of Sheffield, Carpenter and Builder, for improvements in the construction of bedsteads for invalids. Feb. 11th, 2 months.

C. Nichels, of York-road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of fabrics made by lace machinery. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

T. Ensor, of Milborne Port, Glove Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of leather gloves. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

H. Du Bochet, of South Mall, Ireland, Pianoforte Tuner, for a new method of making pianofortes. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

T. Wolverstan, of Salisbury, Iron-founder, for certain improvements in axle-trees and axle-tree boxes. Feb. 11th, 6 months.

A. Brewer, of Surrey-place, Old Kent-road, Wire Weaver and Felt Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing paper. Feb. 11th, 6 months. Communicated.

G. E. Doudney and E. P. Doudney, of Mile End, Portsea, Candle Manufacturers, for improvements in the manufacture of dip and mould candles. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, jun., of Oak Farm Iron Works, near Dudley, Iron-master, for improvements in apparatus for retaining the wheels of carriages in the event of an axis breaking or otherwise. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

H. Ross, of Leicester, Worsted Manufacturer, for improvements in combing and drawing wool, and other fibrous substances. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

C. Brook, of Meltham Mills, York, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the apparatus used for purifying gas. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved system of working coal mines, and quarries of stone, marble, and slate, which may also be applied to the making of tunnels, borings, or to other purposes of the like kind. Feb. 20th, 6 months. Communicated.

J. Kymer, of Pontardalais, South Wales, Coal Proprietor, and T. H. Leighton, of Llanelly, Carmarthen, Chemist, for improvements applicable to the burning anthracite or stone coal, and other fuel for the purpose of obtaining heat. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

J. Crannis and R. Kemp, both of Southwark, Furriers, for certain improvements in wood-paving. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

B. B. Blackwell, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, and W. Norris, of the city of Exeter, Civil Engineer, for an improvement in coating iron nails, screws, nuts, bolts, and other articles made of iron, with certain other metals. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

L. H. Potts, of Greenwich, Doctor of Medicine, for a new or improved method or methods of conveying goods, passengers, or intelligence. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

H. Clarke, of Drogheda, Ireland, Linen Merchant, for improvements in machinery for lapping and folding all descriptions of woven textures and surface fabrics. Feb. 23rd, 6 months.

F. R. Conder, of Highgate, Engineer, for improvements in the cutting and shaping of wood, and in the machinery for that purpose. Feb. 23rd, 6 months. Communicated.

J. H. Leathes, of Norwich, Gentleman, and W. Kirrage, of the same place, Asphalte Manufacturer, for certain improvements in coffins. Feb. 25th, 6 months.

EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST INDIES.

It is our painful duty to record the occurrence of a terrible earthquake which has been attended with fearful effects in the West Indies. The first shock was experienced in St Thomas, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning; in Antigua, at sixteen minutes before eleven; in St. Christopher, at fifteen minutes before eleven; and its probable duration is estimated at about a minute and a half or two minutes. This fearful visitation was attended by most afflicting loss of life, and immense loss of property. In Antigua, almost all the public buildings have been destroyed, as well as the windmills and sugar-works, and occupation for the time entirely suspended. A gentleman on the spot at the time observed nothing in the atmosphere on the morning of the 8th of February. The sun was shining hot and bright, and

the sky without a cloud; the wind regular, blowing fresh, and rather cold from the usual quarter, N.E.; the only noticeable difference in the usual aspect of nature, being a deep purple haze hanging over the different islands, and shutting in the horizon: when suddenly that fearful shock was experienced, which rocked the hills, the waters became agitated, internal thunder reverberated through the subterraneans of the earth, the earth trembled and undulated, the land rocked to and fro, the masonry of the solid buildings was shaken asunder, and shattered into ruinous heaps, and most fearful mischief perpetrated. In addition to the destruction of property and demolition of almost every species of dwelling, the apprehensions have been great that the crop of the sugar-cane would be lost for the want of the mills and sugar works which have been destroyed. The little town of Falmouth also suffered severely, the church, school-room, and every stone or brick dwelling being damaged, in a more or less degree; even the buried in their graves were disinterred. The island of St. Christopher suffered somewhat less, though still fearfully. The time when the shock occurred was noted by the stopping of every clock at half-past ten; it commenced with a gentle throbbing, attended with a hissing in the air, resembling the rush of the elements, accompanied by a deep rumbling in the earth; the convulsion occupying the space of about two minutes, during which the buildings were rent and torn, the boiling houses were split, and the buildings on one estate, situated on a cliff, were pitched into a ravine, and utterly shattered. At Sandy Point, an orifice opened in the ground, emitting strong fumes of sulphureous vapour. The loss of property is estimated at above 100,000*l*. At Nevis, the loss is estimated at 50,000*l*. At St. Thomas, the noise and vibration of the shock lasted three minutes, without effecting much damage. Guadaloupe has suffered most severely; Pointe-a-Pitre is entirely destroyed, what was spared by the earthquake having perished by fire. Moule, St. Francois, St. Anne, Port Louis, Bertrand, and St. Rose, have all been overturned; and while thousands have perished, numbers survive fearfully mutilated. Martinique has been spared. Altogether, this convulsion of nature must be looked upon as one of the most awful visitations of Providence that has befallen us in our own times.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—Feb. 23.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 24.—Some disagreement of opinion between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Haddington, on the propriety of making public the state and arrangements of our dock-yards. The Duke of Wellington thought it might prove mischievous to the country. The motion was withdrawn.

Feb. 25.—No House.

Feb. 27.—Lord Monteagle's motion on the new Corn Law was postponed, in consequence of the indisposition of Lord Ripon.

Feb. 28.—The Earl of Aberdeen spoke at some length of the success which had attended our efforts to suppress the Slave Trade in Africa. Lord Monteagle moved for returns of the number of prisoners in the various gaols in Ireland for illicit distillation. After some conversation the motion was agreed to.

March 1.—No House.

March 2.—Lord Brougham brought forward his motion for a reform in the Corporation of the City of London. He spoke of the extravagance of the expenditure, and compared it with that of Paris, proving the former to be double that of the latter; he likewise objected to the present system of electing common-councilmen, as being very unequal in many of the wards of the metropolis. His lordship then adverted to the monopolies practised by the corporation, and expressed his disapprobation of the state of the franchise, as not securing the election to corporate offices to persons of rank and influence in the city. He complained of the administration of justice being imperfect, and stated that the feudal system was continued in the persons of the aldermen, by the practice of judging criminals and appointing judges. The noble lord concluded by moving, that an humble address should be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to take into consideration the report of the Municipal Commissioners which had been laid before Parliament, in reference to the Corporation of London, with a view to some legislative measure being founded upon it. The Lord Chancellor agreed with his learned friend as to the conduct of the magistrates of the City of London, but hoped that as their lordships were not prepared, the motion might be postponed.

March 3.—Lord Brougham presented petitions from the Marquis Townshend and Lord Charles Townshend, complaining that a Mr. John Margetts falsely assumed to be the son of the Marquis Townshend, and praying to be heard at the bar of their Lordships' house, in support of the allegations contained respectively in their petitions. Lord Brougham moved that the petitions should be referred to the Committee which sat last year upon this subject, which was agreed to.

March 4.—No House.

March 6.—Lord Brougham spoke of the necessity of the subject of crimes committed during insanity being brought before their Lordships, and gave notice that unless the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief Justice should think proper to do so, that he should feel it his duty to bring forward some measure for their consideration. The Lord Chancellor stated that he quite coincided with the opinion of his noble and learned friend, that the subject was one which demanded attention, and that he should feel great pleasure in co-operating with him in framing some measure for legislative consideration. The Earl of Shaftesbury read the report of the select committee on the Townshend Peerage, which stated that no relief could be granted to the petitioners, except by a bill in parliament.

March 7.—Nothing of importance.

March 8.—No House.

March 9.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved a resolution condemnatory of the Governor General's of India proclamation, relative to the gates of the Temple of Somnauth. Much discussion arose on the subject, after which the House divided, when there appeared against the motion, a majority of 58.

March 10.—Several petitions were presented, and the Justice of the Peace (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee.

March 11.—No House.

March 13.—The Lord Chancellor made a long speech on the subject of partial insanity exculpating criminals, in which he stated the measures which he intended to bring forward for the consideration of the House, and expressed his intention of taking the earliest opportunity of calling the judges before their Lordships to give their opinions on the law.

March 14.—The Townshend Peerage Bill was read a first time. Lord Monteagle brought forward his motion for a Committee to inquire into the effects and consequences of the Corn Law passed last session, which gave rise to a long discussion, ending in their Lordships dividing, when there was a majority against the motion, 122.

March 15.—No House.

March 16.—Nothing of importance.

March 17.—The Attorneys' and Solicitors' Bill was read a third time and passed. The Marquis of Lansdowne moved for a return of the correspondence between the envoy in China and the British merchants trading in Canton, which was agreed to.

House of Commons.—Feb. 23.—Mr. Walters moved the resolutions of which he had given notice on the subject of the poor-law, occasioning a long debate, but subsequently withdrawing all but the last, on which a division took place, when it was rejected by 126 to 58.

Feb. 24.—Mr. S. Herbert brought forward the Navy Estimates in a Committee of Supply, and entered on the various items of increase and diminution, the latter predominating to the number of four thousand, and in money to the amount of 435,000*l.* in comparison with the estimates of the previous year, and concluded by moving that thirty-nine thousand seamen, including boys and marines, should be employed in the naval service during the next year, which after some discussion was agreed to. A vote of 1,259,697*l.* to defray the seamen's wages was also agreed to.

Feb. 25.—No House.

Feb. 27.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, and Sir H. Hardinge brought forward the Army Estimates for the present year, in which there had been a reduction as compared with last year of 5,740 men, the number he proposed for the current year being 100,846; the total saving in money would be 139,000*l.*; after some discussion the Committee divided, when the motion was carried by a majority of 106 to 20. A vote was agreed to for the sum of 3,619,327*l.* for the expenses of the army for the ensuing year. The Registration of Voters Bill was read a second time.

Feb. 28.—Mr. Leslie took the oaths and his seat for the county of Monaghan. Lord Ashley rose to move "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty,

praying that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her instant and serious consideration the best means of diffusing the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes of her people." After much discussion on the present state of immorality of the working classes in various parts of the kingdom, the motion was agreed to. A debate arose on the subject of the action brought by Mr. Howard against the Serjeant-at-Arms and Mr. Bellamy for trespass and false imprisonment, alleged to be committed by them when acting under the orders of the House; after much conversation the debate was adjourned.

March 1.—The Justices of Peace (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee. Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances that led to the war in Affghanistan, and to report the evidence and their own observations thereon; the House divided, when there appeared for the motion, 75; against it, 189.

March 2.—No House.

March 3.—The House went into Committee on the Navy Estimates.

March 4.—No House.

March 6.—Mr. Ferrand moved that Mr. Clements, the Poor Law Commissioner, should be called to the bar, to explain his conduct in being present at a meeting in Halifax when the Board of Guardians passed a resolution censuring observations made by him in that House. On the division of the House, the majority was 195 to 6.—The Speaker read the reply of Sir Gordon Bremer to the vote of thanks presented to him by the House for his services in China, which reply was ordered to be inserted in the Journals.

March 7.—Mr. Boyd took his seat for Coleraine.—Mr. F. Maule moved for a Committee to take into consideration the petition presented to the House by the Commission of the General Assembly of Scotland. The debate, which was long, was adjourned.—Sir J. Graham brought in a bill for regulating the employment of children and young persons in factories, and for the better education of children in factory districts.

March 8.—The Dogs' Cart Bill was read a second time.—Mr. F. Maule's motion was resumed, for a Committee to consider the petition of the Commission of the General Assembly. After much discussion, the House divided, when the numbers were, for the motion, 76; against it, 211.—The Punishment of Death Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 9.—The Dean Forests Railway Bill and the Northern and Eastern Railway Bill were both read a first time.—Mr. Vernon Smith brought forward his resolution relating to the proclamation of Lord Ellenborough, and which was similar to that moved in the House of Lords by the Earl of Clarendon. The House divided; for the motion, 157; against it, 242.

March 10.—No House.

March 11.—Various petitions presented—several bills advanced a stage.

March 13.—Mr. Matthewson took his seat for Ashburton.—Mr. Newdigate also took his seat for North Warwickshire.—The House went into a Committee of Ways and Means, and a formal vote was taken.—Sir James Graham, on the motion for going into Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill, said that clauses had been prepared for insertion in the bill, to prevent the fraudulent personation of voters; after which the House went into Committee on it, and the clauses were passed, *seriatim*, up to the 18th, when the progress of the bill was adjourned.

March 14.—The Committee upon the Nottingham Election was sworn.— Mr. Ward brought forward his motion, for a Committee to inquire into the peculiar burdens that oppressed the land, and the peculiar exemptions enjoyed by it.—Mr. Bankes moved, as an amendment, that the attention of the House should be directed to certain associations dangerous to the public peace. On the division of the House, the motion was rejected by a majority of 99.

March 15.—The Dogs' Cart Bill passed through Committee.—The adjourned debate on Mr. Howard's action was resumed on the subject of privilege, when Lord J. Russell moved an amendment for the defendants to plead. After a long debate, the amendment was rejected by 157 to 84, and the original motion carried by 135 to 71.—A Select Committee was appointed, on Mr. Hutt's motion, to inquire into the liabilities of foreigners resident in this country.

March 16.—The Nottingham Lighting Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 17.—The Thames Lastage and Ballastage Bill, the Scarborough Bill, and the Preston Water Works Bill, were severally read.—The House went into Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill.

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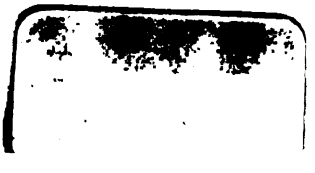
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